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March 22, 1967

KNITTING BOOK

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SOPHIA LOREN'S BEST RECIPES

MARGERY HURST TELLS HOW SHE MADE MILLIONS

Liza Minelli's wedding day See page 3





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MARCH 22, 1967

Vol. 34, No 42

### OUR COVER\_

OR COVER

Austration singer Peter
Allen (23) and his bride,
Lize Minelli (20), Judy
Garland's elder daughter,
pictured after their wedding
in New York. The bride's
blouse — in white lace topping a long white wool skirt
— was designed by her
father, film director
Vincente Minelli. After a
short honeymoon the newlyweds will live in New York.
See opposite page.

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GODFREY MILLER on the deck of a troopship during World War 1

### By KAY KEAVNEY

"I was the girl," said the sweet, strong, disembodied voice on the telephone. "I was the New Zealand airl you wrote of, whom Godfrey Miller was engaged to marry."



MRS. LYLA MELLES, of Auckland, New Zealand. She was Lyla Bryden, of Dunedin, who at 17 was the girl in Godfrey Miller's life.

# Godfrey Miller's lost love

IT was months since I'd written the story about Godfrey Miller, the dead painter they call a genius, who had one of the strangest lives ever lived.

When I heard that voice on the telephone saying she was the girl in his life, I was as excited as if I'd personally discovered a lost planet.

Godfrey Miller had lived like a recluse in a little dark house in the inner Sydney suburb of Paddington. He had died alone there 71

suburb of Paddington. He had died alone there, 71 years old, apparently penni-less, apparently friendless.

When his will was produced, it was learned that he had left his priceless works to one of his two brothers and two of his friends, to be disposed of as they thought for

they thought fit.
And it was learned that the old man who had lived like a pauper in a chilly house where the taps house a pauper in a chiny house where the taps dripped and all the cups had broken handles, who cut his own hair and held up his ancient pants with a bit of rope, was worth around \$280,000 dollars!

This strange old man had

4280,000 dollars!
This strange old man had been a cheerful, lively boy in his native New Zealand.
As I wrote in the story:

"Godfrey was an athletic boy, a crack footballer. He was studying to be an archi-tect, and had found a girl he wanted to marry, when World War I took him to

Egypt and Gallipoli.

The experience changed his whole life and personality. As he lay wounded in

the right arm for many hours on a bloody Gallipoli battlefield, he discovered a lifelong hatred for the criminal imbecility of war, a love of man, and urge to seek for truth.

"No one quite knows what happened to the New Zea-land girl he meant to marry . . . Godfrey Miller never married."

Now, half a century after these experiences, a voice on the telephone was telling me: "I was that girl."

The voice went on, "My name is Lyta Melles, Mrs. Melles, of Anckland, New Zealand. I was Lyta Bryden, of Dunedin, when I knew Godfrey, or, as I always called him, Clive."

I cut in, "May I see you?" "I've been ringing you for days," said Mrs. Melles, "ever since friends showed me the story in the Women's story in the Women's Weekly. Now, unfortunately, I'm just about to sail for home."

### Intelligent

explained that I'd been in Hobart covering the catas-trophic bushfires. I grabbed a notebook and took down what I could.

Godfrey Miller's lost love sounded gentle and intelli-gent and articulate, the product of an older, more gracious age.

I was sure, as she talked, that she had been a beautiful girl. I was sure, too, that she was now a beautiful woman. The picture we managed to secure confirmed all that.

"I was 17 when we met," she told me. "The Millers were a large and very happy family, who lived in a big, lovely house in the hills. They had glasshouses full of fruit and flowers.

"I lived close by. I think Godfrey — Clive — was 18 when we fell in love, though, of course, one was very decorous about it in those

days.
"We liked nothing better than to roam over the hills, the inexhaustibly talking.

"He was what we'd call today wonderful fun to be with. He loved architecture, and he used to bring me and he used to bring me drawings of buildings and people. They were marvel-lous, highly creative. But he was so modest I doubt if anyone else ever saw them.

"Then he went to war. I don't know if I promised to wait for him. It never occurred to us that I wouldn't

"For a while his letters were, well, what one would expect. After he was wounded, they changed,

Then he came home. His "Then he came home, His right arm was very bad, It wasn't until years later, after years of massage, that he could use it properly. Before that, he had to hold up his right hand with his left to make it function.

"The war was still on when he came home. He was when he came home. He was dreadfully embittered. He kept saying that no one should be enjoying himself, that people had no right to go to theatres or live normally while there was such killing and destruction. "I was young, of course. I wanted to live. And Clive seemed more and more like a stranger. A gap opened between us, and widened.

"About this time my family and I moved to the North Island, to Palmerston. I kept myself busy by acting with the Operatic Society, a

with the Operatic Society, a very good amateur company.

"There was no formal break between Clive and me that I can remember. What happened just happened because we were no longer the same people.

### New admirer

"At a performance of 'The Country Girl,' another young man sat in the audience, and made up his mind then and there that I was the girl he

was going to marry.

"After that, he followed me round Palmerston until he found someone who could introduce us. He managed this eventually through one of my three brothers.
"He did marry me.

"My husband was an engineer. We lived a wonderful life together, overshadowed by World War II, which took our elder son.

"My husband died four years ago, and I took a trip, first to Melbourne, and then to Sydney.

"It was while I was in Sydney that I heard what had become of Clive. He was living, I was told, in g, I was circumstances, I d it. His was tiving, I was told, in squalid circumstances. I couldn't understand it. His father had been well-off, his mother came of a really wealthy family. He was an artist, a painter, I was told.

"There was still something of love left in my heart after the many years, and I was determined to see him. "I found out his addrenfrom my brother Rowell, and went down to the little Paddington house. And there was the old man who had been young Clive.
"I was shocked at the

"I was shocked at the house, at his appearance, at the way he was living. He waved it all aside. He was

pleased, pleased to see me. "We talked a little I asked if I could make some curtains for the house, do something to make him more comfortable.

"That, too, he waved aside.

aside.

"I'm very busy," he said.
"Tim teaching, and I'm always busy."

"He wouldn't show me any of his paintings.
"I got up to go, and le stopped me and asked me to write to him. Do write to me, Lyla," he said, 'even if I. don't annexes."

If don't answer.

"I said I would, and left him in that house, and it was the last I ever saw of him. I did write, and he m

did answer.
"One day, in 1964, I received a letter addresses simply 'Lyla,' at my addresses to the street of the s just signed Lyla. He did connect me with the gid that long-ago time w

"Andrew wrote to the unknown Lyla to tell her the his brother Godfrey had died in his sleep, alone in the Paddington house."

• Judge Joseph A. Macchia presided at the wedding of Liza Minelli, daughter of Judy Garland and her second husband, film director Vincente Minelli, and Australian singer Peter Allen this month. At left is best man, sculptor Paul Jasmin.

# Wedding of Liza and Peter

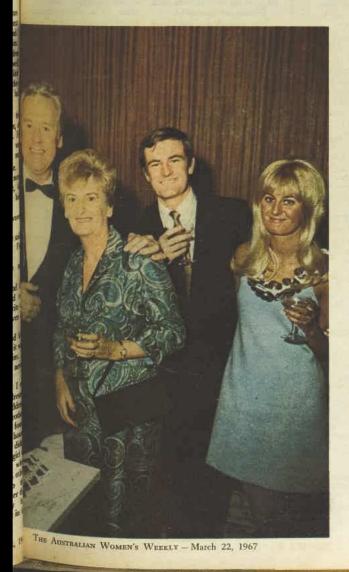
A STAR-STUDDED reception for 100 followed the New York wedding of Liza Minelli, Judy Garland's 20-year-old actress daughter, and Australian singer-composer Peter Allen, aged 23.

"All I can say is that I'm very proud," said Miss Garland as she arrived for the ceremony, a brief one attended only by relatives and close friends, including Liza's father, film director Vincente Minelli, and Peter's mother, Mrs. Marion Woolnough, of Bondi, N.S.W., and his 18-year-old sister, Lynne.

Liza and Peter had been engaged for two years.

They first met in 1964 in Hong Kong, where
Peter and his brother Chris—the Allen Brothers

were doing a song-and-patter act.



Van Johnson (left) with the bridegroom and Peter's mother, Mrs. Marion Woolnough, of Bondi, N.S.W., and sister Lynne. Many film and television stars were among the 100 guests at the wedding reception.



• Liza and Peter with family group— (from left) Liza's father, Vincente Minelli (partly hidden), half-sister Laura Luft, mother Judy Garland, half-brother Joseph Luft, Peter's sister and mother, who flew to New York from Sydney.

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AFTER

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### AND:



★ Paris this spring is full of fun clothes, and every couturier is showing fashion fantasies. You'll see them in . . .

### LOOK what's happened to spring fashions

. . with color pictures from the big collections.

Page 4



Twiggy (born Lesley Hornby) looks pensively at her first disc; her first career disappointment.

### By GRAHAM and HEATHER FISHER

TWIGGY was hurt, angry, upset, indig-- quite a lot of emotion to be contained in one small, young, thin body.

The cause of her upset was the release of her first pop record.

An event which should have set one of the world's top model girls dancing with joy, had, instead, brought her close to tears.

brought her close to tears.

She sat, her mauvestockinged, matchstick legs
curled under her, her
sparrow-like face chalky
white, her huge green eyes
looking distressed, and
poured out her heart.

"I hunted for months to
get the right song. I tried
dozens of them. None was
quite right.

dozens of them. None was quite right.

"Then I had some speci-ally written for me. One— 'When I Think of You'— was just right... marvel-lous. And do you know what? They haven't even used it.

what? They haven't even used it.
"I'm terribly unhappy about the song they've put on the A side of the record —'Beautiful Dreams.' I wouldn't have minded it on the B side, but they've put it on the bloomin' A side. "The other side's better— 'I Need Your Hand In

'I Need Your Hand In Mine.' But that's on the bloomin' B side — and disc jockeys only play the A side. "I feel terribly disappointed . . . let down. It makes me feel I don't want to make another pop record, ever."

Her boyfriend and man-ager, a likable 27-year-old former interior decorator and seller of antiques who now rejoices in the name of Justin de Villeneuve (he was justin de Villeneuve (he was born plain Nigel Davis), was, if anything, even more dis-turbed and indignant. So much so that he would not let his teenage protegee

go to the BBC television studios for a scheduled appearance on the weekly disc show "Juke Box Jury."

"Twiggy and I were not happy with the record," he said. "We knew they would play the A side and I knew the panel might slate it. I thought they were quite entitled to slate it.

"You couldn't expect Twiggy to pop out of her hiding place as the 'mystery guest' and then go round smiling and shaking hands with people who had just panned her record. I wasn't going to expose her to that."

### Voted "miss"

Nigel . . . sorry, Justin . . . has an instinct for such things. It is mainly his instinct which turned Twiggy from an unknown schoolgirl to a top model in just nine months — and in this inmonths — and in this in-stance, his instinct proved correct.

The panel of "Juke Box Jury" voted "Beautiful Dreams," sung in Twiggy's small, flat, cockney voice, a "miss."

It was perhaps Twiggy's first experience of the B side of the record of life — the side labelled "Disap-pointment."

For Twiggy, before the re-lease of her first record, suc-cess had heaped upon suc-cess. From being Lesley Hornby, daughter of work-ing - class parents living in a semi-detached house in a pot-su-smart area of London. she had become, almost over-night, one of the world's most highly paid and sought-after models.

The future, with a Twiggy collection of teenage fashions and Twiggy perfume in the offing, is even brighter.

Even so, Twiggy, at 17, is still much of a child at heart

and it took her several days to get over the disappoint-ment of that first record. At first, she even refused to be photographed in a record shop holding the disc in her

"I don't feel I want any-thing to do with it," she said. Finally she consented.

"As long as I simply have to hold the record," she stipu-lated, "I don't want it played, I don't want to listen to it."

Justin de Villeneuve ex-plained: "Looking back, it was perhaps a mistake for Twiggy to have made the record. But at the time we were first approached to make it—six months ago— we had been in business to-gether only three months and

generally three months and neither of us realised she was going to be so big. "Mind you, it was fun do-ing it, even if the outcome

has been disappointing.
"But after all, Twiggy is a model, not a pop singer. As

things have turned out, poo singing would conflict too much with her career as a model."

That first record certainly involved Twiggy in time she could ill spare today when she is constantly in demand by photographers and magazines in a dozen different countries.

Yet this record—a disappointment to Twigg, voted a "miss" on "Juke Box Jury," and certainly no threat to singers like Sandie Shaw and Dusty Springfield—may well prove a big hit in more than one country.

In Britain, before it was released, advance orders had sent it zooming into the Top

50.
"It's absurd, isn't it?" said
Twiggy, smiling wryly.

The girl born Lesley Hornby is perhaps one of the most amazing pheno-mena of today; one which only swinging London and



Twiggy the model in the crochet look. Right Twiggy the teenager, in mini-skirt, with boyfriend-manager Justin de Villeneuve (centre) looks for a record for her pop and jazz collection.

# Disc called "Disappointment"

 Twiggy, 17, a gawky 6st. 6lb., is a contradiction. Amodel who can earn \$500 a week, she bites her nails, loves pease pudding. Now, for the first time in her phenomenal career, one of her enterprises is a flop.

teenage-biased 1960s could have produced.

She is, at first glance, al-most the last girl you would have backed to become a top photographic model with her thin, pale face, shapeless figure, gawky limbs, and chewed fingernails.

The incredibility of her access story is underlined by the fact that comedians make gags about it.

"This isn't Twiggy I'm talking to," wisecracked one comedian on television's top "Palladium" show. "It's a microphone."

It is the same sort of crack omedians used to make bout Frank Sinatra — and look where he is now.

ahow, a comedian wise-cracked about Twiggy having a 36-inch figure — 12-12-12

In fact, Twiggy's not-so-vital statistics are 31-23-32.

But Twiggy can afford to let comedians have their jokes. Her earnings as a model girl currently average average \$500) a £100-£200 (\$A250-\$500) wrek, occasionally zooming up to the £300 mark

Having moved out of the record shop into the coffee house next door, another side of Twiggy became apparent.

She pondered what to eat. Glasses of trifle caught her big, green eyes. But she was hesitant. "Is there sherry in it?"

she asked.
She was told there was.

She pulled a face. "Then I don't want it. I like trifle, but not when there's sherry in it. I don't like alcohol at all. Ugh, it's like taking medicine."

She settled, instead, for a peach sundae.

Considering how little there is of her, Twiggy is a substantial eater. In winter, she fortifies herself with a big bowl of porridge before leaving on her day's model-ling engagements. In sum-mer, she stokes up for the day on cereals and toast.

Time permitting, she interrupts her current modelling assignment to eat a big lunch. In-between, she stuffs herself from time to time with sweets, chocolate, ice-cream. Yet she still weighs the mere 6st. 6lb. she did when she was at school.



Only two hours after a three-course lunch, a peach sundae with hot chocolate to follow.

Her favorite meal is pease

"Know what it is?" she ked. "You simmer a sauceasked. pan of split peas for an hour until they can be mashed like potatoes. You mash them and have them with boiled bacon, carrots, and potatoes. My Mum is the best pease-pudding maker in London."

She said this while still tucking into the sundae.

"She gets hungry very quickly," said Justin, grin-

"I use a lot of energy,"
Twiggy defended herself.
"You do a lot of talking,"
countered Justin.
What did she do with the

money she was earning?

"My Dad puts it in the bank for me," said Twiggy. "If I had it, I'd spend the

lot on clothes."
"You spend a fortune on clothes as chipped in. it is," Justin

"I don't, honestly I don't." Twiggy appealed with big, pleading eyes. "I buy good clothes, but I don't buy many.

By model-girl standards, the fur coat she was wearing did not come into the luxury bracket. It was a racoon coat she bought second-hand at a stall along the Portobello Road. It cost her £5. cost her £5.

She finished the peach sundae and started on a cup of hot chocolate.

wouldn't think," You wouldn't think, said Justin, "that she had a three-course lunch less than two hours ago, would you? She's always eating — all fattening things."

He said it affectionately, almost paternally—the same paternal attitude that he had displayed when kissing her on the cheek while she posed for photographs in the record

But the paternal voice became immediately disapproving as she popped a finger into her mouth.

"Stop biting your nails, Twiggy."

Obediently, she stopped. But a few minutes later she was at it again—and again he was checking her in fatherly fashion.

The relationship between them, it seemed, was a complex mixture — part model and manager, part daughter and father, part girl and boy.

Are they planning to get married?

Justin, who is separated from his wife (they have a six-year-old daughter, Mela-nie), clearly the dominant half of this partnership, re-

### Her collection

"Oh, yes, but probably not for another four or five years. So far, everything has happened so fast that we are both still a bit bewildered. We plan to get married, but we want to get the business firmly established first."

There seems no doubt about the business,

Twiggy was just back from a photographic session in Paris. Later the same week she was due back in Paris for more photographs. Then there were assignments in London and Munich before flying to New York,

Later this year — about June — may come a trip to South Africa, If so, Twiggy hopes to visit Zambia, where she has two uncles.

sudden, petrifying thought struck her.

"They don't have big spiders in Africa, do they? I'm terrified of spiders." Her six-week trip to New the "Twiggy Collection," a range of teenage fashions she has designed with two young designers from the Royal College of Art. At the time of this inter-iew, the "Twiggy Collec-

York was planned to launch

At the time of this inter-view, the "Twiggy Collec-tion" had not been shown anywhere, yet advance orders in Britain alone exceeded £25,000 (\$A62,500).

American expectations were far, far higher. Huge concerns like Macy's, Gimbels, and Sears Roebuck were eager to market the collection from coast to coast.

"We expect orders worth £1 million (\$A2,500,000' from America," said Justin. "It sounds a lot of money, but America is a big country and needs a chain of only about 30 big stores to handle the collection and we've got it made.

"The collection will be in the collection will be in the shops about four or five months from now," he said. "They will be fashions with a quite distinctive look—the Twiggy look—and won't be very expensive. They will be the very of clothes ternagers. the sort of clothes teenagers will not only like but can afford.

"For Twiggy and me, it's a sort of insurance. We know this modelling lark can't last indefinitely.

"Mind you, Twiggy's still very young — she was 17 only a month or so ago and she can go on modelling for perhaps the next ten years. But her years of real influence are only three or four, and then only if we're

Another insurance the two have taken out for the future is the Twiggy perfume

 Boarding a plane at London airport with Justin to show British fashions in Tunisia. to be marketed by a top French perfume house

"That alone," said Justin, "should bring in enough to keep Twiggy for the rest of her life."

There also have been film offers for Twiggy from three major companies, all so far, rejected.

"I don't think Twiggy is ready for films yet," said Justin. "I don't think you can just put someone like Twiggy in front of a camera and expect her to be a big star. There's more to it than that. She has to know how







# From the heart of the Living Peach — a promise! Even under your make-up, your skin will be beautiful.

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# INNOXA LIVING PEACH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - March 22, 1967

# Bedspread led to new craft in Kashmir

o "I was always the seamstress of the family, but I never dreamt that making a bedspread for my sister would snowball into a new craft for the people of Kashmir," said Mrs. Hay Thorburn, a quiet note of pride in her voice.

SCOTTISH - BORN, Mrs. Thorburn has lived in Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, since her marriage 30 years ago.

"I had been visiting my sitter in Scotland, and I noticed that her quilted bedspread was nearly worn out," she said.
"So I offered to make her

tional English quilting back to Kashmir and started on the spread.

"It was nearly finished when I had a visitor — Mrs. Robert Nimmo, — wife of Australia's Lieutenant-General Robert Nimmo, United Nations military observer in Kashmir for

admired the quilt and asked if I would make her six quilted cushion

"It was then that I had my idea to teach quilting to the Kashmiris, who are natural craftsmen and des-

prately need employment.
"I employed and trained one man first. I sold his work so rapidly that the idea began to snowball."
That was in 1954. Now, Mrs. Thorbarn, who is memsahib to the Kashmiris she calls affectionately "my men," employs ten.

men," employs ten.

"The work is all done by men," she said. "The women are in purdah."

The men work on Mrs. horburn's houseboat, Thorburn's moored on the River Jhelum, sitting cross-legged on the floor beside a large wooden frame on which materials have been stretched. Below is the designing room and a

Mrs. Thorburn, a warm, plump - cheeked woman whose energy and enthusiasm belie her 67 years, explained that most members of Kashmir's European community — about 70 — live on house-

"Foreigners aren't allowed to own land, so no one wants to buy or build a house," she said. "Instead they live on

the river.
"I think it's delightful. If you get tired of one spot, you

can move so easily to another."

During her many years in Kashmir—she went there on

Kashmir—she went there on her honeymoon when her late husband, Colonel Hay Thorburn, was appointed Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals in the neighboring north-west frontier province of India (now part of Pakistan)—Mrs. Thorburn has learnt Urdu, a language understood by most Kashmiris.

She believes that a pur-pose in life is essential,



Wearing a richly emboidered ferron, the Kashmiri peasant dress, Mrs. Hay Thorburn shows a bedspread made by Kashmiri craftsmen. She will exhibit their work in Melbourne this month.

regardless of age, and has gone heart and soul into obtaining orders for her Kashmiri workers.

Kashmiri workers.

"I don't get anything out of it," she said. "Everything left after I pay the men's wages goes back into buying materials and equipment.

"The important thing is that the men are envolved.

that the men are employed

and able to feed their wives and children."

of Kashmir in 1961, Mrs. Thorburn became concerned

at the diminishing number of tourists visiting the beautiful vale, and, with them, the market for the quilted goods.

"I decided the only thing

to do was to seek markets outside Kashmir," she said. "The men couldn't travel. I

would have to do it for them."

Since then, she has spent

After the Chinese invasion

By BEVERLEY COOPER

six months each year overseas collecting orders in Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Next year she plans to go to America.

With her on these travels with her on these travels is her faithful station wagon "Amy," always packed to the doors with huge wicker-baskets containing samples of quilted articles.

"I like to take orders direct from the customer," said Mrs. Thorburn. "Quilting is rather like portrait painting — the article must be made to suit the indivi-dual."

During her visit to Australia, Mrs. Thorburn and Amy have driven thousands of miles visiting country properties.

"I can do 400 miles a day, if I need to," she said airily.

Vast distances here do not faze her, after her trip in Amy overland from Kash-mir to Glasgow through Asia, and back via Africa. On this formidable round

trip, during which she made sure of having regular hair-sets "to boost morale," Mrs. Thorburn was accompanied by 27-year-old Miss Susan Cormack, niece of author Eric Linklater.

"When I travel, I'm always looking for new designs to photograph to use as patterns for quilts," she said,

In Melbourne, Mrs. Thor-burn is holding a two-day exhibition to be opened by Lady Bolte, wife of the Victorian Premier, at the English Speaking Union Club, South Yarra, on March

On display will be quilted bedspreads, cot covers, cushions, curtains, tea-cosies, skirts, and housecoats.

Mrs. Thorburn said, "I'm ery fond of Melbourne, but couldn't forget it even if I tried. I nearly got my first traffic conviction here.

"I've been driving for 40 years and I've never had anything worse than parking

"When I arrived in Mel-bourne, I asked the RACV man who met me at the wharf what I should watch out for, and he mentioned things like right-hand turns from the centre of the road.

"But he forgot the trams.

"As I came into Swan-ston Street in Amy, I saw a clear stretch down the centre and away we went.

"Whistles and pande-monium! I was on the tram tracks, straddling two safety

zones.
"The policeman who stopped me was furious, wouldn't listen to my explanations.

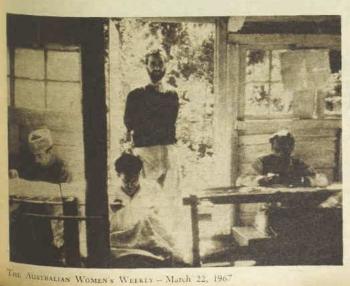
"Where was my driving licence? I couldn't find it in my confusion.

"More questions. 'Where was it issued, anyway?

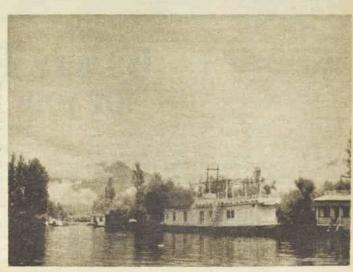
"Meekly I said, 'Edin-burgh, Scotland.' "

"'Edinburgh!" he said.

"Suddenly he was all smiles and waved me on. He was from Edinburgh, too."



 Kashmiris work at English quilting (left), seated cross-legged seated on the floor of workroom in Mrs. Thorburn's houseboat Right, the boat on the calm water of Srin-agar's River Jhelum.





# It's very 'IN' to have a fitting for your Berlei Gothic bra

... for only in a fitting room can you be sure of getting the bra that's fitted for you —not stretched for you.

Be a perfectionist—try on several bras. Discover the comfort of a fitted-for-you garment. If you have a small bosom, the special Gothic patented undercup will help, ou to make more of yourself. If you have a fuller figure the same patented undercup gives you added support. Shapes you, makes you look trimmer.

Straps feel secure without cutting or grooving Cleavage is smooth, separation perfect.

Comfortable? Of course!

Now wasn't the few minutes you spent in the fitting room worth it. Not only for a better figure's sake, but for your sake!

Be fitted today for Berlei Gothic with regular or stretch straps, in bandeau or long line. Choose snow-white cotton or lace in white, skin-tone or black.

If you already know your Berlei Gothic fitting it's very 'In' to buy your favourite Gothic bra over the counter at your usual store.

990 Berlei Gothic bra in white lace with stretch straps. \$4.50.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

# **A DOCTORATE** AFTER YEARS OF HARDSHIP

BARBARA MARTYN

A man who spent his boyhood as a prisoner of war with the Japanese in Java and later struggled as a part-time student in Australia for years to get a university education has gained his Doctorate in Philosophy and has been awarded a postdoctoral research fellowship with the California State College at Los Angeles.

DR. HENDRIK ("Hank") KEYZER, 35, of Leura, N.S.W., who got his doctorate for research work done on mental health drugs, left Australia with his wife and seven children recently to take up his appointment.

Before he left, possibly not before he left, possibly not to return for many years because of the nature of his research work, Dr. Keyzer said that Australia would always hold a very special place in his heart.

It was here that he came, at 15, after three and a half years in a prisoner-of-war camp, and it was here that he and his family were resulted with his father, a Dutchman who had served with the Dutch Royal Navy, and been taken prisoner by the Japanese in Sumatra.

Hank recalled those terrifying early years.

He was born in Djarkata then Batavia, Dutch East Indies), the fifth of six chil-dren, three boys and three girls. His mother was Australian-born and his sisters and elder brother were the children of her first husband, who had died.

When the Japanese occu-psed Java, Hank was II years old. All males over 16 were immediately im-prisoned, and Hank's eldest brother, Frank, was sent to a camp for men.

His mother, as an Australian, was classed as an "undesirable alien." With her three daughters and two younger sons, she was imprisoned in a concentration camp.

In 1943, when Hank turned 12, he was sent to a men's camp.

treated women and children with respect," he said.

"But the ultimate aim of these camps was extermination on a five-year plan by slow starvation. The food rations got worse and worse, until we would go for days without it."

In Hank's camp, which held about 6000 prisoners, the men died at the rate of about eight a day.

"Although the Japanese Once, Hank mistakenly there could be vicious, they joined an execution line.

"There had been a raid on a store, and when the culprit was not found, sus-pects were marched out of the camp to be shot," he eaid.

"I thought it was just a working party, and as this always meant a chance to steal some food, I was determined to go.

"The men tried to shoo me away, but I refused to be shaken off. The Japanese ordered the men to dig, and we dug. I little suspected

THE KEYZER FAMILY on board the Canberra before sailing for America, where Dr. Keyzer will do research work. At back, from left, are Mrs. Keyzer, Patrick, Gerard, Anthony, Dr. Keyzer, and Nicholas. In front are Kevin, Christopher, and Cathrine.

it was our grave we were digging.

"We were stood in front of the gaping hole for a couple of hours, and then the Jap-anese decided this had been punishment enough and marched us back to camp.'

After the Japanese capitu-lated in 1945, Hank set out to look for his family. He had heard that his brother, Frank, was in another camp about seven miles away, and he set out to walk there.

Weakened from lack of food, it took him a whole day to reach his brother's camp, where he learned that Frank had driven to his camp in search of him.

Frank returned that night and later a phone call came through from one of their sisters. She told the two boys to get to Batavia, where the rest of the family were gathered.

"I could hardly recognise my mother when I saw her," Hank said. "She had lost four stone and was only five and a half stone."

The family were flown to Borneo to recuperate for three months, and then came to Australia. In Sydney they were reunited with Hank's

When he was offered a position in Perth, they lived there for more than a year,

then returned to Holland for

Hank completed his secondary education in Holland, and when the family returned to Australia he tried a number of jobs while he studied at night to gain his matriculation.

He matriculated at 25, and enrolled for a science course at the University of New South Wales.

While working as a lab-oratory assistant at Sydney University, he met and mar-ried a classics student, Mary Thurling, B.A. with honors and Diploma of Education.

Hank continued working, by day and studying by night, leaving home at 5.30 a.m. and returning at 12.30 at night. He now worked at the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences as assistant.

He graduated with a firstclass honors degree in chemistry. Professor Gutmann, working under a special American grant on a new electrical theory concerning tranquillisers, employed him

After three years with the professor, Hank was awarded his Doctorate of Philosophy for his research on tranquillisers. He will continue his work in this field in America.

Cash prizes for the best letters

# YOUR HAPPIEST MOTHER'S DAY

What happened on the best Mother's Day you can remember having? Did you receive a wonderful gift or some wonderful news? Or did you just laze the day away, waited on by the family? Did a dream come true, or did the family go out leaving you a blissfully quiet day?

WHATEVER hap-pened, we would like to hear about it. Write about 200 words on "The best Mother's Day I've had" and post

Day I've had" and post it in time to reach our office by the contest closing date, April 10. We will pay for all letters published and will award \$50, \$25, and \$10 for the best three letters. feel sure that

many delightful things have happened on Mother's Days over the years, and that readers would like to share their

would like to share their experiences.

Maybe, as we will publish a selection of the letters and the prize-winning letters before this year's Mother's Day, families will get some hints as to just what make up a perfect day. makes up a perfect day

for the lady of the

Mother's Day," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. All letters must be received by April 10.

We cannot return entries, so do not send

· All who take part in

the contest agree as a the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Austra-lian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or members of their families.



HERB ALPERT

Music that hints of jazz - of bullfights-of rock-'n-roll



THE TIJUANA BRASS, which is the name of Herb Alpert's band - with Herb himself.

# SOMETHING NEW BRASS BANDS

LISTENING to the mournful wail of the trumpets at a Mexican bullfight four years ago, an obscure trumpet player named Herb Alpert got an idea.

Alpert got an idea.

He tried his idea on a tape recorder in his home garage, and Ole! The result was ameriachi — a blend of American jazz and Mexican mariachi music, with a hemi-demi-semi-quaver of Anglo-American rock, which has blown a breath of fresh air across the musical land-scape.

scape. Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, as his band is called, will be blowing ameriachi across the Austra-lian landscape very soon. blowing

lian landscape very soon.

Performances are scheduled for April 1 in the Brisbane Festival Hall, April 4, 5, 6, and 7 in the Melbourne Festival Hall, and April 8, 9, 10 in Sydney Stadium.

They've played to sold-out houses throughout America and Europe, and last year their brassy taste of money (repeat money)

of money (repeat money) amounted to 35 million dollars from record sales and concerts.

They are Number One in the music business of today and Number Two isn't even

and Number Two isn't even in sight.

Of the top ten albums the entire music industry made in 1966, five were by Herb Alpert and the TJB.

Their latest album, "S.R.O.," is currently third on the best-seller list, behind the Monkees.

"There must be something in it, or you have to say the whole music public is stupid," observed Alpert.

There is indeed something in it, but what, exactly, Alpert isn't saying. Many are imitators fluorists.

actly, Alpert isn't saying.
Many are imitators flapping around the Tijuana — pronounced "Tee-a-wanna" —

Brass, and Alpert has no

plans to assist them.

The mariachi bands of Mexico play trumpets in thirds, and basically this is what Herb Alpert does.

On his records, he plays both trumpet tracks, dub-bing one a fraction under the other. In concert, a second trumpeter is among the sidemen, together with a 12string electric guitar, elec-tric bass, piano, drums, and trombone.

The sound has a Mexican flavor and the dress of the musicians has a "south of the border" cut, but there's not a Mexican in the band.

Alpert himself has the look of a kind of Ivy League matador — slender, darkly handsome, with long side-burns and a tentative smile.

He has the prototype looks the Hollywood romantic of the Hollywood romanic lead—and has been in films. He was the drummer—back to camera—who drummed as Moses walked down the mountain in "The Ten Com-mandments."

Herb Alpert started to study the trumpet at the age of eight, urged on by his father, a Russian Jew from Kiev, who migrated to the U.S. at the turn of the century.

century.

His whole family was musical. His sister studied piano, his brother became a professional drummer, his father played the mandolin, and his mother the violim.

He played in school bands at dances and parties, and when he served in the Army

he blew the bugle for various ceremonies. He developed the high,

mournfully nostalgic trumpet wail that leads the brass when he played for military funerals.

He had grown up wanting He had grown up wanting to be a jazz trumpeter, but after the Army he became an independent producer of records. He brought out the first session of Jan and Dean, later wrote a song, "Wonderful World," which was recorded by Sam Gooke and later made a hit by Herman's Hermits.

He was also playing trum-pet with pick-up bands on one-night stands and working

on soundtrack sessions at the

Then he found a partner, Jerry Moss. The two men put up 100 dollars to form A (lpert) and M(oss) Rec-ords in 1962, to make record-ings to sell to other record companies.

Alpert set up a tape recorder in his garage to work on songs and arrange-ments, and it was here he found the Tijuana sound.

"For hours we'd been try-

For hours we'd been trying to get just the right
sound for a song named
'Twinkle Star,' Alpert recalls. "When we started getting stale I suggested we take
a break and go down to
Tijuana for the bull-fights.

film studios.

"That's where it hit me, Something in the excite-ment of the crowd, the traditional mariachi music, the trumpet call heralding the start of the fight, the yell-ing, the snorting of the bulls, it all clicked.

"When we got back I rearranged 'Twinkle Star,' giving it a mariachi flavor and tempo, using trumpets, piano, drums, and mandolins."

Because of the new Spanish flair, he retitled the song "The Lonely Bull."

The recording "felt very ood," Alpert thought, and good," Alpert mous. Moss heartily agreed

good that they decided not to sell it to another more established company for dis-

They formed their own label, and Jerry Moss set out to sell the record on his own, against the advice of professionals in the record luttiness.

It was about August, 1962, and one air-play on a San Francisco radio station was all it took. By Decem-

ber it had sold a million copies, and A. and M. Records put out their first LP, with the same title as their first single — "The Lonely Bull."

Two more LPs followed, "Tijuana Brass" and "South

By BILL WILSON, in New York

tribution,

business.

Of The Border' 'in 1963. "Whipped Cream And Other Delights," which sold more than three and a half million copies, came next.

By the end of 1964 there was a growing demand for personal appearances of the Tijuana Brass — so Alpert formed it.

Until then, Alpert had made his records with musicians hired for each session. Now he formed a per-manent group, who are the highest paid sidemen in the

business.
Unlike the Beatles, Monkees, or other legendary successes of the music business, Alpert is not paid royalties by a record company, amounting to a small fraction of each disc's retail price. He and Jerry Moss collect the lot.

Alpert has cut the side-men in on a profit-sharing arrangement.

How much each man gets is uncertain, but John S. Wilson, the jazz critic of the New York "Times," estimates between 50,000 and 100,000 dollars per man last

And the laborers on trom-And the laborers on trom-bone, 12-string electric gui-tar, and the rest of the brass' instrumentation are eminently worthy of their hire. More than just playing music, they put on an act of polished showmanship.

Alpert will announce, "We will now play a cym-bal specialty — for all you cymbal-minded people," and trombonist Bob Edmonson

will drop and pick up a pair of cymbals between trombone blasts. When the audience responds with "Oles" the brass play "The Lonely Bull" or "Tijuana Taxi."

Alore has bridged the

Alpert has bridged the gap in musical taste between

gap in musical taste between the young and the older. "We honestly thought it would be teenagers who'd go for the sound," Alpert has said, "but to our surprise it caught on first with adults." But teenagers are buying

it in large numbers, too. His recordings have set

numerous records, with seven albums having sold 12,000,000 copies. His "Taste of Honey" won the 1965 Grammy —

the record business' Oscar— as the best pop single, and he has six nominations for 1966 Grammies, all associated with "What Now My Love,"

He has been on all the He has been on all the top TV shows, from Ed Sultivan to "Hollywood Palace," and by invitation of President Johnson has performed at the White House.

Will wealth and success and the base of the bas

will wealth and success spoil Herb Alpert? It has not done so yet.

He has bought a beach-house at Malibu, on the Pacific, and a second car.

He says he leads a "sort of"

He says he leads a "sort of common, average style life."
His only interests outside music are his family and surfing.
His wife, Sharon, whom he has known since high-school days, wrote herself a memo when she was 15; "I'm going to marry Herb going to marry Alpert."

A few years later she did. When their first baby, a boy, was born in 1960 she named him Dore, after the first two notes of the scale.

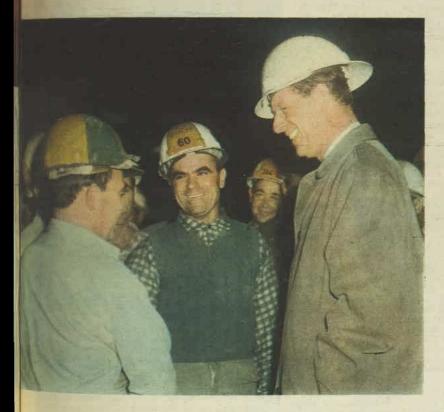
The Alperts' daughter, Eden, was born last year. At 29, Herb Alpert says, "I don't seem able to get caught up with success."

# PRINCE PHILIP LOOKS AT THE OPERA HOUSE

 Wearing helmet (safety precaution on a construction job), topcoat (against the pouring rain), and sandshoes (ready for a sail later on Sydney Harbor in Dame Pattie), Prince Philip toured the Opera House site at Benelong Point.

It was one of the engagements in the swift schedule of his three-day visit to Sydney last week. Earlier he had toured Canberra, Tasmania, and Victoria.

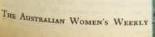
Prince Philip presented the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Awards and had several engagements in connection with planning the third Commonwealth Study Conference, of which he is president, to be held in Australia in May-June next year.



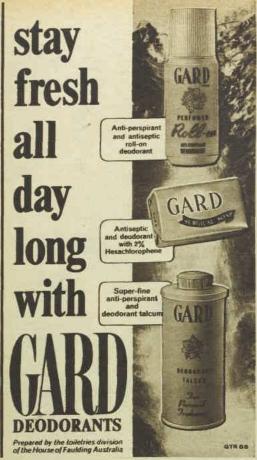


• The royal visitor saw the Opera House with its "sails" almost completed—only some tiles are lacking. Meanwhile, strenuous argument was continuing in Sydney about the interior design as experts discussed whether opera performances, in the still-distant future, should be held in the main hall or confined to the second hall only.











# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT Mollie Lyons

IMAGINE 10,000 books all together in one pile and you'll have some idea of the immensity of the task a subcommittee of the U-Ball Committee set itself. Headed by Mrs. F. H. Reuter, they've started now to collect books with that number as their ultimate goal. Just after Easter, 1968, the committee will hold a Book Fair at the University of New South Wales, which will last for one week. Proceeds are to go to International House at the University.

NICE to see pretty Kim Hudspeth back in Sydney for the Easter festivities after a working holiday in Mel-bourne. Kim had a flat in South Yarra while she was down there.

INTERESTING visitors staying at present with Mr. and Mrs. George Harber at their waterfront home at Kogarah Bay are recently wed Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Bancroft, who have come from London to settle in Australia. From Sydney they will go on to Lismore to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Granville Rowle.

RANG Margaret Mackay at "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, RANG Margaret Mackay at "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, when I heard of her engagement to Richard Pennefather, of "Kilcoolin," Euroa, in Victoria, and she told me there is to be a celebration party on March 15 at the Travelodge Motel at Rushcutters Bay, where the family always stay at Easter Show time. (Margaret's father, Mr. Ken Mackay, is the ringmaster.) During the Show Margaret will ride her horse Feisal in the hack, riding, and dressage classes.

NEWS of another engagement of interest comes from London, where Kathie Nicholls, of Roseville, and Ian Paterson, of Curl Curl, are planning a wedding in June at the same church in Edinburgh where Ian's parents were married. Their honeymoon trip will take them to Expo 67 in Canada.

A WONDERFUL cheering splash of color on one of the wettest, dreariest days this week in town was the lovely scarlet A-line coat worn by Mrs. Robert McInerney with a snow-white off-the-face hat scattered with single blooms in matching scarlet.

RECEIVED an intriguing scroll invitation in my mail this week for a "Fish and Chips Formal" at sea. Sounds like marvellous fun with a round-the-harbor cruise and dancing to a very "with-it" band. The Abstract Committee has arranged the evening for March 18 and proceeds will go to the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

THE Greek Island of Samos will be the address for the next eighteen months of artist Justin O'Brien, who leaves on March 19 by air. On March 15 Mervyn Horton has asked friends to a cocktail and buffet dinner party at his charming Potts Point home to say farewell to Justin. Other parties for him have been given by the Charles La Farges and Brian Westwood. Justin is hoping to share a house on Samos with artist Donald Friend.

WHAT exciting places Geoff Lindley and Adrian Pit-WHAT exciting places Geoff Lindley and Adrian Pittorino will see on their way to North America. They leave on March 17 to spend two years abroad, and on the way will spend four months travelling through South-East Asia, the Middle East, India, Europe, and Japan. They are looking forward to seeing the recently discovered eleventh-century temples in Angkor Wat, Cambodia, and as they are both ardent fans of Chinese food are also looking forward to visiting Taipei, Taiwan, which is reputedly a Chinese gourmet's paradise. In the Himalayas they will stay at Katmandu, Nepal, with the Governor of Nepal.





ENGACED. Miss Shane Stevenson and Mr. John Davi who have announced their engagement. Miss Stevenso is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Stevenso of Newcastle. Mr. Davis is the elder son of Mr. as Mrs. Victor Davis, of Killara. Miss Stevenson is means a diamond engagement ring with baguette shoulder

A BELIEVE Jennifer Jones and John Garrett have bought a charming home unit at Double Bay, into which they will move after their marriage on March 17 at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Two days before the wedding. Jennifer will take her three attendants — Mrs. Andrew Harris, Freya Knofel, and Margaret Garrett — to lunch at the Bistro, where they will discuss last-minute plans for the wedding and the reception which will follow at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli.

MRS. NORMAN HILL has just arrived back from a M.K. NORMAN HILL has just arrived back from a relaxing four-week holiday on their property, "Femhill," at Young, after which she went on to Benalla, Victoria, for the wedding of her niece, Penny Collins, to Tony Crawford, in February, and stayed with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, at their home, "Fairfield Park," where the wedding reception was held. Mrs. Hill, who is president of the Peter Pan Committee, returned to Sydney to help with arrangements for the Peter Pan Ball to be held at the Wentworth Hotel on March 16.

TWO dates for your diary . . . March 30, when the St. Vincent's Hospital Easter Ball will be held at the Trocadero, and March 31, when the ladies' auxiliary of the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation has arranged a buffet dinner dance on board the Taiyuan.

DON'T be too surprised if you see dozens of women converging on the Wentworth Hotel early on March 17 laden with flowers, driftwood, and vases. They'll be the 100 members of the Sydney Chapter of Ikebana International, who'll spend the morning creating flower arrangements in the ballroom in preparation for the annual luncheon to be held at noon. Proceeds from the party will go into a fund to pay the cost of bringing out a Master of Ikebana to Australia in September.

HEARD that newly married Bruce and Mary Ann Manchee (she was formerly Mary Ann Chaffey) will settle on his father's property, "Binniguy Station," Biniguy, when they return from their honeymoon this week, and will eventually build on the land that Bruce has there. They spent their honeymoon touring round Queensland, and planned to get back in time for the Easter Show, when they will be staying in Sydney.

THE Wings Away Association (made up of former air hostesses) is hoping for fine weather on March 16, when they are having a pool-side smorgasbord luncheon at the Wahroonga home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman St. Leon. Weather permitting, the sixty or seventy guests will be able to swim in the pool amid the lovely rustic setting of the St. Leons' home, and afterwards will view children's portraits painted by Mrs. James Thompson. The association aids the St. Michael's Mosman Branch of the Subnormal Children's Welfare Association.

ART EXHIBITION. Mrs. John Snedekar and Brigadier S. Eskell were among viewers at an exhibition of still-life paintings by twenty-two artists held at the Barr Stern Galleries. They were accompanied by Mrs. Eskel.



JUST WED. Dr. and
Mrs. Terry Vandeleur
leaving St. Ignatius' College Chapel, Riverview,
after their marriage.
The bride was formerly
Miss Jennifer Lawrance,
elder daughter of Mr.
B. V. Lawrance, of
Kingsford, and Mrs. E.
Lloyd, of Lower Portland. The bridegroom is
the only son of Mrs.
T. J. Vandeleur, of Darling Point, and of the
late Mr. Vandeleur. AT
RIGHT: The bride's attendants were chief
bridesmaid Miss Judith
McCloskey (left) and
Miss Jemima Lloyd.







THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967



ABOVE: Mrs. A. Vanhoutteghem, wife of the Consul-General of Belgium (at left), and Mrs. John Lewis (centre) with actress Jackie Kott, who compered a parade of fursand hats at luncheon which the Forget-Me-Not Committee held at the Vanhoutteghems' Vaucluse home to help the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Peter Fitspatrick (left) and Mrs. John Kelly, members of the women's committee of the Asthma Foundation, at the "Luncheon at the Loo" which was held at the terrace home of Mrs. Malcolm Broun at Woolloomooloo.





# Hilton Supp-hose this morning.

# No tired legs tonight.

Stand as much as you like (or as much as you have to). If you're wearing Hilton Supp-hose you just don't get tired legs.

Instead, you get a firm, two-way support and a sheer, allnylon look you can't tell from ordinary stockings.

When you stretch Hilton Supp-hose up your legs and feel their support develop, you suddenly know you're finished with tired legs. And you are. You can stand - hour after hour - on legs that feel great hour after hour.

You'll save money too. You could wear out nine pairs of 15-denier nylons in the lifetime of one pair of Supp-hose. So they're a stocking bargain at \$4.20 (42/-).

Get a pair today.

It's a beautiful way to end tired legs.

Supp-hose The all-nylon support stocking. Publisher would like

# to be a singer

 Besides being a successful publisher in England — "we sell about 8,000,000 books a year" - Roger Schlesinger, 37, who recently visited Australia on business, has another claim to fame.



ROGER SCHLESINGER

HE played a part in his brother John's first film, "Black Legend" - and John Schlesinger is now well known for films including "A Kind of Loving," "Billy Liar," and "Darling."

"'Black Legend' cost only \$350 to make," Roger said. "The money was raised by relatives and friends, and all

retatives and friends, and all the family took part.

"Set in 17th-century England, the film was about the last hanging on the gibbet in our village, and I played the king's messenger."

the king's messenger." He added, smiling: "I was also the continuity girl.'

Dressed in plumed hat, full-bottom wig, and leather top-boots, Roger had to ride over the downs above the Schlesinger home, in Inkwell, Berkshire, in pursuit of the murderer.

well, Berkshire, in pursuit of the murderer.

Although no catastrophes, like falling off his horse, occurred, Roger said that he did lose the continuity book, "which caused a bit of a flap. I was 18 at the time, and John, who is four years older than I am, didn't think I was a very great actor."

was a very great actor."

Although the "Sunday Times" film critic Dilys Powell gave "Black Legend" an excellent review, with a headline of "Brains, Not Money," the only showing the film had was a special one in the House of Commons — "though don't ask why it was shown there!" Roger said.

Roger said "Black Legend" wasn't the first time he had been "produced" by his brother. During school holidays John would stage revues and sketches with the whole family taking part. was a very great actor."

Although the "Sunday

"Once we had a fright-ful quarrel," Roger said.
"We were doing a revue during World War II, and my brother, who was very temperamental in those days, wanted me to cycle almost to the other end of the country to put up a poster.
"When I refused he broke

"When I refused, he broke the record of the opening chorus over my head. It took hours to find a dupli-

But the brothers have always got on very well, Roger said, and when John made "Sunday in the Park," the documentary film that put

### By VALERIE CARR

him on the map as a TV producer, his brother used to go with him to Hyde Park, London, carrying the

"I was also in the film," he said proudly. "It was the tiny part of a lover, lying on a rug in the park."

A tale he enjoys telling about his brother is the time John called on him unex-pectedly with film stars Julie Christie and Tom Courtney.

"They were shooting sequences of Billy Liar on Hampstead Heath, near my home," he said. "And they turned up on my doorstep, wanting coffee.

"Instead of instant coffee, I decided to make them the real stuff. I had never made real coffee before, and it was so thick that the spoon stood up in the cup. But they were very sweet about it."

While John Schlesinger, the film producer, is making Thomas Hardy's "Far from

the Madding Crowd," Peter Finch and Julie Christie, in the West Country of England, Roger Schles-inger, publisher, eagerly waits to measure the success of his latest series of adult

The theme of his new series is Prediction and Per-sonality, and it includes books on astrology, palmistry, and the interpretation of dreams. Roger said the series had made him very inter-ested in graphology.

"The author of this par-ticular book is employed by the Ministry of Defence to read the handwritings of people taken on for top-secret work. He can tell if they can keep secrets, or

"He also is employed by business houses to analyse the writings of applicants for jobs, and he compares letters to see if they will get on with each other." He smiled, "He has shown me one or two of his secrets."

### "Closed shop"

Roger's career in publishing was, he said, purely by chance. After graduating in science from Cambridge University, he went into the pharmaceutical industry.

"I started on the road. They have a more high-falutin name for it, though, he said, laughing. "Ethical he said, laughing. "Ethical pharmaceutical sales representative.

But his real interest was in the arts, and, after four years, he tried to break into the world of music on the administrative side.

"I applied to Covent Gar-den and theatrical agents, but it's a pretty closed shop."

About this time Bancroli and Co., of which he is now managing director, was going through what Roger describes as a sticky patch.

"A friend, closely con-nected with the company, persuaded me to try to put it back on its feet."

So Roger made a career for himself in publishing

Yet it isn't surprising to discover that Roger's secret ambition has nothing to do with books.

"I would like to be an opera-singer," he said, wist-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - March 22, 1967

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TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "For once, I would like to jump to the defence of the motorist in the war between the pedestrion and the driver. On a recent drive I saw people not waiting for the lights to change, but darling out in traffic between cars, standing in the middle of the road daring a motorist to hit them. And children running out from behind a parked car to retrieve a ball. Just remember this

Momma's moral: "There would be fewer edestrian patients if there were more atient pedestrians."



From left, Philippe, Jerome, and Patrick, in their showing-the-flag

# COMPACT

# VIVE, L'ANGLETERRE!

THE London flat of French spend a lot and weren't allowed students Jerome Bede, 24, Philippe Lechien, 18, and Patrick Burrus, 20, is decorated patriotically - British!

When they took over the flat they were depressed by the dreary walls. They couldn't afford to than French ones. Voila!

to make permanent alterationsso they decided that whatever they did must appeal to the eye, be cheap, and able to be taken down again. Naturally, they found British flags easier to buy

# HE USED HIS HEAD (to help yours)

M Switches, wiglets, full wigs, and coils are con-stantly being improved upon until Madame's choice of

unlimited.

Now, it appears, Parisian coiffeur Roger Para, using what he keeps under his "wig," has devised a really novel one.
Called "Top Security," the wig is made on a latticed base, enabling the air to get through to the scalp.

The open base has added.

The open base has added advantages. It is designed for the wearer's own hair to be drawn through, which gives a definite sense of security—hence the necessary. ence the name.

Also, if wanted, there can be a tipped or frosted effect by wearing a slightly differ-ent shade of wig to the natu-

However, should the wearer not want to draw her own hair through, there is enough on the wig to cover the latticed base. Obtainable in all shades,

Obtainable in all shades, the wig is left long (past the shoulders) so that the pur-chaser can choose her own length and style.

Much lighter than other wigs, even uncut it weighs less than five ounces.

Launched in Paris just before Christmas, it was seen by Raymond Millward (then

TWO LOOKS AT GLAMOR

> ". . Turkish towelling heads the list of suitable fabrics for her costume, and for the shore wrap that she will require should she bathe from a tent or from a house

near the shore . . ." Over half a century a good many yards of fabric stretch between this modestly covered-up bathing belle (right) and the bikini girl admired on the beach today.

admired on the beach today.

For, "this year" was about 1913, when every fashionminded young lady took her maid on holiday to cope with the hooks and eyes and other complicated fastenings of the "toilette" or afternoon dress — and, according to one beauty conaccording to one beauty consultant, only a woman without brains used make-up.

(Even so, she wasn't against u sing artificial "postiches" — Great-grand-ma's equivalent to today's hairpiece and ready-to-wear

The early fashion report describes fabrics suitable for the "salt sea waves."

the "salt sea waves."

"Bunting will never be excelled, because it dries

excelled, because it dries easily, does not shrink, and can be pulled into shape after each wetting.

"There is a new undergarment which the bather will find most satisfactory, the all in one tights combinthe all-in-one tights, combin-ing stockings with the rest of the raiment.

"Shoes will finish the equipment of the feet, cor-sets made of corded cotton will keep the figure trim, and the latest coquetry in head-gear will be found in the towelling cap with the cotton tassel at one side, fashioned after the ancient model of a man's nightcap."

The report appeared in

Bathing beauty, 1913 \* "The sea nymph finds herself this year style the object of all kinds of ingenuity on the part of the designers . . .



"Every-woman's," an English magazine sent to The Aus-tralian Women's Weekly for interest by a reader, Mrs. C. Le Haire, of Mitcham, Vic. It was published in those far-off days when \$325 a

year was considered a good salary, and a mechanical process known as "the "vacuum" system cleaned "vacuum" system cleaned
"without inflicting the smallest injury to the object to
which it is applied."



the president of the Australian section of Intercoiffure) while on a world tour.

It is now being imported by the firm with which he works, Rene Henri of Mcl-

place — it is priced at about \$90. In the picture above, hair

desser Karen Smith holds the new wig, "Top Security," with her fingers poking through — to illustrate the large holes in the mount. The wearer's own hair can be pulled through these holes.

Easily adjustable — a light elasticised band, concealed elasticised band, concealed under the wig, holds it in

### Strike a light! He really met his match

\* Yes, Virginia, there IS bitter rivalry between Victoria and New South Wales . . . and not only about waterways, bridges, rainfall, football, or beer.

Even rival safety matches can light the fuse, as a publican in a border town explained to us.

Even though the town is officially in N.S.W., the hearts of many residents are down south.

Trouble brewed when he put on his shelves a batch of matches, made in New South Wales.

Many drinkers, loyal to the usual offering of Victorian-made matches, refused to buy them.

But they were the only ones in stock, and drinkers urgently needing a light had to swallow their pride as well as their beer.

Some dichards, however, put the Sydney-made full trays into Melbourne-made covers!

The Austraalian Women's Weyery March 22, 1967

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

\* Overheard at a party: "My neck is so sore, dear, I'm glad I'm not a

# FOR THE BIRDS

ONE swallow mightn't make a summer—and, certainly, more than one seagull puts the chimneysweeps of Bremerhaven, Germany, into a winter of discontent.

The city is currently suffering a plague of peck-ing gulls (officials estimate that about 20,000 invade

the city each day) and their main victims seem to be chimney-sweeps on rooftops.

To protect themselves, the sweeps are now working in pairs - one to work, the other to guard him from aerial attack!

On the other hand (or wing), ornithologists re-

port that swallows are dis-

port that swallows are disappearing from Germany—for two unusual reasons.

Experts blame the sealing of farm roads, which cuts off the birds supply of mud for nests, and the disappearance of stables, popular nesting places.

Oh, well—they can always go back to Capestrano.

# Television

# DON MEETS THE MAN ON THE RUN

• When David Janssen walks down the street in Hollywood, he may have no intention of going farther than the corner store to buy a newspaper, but to many people who see the tall, handsome actor strolling by he is "The Fugitive."

Viewers of Don Lane's "Tonight"

Viewers of Don Lane's "Tonight" show will get a rare insight into the real David Janssen when they see Don talking to the actor, who is identified both on and off the TV screen as a man on the run from the police.

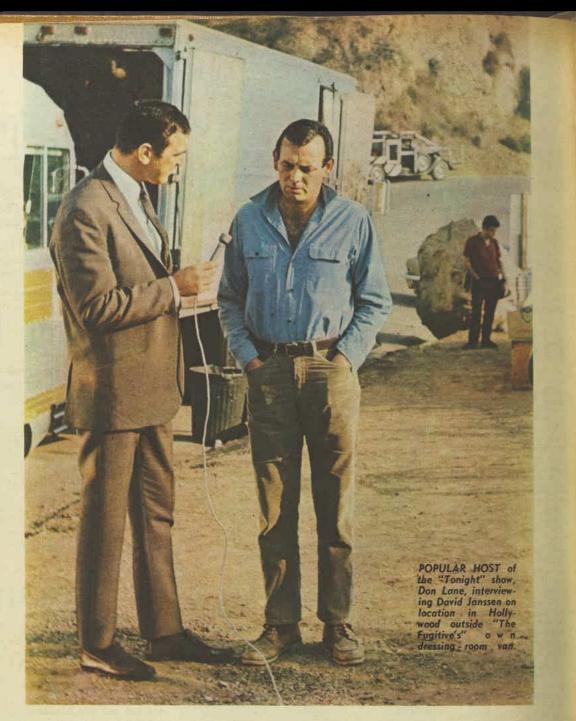
Janssen is among the 25 top-name celebrities Don interviewed when he was on a four-week "working holiday" in America earlier this year.

Each week one of these tapes is included in Don's show. Three special treats to be seen over the next few weeks are his interviews with Janssen, as well as actor Lee Marvin, and Joe Flynn of "McHale's Navy" fame.

"Marvin is a really big name in the States," said Don. "He is very much a 'man's man', has much the same air of confidence and toughness that he portrays in his roles."

Don found the off-camera Joe Flynn rather serious. "Actors are seldom the voluble or devil-may-care types they are on the screen," he said.

 Don Lane's "Tonight" show may be seen on TCN9 Sydney, Tuesdays and Thursdays; NWS9 Adelaide, Mondays; QTQ9 Brisbane, Sundays, all at 9.30 p.m.







AT LEFT: Don Lane speaking to Academy Award winner Lee Marvin, one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood since h i s Oscar for "Cat Ballou."

ABOVE: Don talks with Joe Flynn, perhaps better known to viewers as Captain Binghampton, of "McHale's Navy." The actor was making a pilot for a new TV series.

Television

 Prince Philip, Professor Henry Mayer, and Dean Martin were the stars of my recent viewing. All are TV naturals and all excelled themselves.

# A LESSON IN QUEEN'S ENGLISH

FOUND TCN9's unexpurgated edition of Prince Philip's Canberra Press conference, bloody bore" and all, extremely interesting.

Prince Philip can teach Prince Philip can teach both viewers and interviewers a thing or two about language and how to speak the Queen's English, Pom-posity and circumlocution are missing from his speech. It is direct, explicit.

Here are some examples: "I got Sir Garfield Barwick to head Australia's
Commonwealth Study Committee and a couple of other
useful people, too."

"When I took over from
"Geber in Jaw."

father-in-law

"It is very silly to hang on to something useless. When it no longer has value, should be chucked over-

The last sentence was his ower to questions about his views on the role of royalty in today's Commonwealth. I thought it both forthright and tactful.

The other answer I liked was one about a report that the royal family had decided Princess Anne should go to an Australian school.

Prince Philip said, with a kind of reminiscent gleam that conjured up visions of family situations: "The royal family is not a sort of com-mittee, I can tell you that much."

 Professor Henry Mayer, Sydney University's Pro-fessor of Political Science, talked about the private life of public people more forthrightly than Prince Philip on ATN7's Sunday morning gabfest, "Television Tutor-ial."

### Unselfconscious

Professor Mayer is delight-ful on TV. He is apparently unaware of the camera, completely unselfconscious in mannerism and speech.

Like Prince Philip he, too, is direct and explicit.

He appeared in the always interesting segment in which a panel of university men discuss a current question.

The week I watched, Pro-The week I watened, Fro-fessor Mayer, Mr. H. D. Black, senior lecturer in economics at Sydney Uni-versity, and Mr. George Mol-ardicussed, the public nar discussed the public and private faces of people prominent in public life.

(Incidentally, Sydney has two George Molnars; both are university lecturers and one is a famous cartoonist.
"TV Tutorial's" Molnar is
"young George," I was told,
and is not related to the cartoonist. His line is philo-

Anyway, with adjudicator Joss Davis, who has acquired a slightly Machiavellian air with a new beard, the panel had a really good, no-holdsbarred, unscripted discussion.

They started off with the Manchester book about the Kennedy assassination and what freedom from invasion of their privacy people in public life should have. The Manchester book was

the peg on which the whole

discussion was hung, but it also covered the way Eng-land's royals communicate with the Press, the special significance of the health of the American President, and finished with a discussion on whether the Australian pattern of reporting was chang-

Professor Mayer thinks Australian reporters don't ask Australia's politicians the sort of questions that lead to frank and intimate stories, because the politicians are so very dull very dull.

He also thinks Jackie Kennedy has lost her looks and that Princess Margaret is "interesting but unimpor-tant."

He clashed strongly with Molnar, who said that any-one who wanted a private life should simply refuse to talk to the Press.

I've rarely had a better two hours of TV than I did with "TV Tutorial" (9.30-11.30 a.m.) on that recent wet Sunday.

It started off with a lively



PRINCE PHILIP



DEAN MARTIN

### By NAN MUSGROVE

discussion about the laws of censorship, went on to Eng-lish literature and the current affairs discussion; ished with a most interesting French teaching series.

· My third man is Dean Martin, whose artistry always pleases me. I don't mean his undoubted musical artistry but his artistry at mixing the out ins artistry at mixing the ingredients—singers, dancers, comedians—in the proportions that make "The Dean Martin Show" (ABN2, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) top entertainment.

Now even Dino is reeling under the news that his show is rated No. 1 in America — the first show ever to topple "Bonanza," which has held that position since it

"We're overjoyed by

Dean's new No. 1 rating," one of Martin's staff said. "But we can't help wonder-ing why. Can you imagine a boozy singer whose com-ments sometimes have to be censored out of the tape beating one of the most Godfearing families in the world, the Cartwrights?"

"Everybody is chuckling over Dean Martin's top ratover Dean Martin's top rat-ing," a New York columnist wrote. "Each year the other two networks in America spend millions trying to knock 'Bonanza' out of the No. 1 box. And then comes along this simple, under-rehearsed show which just sweeps by everybody."

"The Dean Martin Show" certainly looks simple, but it is a simplicity that is achieved only when the right personality is there to mould it into shape.

TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS READ TV



Funny thing about Ellie she spends so much time and effort and money on making herself look beautiful then she puts on her one and only pair of glasses.

Ellie's only glasses have neat plain tortoise-shell frames. There's no nonsense about them, they're perfectly functional and practical at the office when the pressure is on. Galoshes are perfectly functional and practical too, when it's raining. Very few women wear them at the discotheque. The golden rule of accessories is to choose for both costume and occasion. Eyewear can be the most personal and versatile of all accessories, yet there are so many - like Ellie - who go to no end of trouble preparing for an evening out and then plant their one and only pair of old-faithfuls squarely across their nose. It's a shame, and O.P.S.M. are now showing a range of hundreds of fashion frames to prove the point. All colours, all styles, to make all occasions more significant: daytime, after five, evening, theatre. And fashion spectacles are not expensive - they average about the same price as a good pair of shoes. At last count Ellie had sixteen good pairs of shoes. How about you?



OPTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS SPECTACLE MAKERS PTY.

OP2879-66



# 1968 WORLD TOUR ITINERARY

• Here is your fabulous itinerary for The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour, 1968, which we announced last week. This exciting round-the-world cruise-tour takes you to 19 countries in 18 weeks.

tralian passengers may join the Orcades at Fremantle. JANUARY 20: Melbourne.

JANUARY 21: Sydney. (W.A. passengers disembark except those wishing to take advantage of the live-aboard advantage of the tive-anoard facilities and the ten-day voyage, Sydney-Wellington-Melbourne-Sydney.) JANUARY 23: Departs Syd-

IANUARY 26: Wellington. JANUARY 27: New Zealand passengers embark, Orcades leaves for Melbourne.

JANUARY 30: South Australian, Victorian, and some W.A. passengers join the ship in Melbourne.

FEBRUARY 1: Sydney. Ample time for shore ex-

FEBRUARY 4: W.A. and N.S.W. passengers join Orcades, which departs for

FEBRUARY 6: Brisbane.

FEBRUARY 7: Depart Bris-

FEBRUARY 12: Guam. A full day ashore with a number of excursions avail-

FEBRUARY 15-16: Kobe, Japan A full day and night here, with ample oppor-tunity for sightseeing. Or you may wish to take one of the optional three-day overland excursions to overland excursions to Tokyo, via Kyoto, rejoining Orcades at Yokohama.

FEBRUARY 17-18: Call Yokohama, sightseeing in Tokyo, nightlife, shopping. FEBRUARY 24: Call Honohilu. A full day ashore with trips to Waikiki.

FEBRUARY 29: Los Angeles, with perhaps a visit to Hollywood or Disneyland,

### HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Sydney Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes
Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285;
Hunter Street, Newcastle.
Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria Tasmania: World
Travel Headquarters Pty.
Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330
Collins Street, Melbourne.
Telephone 67-7481.

Onersalesal

Quernsland Northern Territory New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 33 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Gurrie Street, Adelaide. Tele-phone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wes-farmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Ter-race Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Tele-phone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1., England. Tele-phone HYDe Park 8494, GROSSIES, 2291

OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL

JANUARY 16: Western Aus- MARCH 4: Call Acapulco. Excursions reveal resort's great beauty.

MARCH 7: Call Balboa, Pacific gateway to the Panama Canal. Here you begin a fascinating journey through giant locks, lakes. MARCH 8: Cristobal, entry into the Caribbean Sea.

MARCH 11: Miami, playground of America.

MARCH 18: Call at Madeira, famous and Madeira, famous and beautiful Portuguese island. MARCH 21: Arrive Tilbury. The Tour Director will assist you through Customs. coach to your London

MARCH 21-23: London.
During this time several
sightseeing tours are included. A morning tour
will include the British Museum, Trafalgar Square, Embankment, Scotland Yard, Big Ben, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace (to see the Changing of the Guard), Hyde Park. An afternoon tour will include St. Paul's Cathedral, Bow Church, Cheapside, London Bridge, Tower of London (tour and inspection of the Crown Jewels), Charles Dickens' Old Guriosity Shop. Also, a half-day trip to Windsor, taking in Hampton Court.

MARCH 24: By coach to Dover for the cross-Channel trip to Ostend, then to Brussels

MARCH 25: A short tour of the Brussels Royal Palace and other notable buildings, later crossing into Germany. Visit historic Aachen Cathedral, continue on through Cologue and Bonn, then along the Rhine to Coblenz and Stolzenfels.

MARCH 26: Continue along the Rhine past vineyards, castles, monasteries, and the Lorelei Rock. Then to Heidelberg

MARCH 27: Through the Black Forest, with first glimpses of the Swiss Alps. Across the Swiss border into Schaffhausen, then Zurich, and through I scenery to Lucerne. lakeland

MARCH 28: Morning at leisure. Afternoon excursion on lake and up the mountains can be arranged.

MARCH 29: Along Lake Lucerne and acress the Rhine, into tiny Liechten-Rhine, into thy Lactners stein. Into Austria via Feldkirch, to the Tyrol, the winter resort of St. Anton, then to Innsbruck.

MARCH 30: Explore Innsbruck, and, after lunch, ascend the famous Brenner Pass to enter the Italian Tyrol. On to the jagged Dolomites, night at Cortina.

MARCH 31: Morning at leisure in Cortina, then across northern Italy to Venice.

APRIL 1: Morning sightthe monuments seeing — the monuments round the Piazza San Marco, the hub of Venice, the Campanile, Doge's Palace,

Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's. In afternoon, continue your explorations.

APRIL 2: Southwards to-ward the Valley of the River Po, through Bologna to Florence.

APRIL 3: Morning tour of Florence's architectural and artistic treasures. Afternoon, more sightseeing.

APRIL 4: From Florence up the valley of the River Arno. Visit Arezzo, a Arno. Visit Arezzo, a charming hillside town in Tuscany, and Perugia, and arrive in Rome for two days three nights.

APRIL 5: A morning's sightseeing, covered by the cost of the tour, includes St. Peter's and other historic landmarks. Your courier will arrange other tours — the Colosseum and Panth-eon, or a tour of nightclubs. APRIL 6: Free day to ex-plore Rome or take an optional excursion to Naples and Capri.

APRIL 7: Rome-Pisa. Along the coast through Groseto and Livorno.

APRIL 8: The morning at Leaning Tower and other places of interest. After lunch, along the Italian Riviera and up the slopes of the Apennines to Genoa.

APRIL 9: Morning to ex-plore old section of Genoa. Drive to Nice in the afternoon along the Riviera di Ponente, via San Remo. After crossing the French border, through Menton on the Cote d'Azur to Nice.

APRIL 10: Morning at leisure in Nice. After lunch visit Monte Carlo. Back to Nice for dinner.

APRIL 11: Along the French Riviera to Cannes and St. Raphael, then on to Aix-en - Provence, Avignon, Montelimar. Continue up Montelimar, Continue up the Rhone Valley to Lyons APRIL 12: Through famous vineyard country, including Macon, the most renowned wine city of the Burgundy region, the valley of Yonne, to see the oldest Gothic cathedral in France,

the forest of Fontainbleau, along the Seine to Paris. APRIL 13-14: Two whole days and nights to enjoy Paris. A morning tour in-cludes Notre Dame and the Place de la Bastille. Close by is the Rue de Rivoli, one of the principal shopone of the principal shop-ping streets. Naturally, you visit the Eiffel Tower. Ample time to explore the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, the Louvre. Courier will arrange any extra tours. APRIL 15: Return to Lon-don. Drive to Calais therough Resurvais and Rou-

through Beauvais and Bou-logne-sur-Mer. Your coach meets the steamer at Dover. APRIL 16-17: Another two days for exploring and theatre-going in London, using our hotel as base. APRIL 18: Begin coach tour

of England and Scotland. Through England's delightcentral counties Buckinghamshire and Bed-

### Your \$A1708 (£N.Z.716-\$N.Z.1432) covers:

Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orcades and tourist four-berth cabins in the Canberra,

cabins in the Canberra.

Oriana passengers returning on April 26, 1968: By special arrangement superior two-berth cabins are held on this sailing, extra charges for which are reduced by \$A40 (£N.Z.16—\$N.Z.32) in lieu of unused hotel accommodation in London. As a result, supplementary charges for superior two-berth cabins on this sailing are only \$A54 (£N.Z.22—\$N.Z.44), and cabins with private shower and toilet are \$A100 (£N.Z.40—\$N.Z.80). New Zealand passengers have the option of continuing to Auckland by the Oriana from Sydney on June 4.

- European tour, full-board accommodation comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, and dinner, all table d'hote, inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, excursions as in itinerary; and services of bilingual courier.
- United Kingdom tour (escorted), full-board accommodation (table d'hote), after-noon teas, service charges, specified sight-seeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved, when available, for an extra charge.
- · Sightseeing in London, as in itinerary.
- London accommodation at well-situated hotels, including breakfast, dinner (table d'hote), and service charges for 13 nights. (Accommodation: double rooms without baths on European and U.K. tours and in London. Single rooms and room with bath or shower may be booked ahead for a small charge.)
- Transfers on arrivals and departures when part of the tour itinerary.

 Porterage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours; two average-sized suitcases per person on initial average-sized suitcases per person on arrival and final departure from U.K.

Tour director will accompany the group from Sydney to the U.K. in the Orcades and from the United Kingdom to Sydney in the Canberra, while tour staff will return in the Oriana. The director or his representatives will be available in London.

### NOT INCLUDED:

NOT INCLUDED:

© Coffees, teas, alcoholic beverages, mineral waters, baths or showers at European hotels, lunches during London stay, and accommodation or any additional tours during the 23-day own-expense leisure period in London. (Excellent London hotel accommodation is available at specially reduced rates, daily, per person, including breakfast. All requests for such accommodation must be received by November 24, 1967, from Australian passengers and by November 17 from New Zealanders to qualify for this reduced rate.)

- Excursions at ports of call en route; additional sightseeing on tour, launch tickets between ship and shore at various ports.
- Personal and baggage insurance, passports
   other necessary travel documents, and other necessary travel documents, although not included in tour cost, may be arranged by your travel agent.
- All items of a personal nature excess baggage, room-service charges, laundry, tele-phone calls, etc.
- Overland journeys where necessary between Perth, Adelaide, Melhourne, Syd-ney, and Brisbane.

fordshire to Northampton and lunch in the charming market town of Kettering. Northward via Leicester into Derbyshire and Lancashire; Thorpe for tea, Buxton for dinner.

APRIL 19: Through Lancashire, along the border of the lonely fell country to Lancaster, site of John of Gaunt's castle. After lunch, through the breath-taking Lakes District. Tea at Ullswater, across the Scottish border to Gretna Green, then Lockerbie.

APRIL 20: Through the Scottish Lowlands, the lovely Tweedsmuir Hills, and the valley of the River Clyde to Edinburgh.

APRIL 21: Into the High-lands via South Queens-ferry, across the Firth of Forth and Rumbling Bridge, Glendevon, Crieff, St. Fil-lans, Loch Earn, to the Trossachs. Return to Edin-burgh via Stricker Combburgh via Stirling Castle and Bannockburn.

APRIL 22: Morning at lei-sure in Edinburgh. A tour of the city in the afternoon. APRIL 23: The charming east coast of Scotland is our route back into Eng-land via Lauder, Greenlaw, and Wooler, lunch at Alnwick, with its 12th-century

Southwards via Newcastle-on-Tyne, and tea at Darlington. Night in Harrogate, APRIL 24: Route lies via

Doncaster, home of the St. Leger, and the market town of Stamford, with its many Georgian and Queen Anne houses. Then to Stilton, of cheesemaking fame, and Broadwater. Final run

to London through Hert-ford and Hatfield, and into London in time for dinner. APRIL 24-26: Two days and three nights in London (hotel accommodation in-cluded in the tour cost) with opportunities for tours of the city and its beautiful

surrounding counties. APRIL 26: (Those who wish to return home earlier will sail in the Oriana.)

APRIL 27-MAY 19: Free period to visit relatives or friends or for extra sight-seeing. Courier will assist with arrangements.

MAY 20-23: A further three days and four nights in London (accommodation included in the tour cost).

MAY 24: By coach to Southampton, joining the Canberra in time for lunch before sailing in the early

MAY 26: Call Gibraltar.

MAY 29: Athens. Call at Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, only a 20-mile drive from the centre of the city, where the Acropolis and other reminders of the classical period may be seen. Choose from a number of interesting excursions. MAY 31: Call Port Said.

JUNE 3: Call Aden.

JUNE 7: Call Colombo. Excursions show jungles, elephants, plantations.

JUNE 10: Call Singapore duty-free and your last opportunity for shopping. Or take a trishaw trip to Chinatown. Tours can be arranged.

JUNE 15: Fremantle. W.A. passengers disembark. For those continuing to the eastern States, a tour of Perth is available.

HINE 18: Melhourne Vic-JUNE 18: Melbourne. Vic-torian and S.A. passengers disembark. Optional tours of Melbourne and environs and the beautiful Dandenong Ranges and Sher-brooke Forest are offered. JUNE 20: Sydney. Queens-land and N.S.W. passengers disembark. JUNE 23: Canberra departs

for Auckland.

JUNE 26: Auckland. N.Z. passengers disembark.

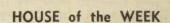
### CHOICE OF EARLY RETURN

IF you can't spare the time for the 23-day "at leisure" period in London and If you can't spare the time for the 23-day
"at leisure" period in London and
would like to return home earlier than in
the Canberra in June, accommodation has
been reserved in the Oriana, sailing from
England on April 26, 1968, calling at
Piraeus (Athens' port), Port Said, Aden,
Singapore, Fremantle (May 17), Melbourne (May 20), Sydney (May 21).
New Zealand passengers may fly on
from Sydney at a small extra cost, or

wait for the Oriana, which leaves on June 4 for Auckland.

To compensate for the reduced time in London, a reduction of \$A40 (£N.Z.16-\$N.Z.32) will apply to extra charges for improved cabin accommodation on the return sailing.

If you take advantage of this alterna-tive return, you must advise your travel agent when making your tour reservation.





DRIVEWAY flanked by trees and gardens leads to Mr. and Mrs. John Tanner's home at Springfield, S.A. Guest wing, with balcony, is at right.



PLAYROOM (left) on lower ground floor was specially designed for the four Tanner children's games and hobbies — they all play a musical instrument and paint. Some of their paintings and two landscapes (in large frames) by Mrs. Tanner decorate end wall. At right (not shown) is small room for storage of movie equipment. SITTING-ROOM (below left) on main ground floor, with door at far end leading to dining-room, is part of spacious entertainment area. Sycamore tables, on one of which stands a "bird of happiness" by a Kyoto (Japan) potter, have tops of Botticino Italian marble. To keep the creamy shagweave carpet clean—it is used in most rooms-Mrs. Tanner has a "change shoes entering" rule for the family and an Oriental "shoe" basket at back door. STAIRCASE (below), of grey-toned oak with painted balustrades and with brass newel, provides niche for organ in reception-music room close to sitting-room. Paintings, two of the many to be seen in the house, are by Australian artists.

> Story: Rita Dunstan Photographs: Vic Grimmett



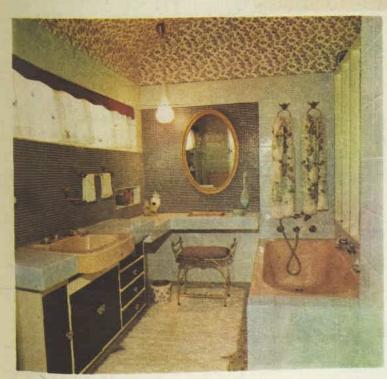


# 56-SQUARE HOUSE THAT GREW WITH FAMILY

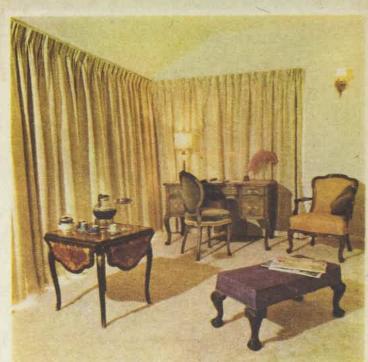
 Built as a four-roomed house during a building restrictions period about 12 years ago, Mr. and Mrs. John Tanner's home at Springfield, S.A., has been gradually enlarged to meet the needs of a growing family -they have four children aged from nine to 14 years-until now it is a 56-square building with 14 main rooms, and includes a self-contained flat for Mrs. Tanner's father. Although it has three main floors and two "intermediate" floors, the house is quite workable because of thoughtful planning by the owners and architect, Mrs. P. M. Hurren.

Continued on page 23





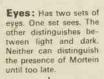
MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, on an "intermediate" floor, is built like a flat with access by stairs from ground floor and with a private balcony entrance up steps from the front terrace. BATHROOM (above) in this suite adjoins dressing-room (not shown), has color scheme to tone with master bedroom. Fabric butterflies on the curtains can be removed easily for washing.



BEDROOM (top right) one of two in suite, has unpolished sycamore and pepperwood furniture made in French provincial style; wallpaper, quilted velvet bedspread and scatter cushions pick up colors in Margaret Coen flower painting above padded bedhead. STUDY-SITTING-ROOM (above) adjoins bedroom, is often used by Mrs. Tanner for serving after-dinner coffee to women guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - March 22, 1967





Wings: Range, dependent on air currents, 7 to 20 miles. Most homes have a sewerage outlet, septic system or garbage dump within this dis-tance. Speed: Approx. 5 miles per hour.

> Body: Can carry over 5,000,000 germs of dis-eases such as Hepatitis, Gastro-enteritis & Polio, Carries 20 human diseases in all. Flies build up immunity to many insecticides, but cannot be-come immune to Mortein Mortein keeps on killing.

Mouth: Uses mouth to lap up food and to vomit. The fly can only consume food that it has first softened by the contents of its own stomach or mouth. Automatically spreads filth and disease where it lands. Mortein is 100% effective against filthy flies, and is 100% safe to spray, even near people and food.

Lifespan: 14 to 21 days. Female will lay 400 eggs in this time. Ignor-ing hazards, such as birds, ants, spiders, atmospheric conditions and Mortein, in four months two blowflies would produce enough descendants to cover the earth's surface to a depth of 25 feet. In ten months their offspring would equal the weight of the

Feet: 6 feet. Fly tastes through the tiny hairs on its feet. The feet and hairs also gather filth and dis-ease germs to re-deposit them elsewhere. Perhaps on your food. (Mortein is 100% safe to spray near food.)

# the safest and most effective fly killers:

Mortein Pressure \* Pak and Mortein Plus are Australia's leading insect killers. Four out of five housewives use Mortein because Mortein is proven to be the safest and most effective way to kill flies. Mortein is the insecticide that is completely safe to spray anywhere in your home.

in your home.

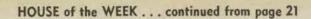
Most substitutes contain dangerous ingredients such as D.D.V.P. Dichlorvos, Lindane, D.D.T. and Dieldrin. Insecticides containing some of these dangerous ingredients have recently been banned in parts of Australia. You save money with concentrated Mortein because it is so quick-acting and effective that you use less. Always insist on safe, sure, economical Mortein.

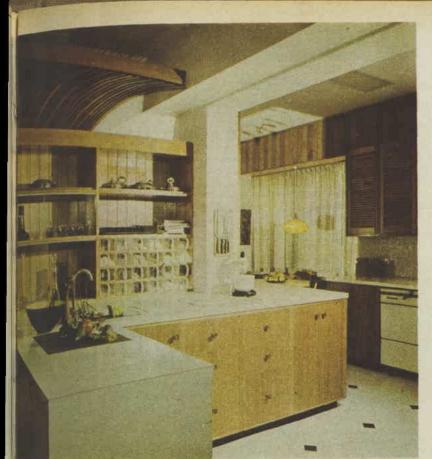


Refuse dangerous substitutes! Insist on Mortein. When you're on a good thing ... stick to it!

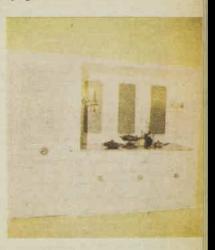


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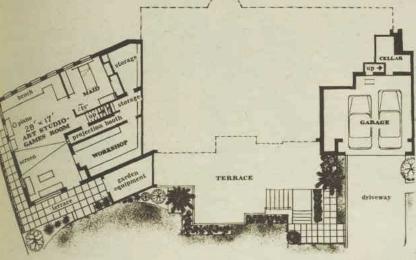


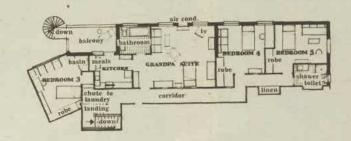


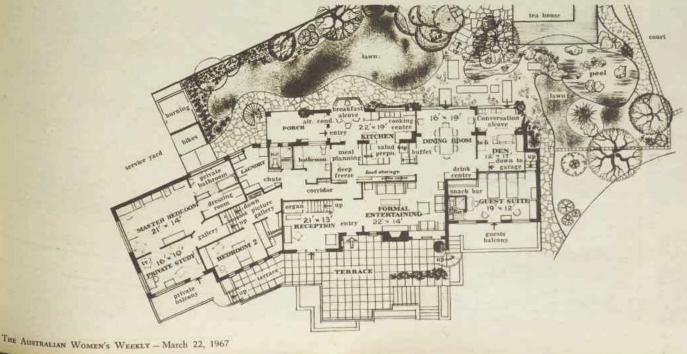


KITCHEN (left) on ground floor incorporates many of Mrs. Tanner's ideas such as green-topped "salad centre" with sink and tap for washing vegetables, and cutting-board. Glass-fronted storage drawers set into shelves are backed by meal-planning centre (not shown). COFFEE NOOK (above) with mosaic made by Mrs. Tanner from Italian glass is placed opposite the salad centre. SERVERY (above right), with gilded panels and door knobs, links kitchen with dining-room. First small door conceals the pass-through for a heated trolley. BREAKFAST ALCOVE (shown at right) has pear-shaped table which swings on steel column to make sweeping easy. Grass lampshade came from Philippines.









PLAN—at left is ground floor with guest and master bedroom suites on "intermediate" floors at either end. Above left is lower ground floor and above right, the top floor. An inter - com system with 10 telephones solves problem of keeping in touch, saves many steps.

# DRESS SENSE BY BETTY KEEP

THE first request answered comes from Victoria. Here is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Would you have a couturier design suitable for soft red wool? I want a beltless style with an A-line silhouette and long sleeves. I have about 2½yds, of 54in. wool. Do your patterns have full making instructions?"

The design I have chosen (below) incorporates the fashion details you mentioned. The neckline is finished with a bias band collar and an attached bias bow. The style is by Simonetta of Italy. All our patterns give full details of how to cut and sew. If you wish to order, under the illustrations are full details.

The next style query was from Sydney. The reader asked for a dress with tiny sleeves and an accent under the bosom, My reply:

The semi-fitted dress (on opposite page) answers your query. The dress has extended shoulders forming a slight sleeve and a high-waisted line accented under the bosom with a flat tail-ored bow. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.

1587. — One-piece in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. 1587 Vogue couturier design by Simonetta of Italy. Price \$1.40 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Page 24

The most popular style request in my recent fashion mail has been for a one-piece dress suitable for wool. I have chosen two designs, both of which can be made from Vogue patterns.

Other queries and my answers:

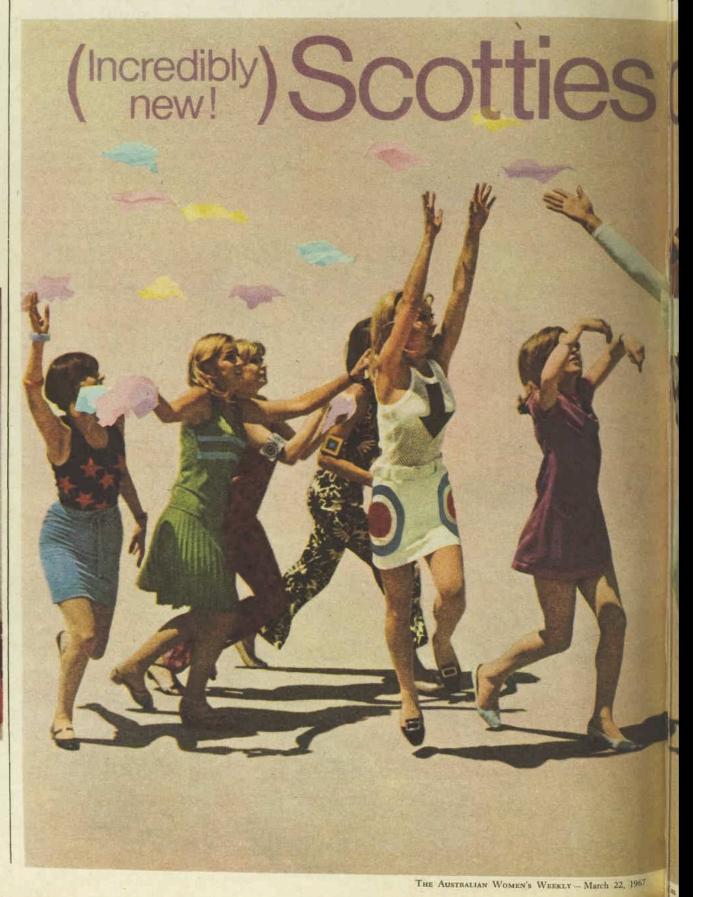
"What colored evening coat would be best to wear over a white evening dress?"

Depending on your age group, bright orange or black velvet finished with jewelled buttons. "What type of foundation would be slimming under a sheath dress? I am large woman's size."

A one-piece corselet or a long bra with a girdle creates a smooth, unbroken line. "I am going on a short cruise and wondered if I should take a coat?"

On a ship it is always handy to have a lightweight coat. Breezes off the ocean can be quite cool, especially at night. "I am only five feet and my boyfriend is over six feet. I know stilt heels are out of fashion, but do you think I should wear them to make me appear taller?"

I hate to see any woman wearing very high heels, because they are apt to give the wearer a tottering walk. Forget your height. I'm sure your boyfriend likes you the way you are.



"Could you supply me with a pattern for a pretty maternity nightgown with a front fastening?"

Our pattern department has a very attractive maternity nightgown that comes in three 
lengths — above and below the 
lane and to-the-floor. The design 
has graceful gathers falling from 
a square yoke with a button-andloop closing. The nightgown 
can be sleeveless or made with 
long sleeves. To order, please 
quote Vogue pattern 6353. Price 
59c includes postage, Pattern is

available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am being married next
month. The church ceremony
will be at 5 p.m. with
a small reception for
relations. Can I
wear the same outfit
— a frock and coat in wool —
when I leave for the
honeymoon?"

Yes, it will be quite correct, and sensible, too.

"My son is being married in May and for the wedding I would like to wear a lace dress under a velvet coat. I have bought the coat, and now as I can't get a frock I have decided to write to you for a pattern. I take size 40. I just want a fairly simple dress with a waist and short sleeves."

Our pattern department has a design similar to the one described in your letter. The dress is available in your size. It will require 4 yards of 36in. lace. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 3551. Price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"What accessories should I wear with a brown-andwhite check suit? I don't like op art colors — I have conservative taste."

A white silk shirt-blouse, and handbag, shoes, and gloves in dark brown. "Could you advise me about a smart outfit for going to concerts and theatres? I am in my sixties and a medium build. I want to look well dressed and find it difficult to buy suitable styles for my age group."

A theatre suit in brocade, velvet, or any type of heavy silk or a silk mixture is the best fashion I know for your age group. Color can add flattery and interest to this type of classic design. Experiment in this field and find the shade most becoming to your hair, eyes, and skin.

"Do you think a girl with brunette coloring could wear beige?"

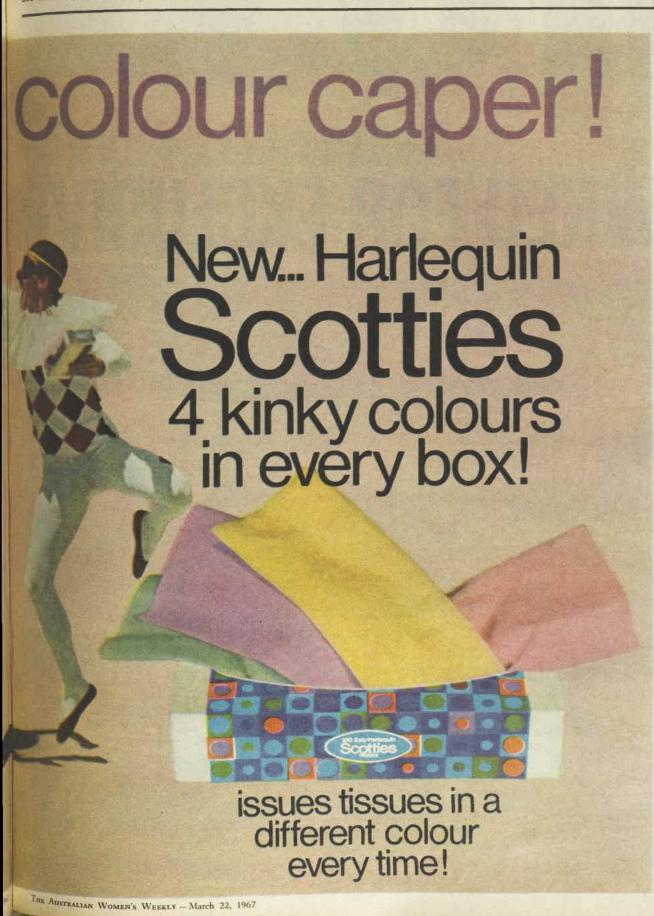
A creamy — not a stone beige is very flattering to dark hair and eyes.

"I have chosen a goldand-white brocade for my wedding gown. Do you think it would be too much to have a style with a tiered skirt? I also would like to know what color to have for shoes and gloves and should I carry white flowers?"

I think a tiered skirt would be too much. When a material has richness of texture, it's best to keep the design uncluttered. An empire-line dress would be a good choice. Wear white kid gloves and white satin shoes, and carry a bouquet of white flowers.



1640. — One-piece in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. 1640 Vogue Paris original by Gres. Price \$1.40 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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Walls: Gloss-Masta Broken White. Shutters and Doors: Gloss-Masta Burmese Gold Lamp: Gloss-Masta Black. Windows and Trims: Gloss-Masta Broken White Path: Path-Masta Fadeless Green.

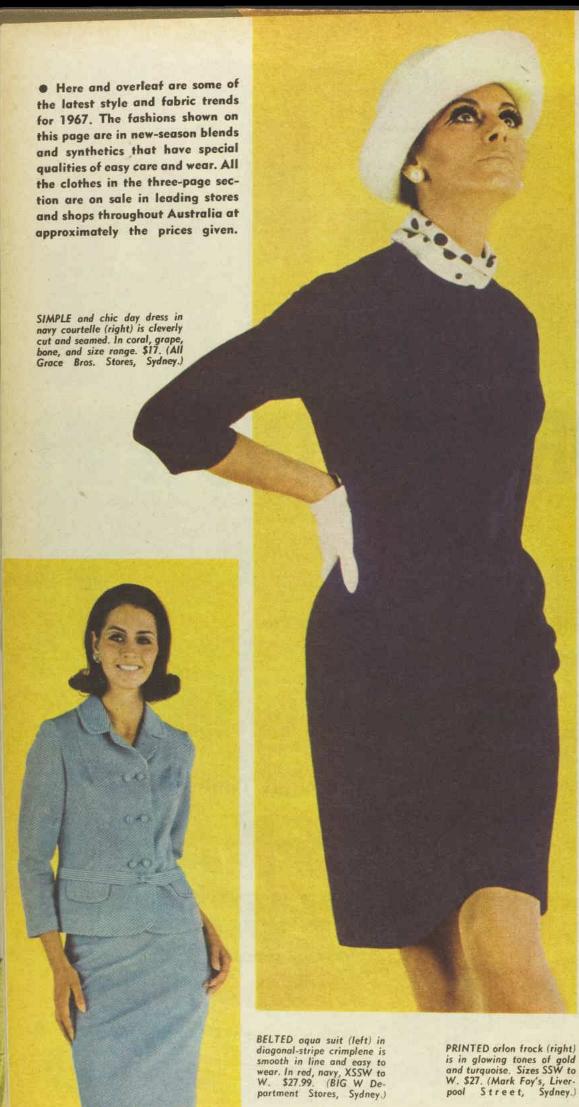


Walls: Gloss-Masta or Nu-Plastik Claytone. Doors: Gloss-Masta Feather Grey. Windows and Trims: Gloss-Masta Pure White. Eaves: Gloss-Masta Temple Gold.



Walls: Cream Brick. Front Door: Gloss-Masta Muted Olive. Other Doors: Gloss-Masta Pure White. Fascias and Windows: Gloss-Masta Pure White Eaves: Gloss-Masta Apricot Tint. Downpipes: Gloss-Masta Hawaiian Cream. Wrought-Iron: Gloss-Masta Muted Olive. Patio Floor: Path-Masta Silver Grey.





# FASHIONS from the SHOPS



SPARE in shape, this smart dress in crimplene has small turtle neck. Also in aqua, jade, black, XSSW to W. \$16.80. (BIG W Department Stores, Sydney.) R E D courtelle peajacket with gilt buttons, \$20.25. Easy-fall skirt has detachable braces. \$11.50. In color and size range. (Grace Bros. Coordinate Shops, Sydney.)





OPALESCENT flowers of sequins and tiny beads add impact to this after-five baby-smock in fine wool crepe. High rising emphasis accentuates mini-bodice. XSSW and SSW. \$52. (Georges, Melbourne.)





DESIGNED in Paris, this longline dress in wool twill with A-line skirt has welt trim. XSSW to SW. \$22. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)

SLIM day dress (left) in paisleyprint viyella has narrow ruffled sleeves, neck interest. \$25. (Exclusive to Sportsgirl, Sydney a n d Melbourne.)



GLOWING wool twill and houndstooth dress and j acket (left), XXSSW to SW. \$32. (Myers, Melbourne; Allan & Stark, Brisbane.)

MILITARY look suit (right) in ultra-violet wool cavalry twill. Slim skirt has back Dior pleat. XXSSW to W. \$40. (Foy's of Melbourne.)



# FASHIONS from the SHOPS continued



MILITARY look, pure wool-knit slacks suit is front-buttoned, has match-ing skivvy. In color range, XSSW to SW. \$31 com-plete. (Boans of Perth.)



SMART wool suit is off-white with overcheck, navy belt, buttons. XSSW to SW. \$48.50. (John Martin & Co., Adelaide.)



THREE-PIECE suit (left) by Belfa of Switzerland is in brilliant color range, sizes XSSW to SW. \$84. (From Weedman's, Brisbane.)



FASHIONABLE redingote effect in wool twill, slightly fitted, with silver-button trim. XSSW to SW. \$22. (From Boans of Perth.)



EMERALD long-line jacket suit in Tissus Michels pure wool has lush black fox fur collar. Fully lined, in sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, other colors. \$62. (McDonnell & East, Brisbane.)



GLAMOR coat of fuchsia estacel crepe with ostrich trim, XSSW to SW. Other colors. \$48. (Myers, Adelaide.)





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Now it's here! Shampoo-in hair colour so natural

it invites close ups! Now you be the girl who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting . . . when your hair glows with the soft, natural colour of new "Nice'n Easy"\* by Clairol\*. It's

casy to do! "Nice'n Easy" simply shampoos in . . . and suddenly your hair glows with a new excitement! Close-up it looks so natural. Can't rub off because the colour shines out the way natural colour does. Your hair is left



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shining, vibrant — in wonderful condition! No wonder this famous hair colouring by Clairol is the favourite of beautiful women all over the world! "Nice'n Easy" is so rich in formula it can lighten . . . brighten . . . deepen . . . cover grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. Every time, new "Nice'n Easy" comes out naturally . . . beautifully. And you can choose

a shade . . . or change it as you please! Try it for a lift . . . for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups!

The closer he gets . . . the better you look!

# New! Nice'n Easy by W Clairol

the natural-looking hair colour you just shampoo in!

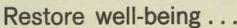
Clairol – the people who know more about hair colouring than anyone else in the world.

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For children 6 to 15 years, Pluravit Junior. As a pleasant change in "pace," give Pluravit Effervescent . . . the new vitamin "mix." Take just one heaped teaspoonful in water, once-a-day.

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### Speaking about baby talk

"SUZY-Q" is against baby talk I think one un-consciously tends to lapse into it because it generally seems rather ludicrous to use seems rather ludicrous to use complete words when talking to such small scraps of humanity. However, it depends on the baby. Some look so wise and solemn that one wouldn't dream of insulting them, while other innocents simply seem to ask for it. Whether baby talk is used or not, I don't think it makes the slightest difference to the child in later years.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, Chermside, Qld.

BABY talk should never be allowed to start; at least not intentionally. All babies mispronounce the words they use, and gradually improve. It is therefore sheer foolishness for an adult to mis-pronounce the word first, and it is certainly no help to the child. Speak to children in simple terms and in short sentences they can grasp. Baby talk by adults only makes learning so much more

\$2 to Mrs. A. N. Davis,

I THINK baby talk is de-lightful. Many nicknames that have been cherished through life have originated from this lisping baby speech. Let a baby use baby talk — it's natural, and I think they all love it. For think they all love it. For myself, I feel sorry puff-puff has become train. My chil-dren all used baby talk for as long as they wanted to. \$2 to "Puff Puff" (name supplied), Hendra, Qld.

WE have never used baby talk with our two chiltalk with our two children, now five and four. Connequently their command of simple English makes them easily understood. However, when an elderly friend pointed out a gee-gee to my son, then three, he had to be told that this is a name sometimes given to a horse. one told that this is a name sometimes given to a horse. Use of correct words in the first place saves the child a lot of confusion. And, anyway, isn't horse an easier word to describe the animal? \$2 to Mrs. K. Moore, Parramatta, N.S.W.

I AGREE with the writer who wanted to discourage who wanted to discourage baby talk. It is just as easy for a child to say dinner as din-din, as simple to say train as choo-choo. And so

\$2 to "Katy J" (name applied), South Cessnock,

ALI, our children used baby talk, and we loved it. In fact, we were sorry we lost the notebook in which we had recorded much of it. we had recorded much of it. To one little boy, mingming was a horse; to our little girl, sho-sho was a horse. They grow out of it in time. There are so many matters to correct them on when they are small, let them have their own lingo in peace. That's one father's opinion, anyway. on, anyway.

\$2 to Mr. M. Woods, Dungog, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967



 We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### When not to argue

MY mother had five sisters living near us. I was an only child. It was impossible to please them all, and my point of view never seemed to be heard. By the time I was 20 I was frustrated and despairing. Then a friend gave me advice. It was: "Don't wear yourself out arguing with people who don't see your point of view. Instead, say you agree with them. This surprises them so much that they leave you alone and you are free to act on your own judgment." Life was much easier after that.

\$2 to "Thank Heaven" (name supplied), Naremburn, N.S.W.

### Picture language for tourists

SOME friends travelling in Europe were disappointed at being served food which turned out to be nothing like what they had confidently expected when ordering. I think a good idea for intending tourists who have learnt no foreign words would be to cut out and carry with them colored advertisements of such foods as meat, fish, coffee, fruits, cheese, eggs, etc. Even if the exact food were unobtainable, surely something like it would be forthcom-

\$2 to "Typist" (name supplied), East Geelong, Vic.

### Gallery of miniatures

I AM very proud of my small art gallery. The pictures are all miniatures, most averaging one inch square, though some are larger. They feature animals, flowers, butterflies, fish, and birds. The New Guinea birds of paradise are exquisite in their vivid plumage, and the Malaysian orchids very delicately drawn. Though not a valuable collection, the passing of time should greatly enhance its worth. By now you would have guessed that my gallery of miniatures is my stamp collection. Why don't you start one? start one?

\$2 to "Arlo" (name supplied), Noosaville, Qld.

### Kitchen tea protest

IN this age of mass conformity, mine may be a lone voice crying in the wilderness. But I raise it in protest against an institution which I consider one of the greatest evils of our over-affluent society — the pre-wedding party. This has grown from one humble kitchen tea which our mothers were grateful to be given to a veritable round of as many as nine or ten parties. Many young couples start married life today with their homes almost completely equipped. Where is the joy of working together to gradually build up one's home?

\$2 to "21" (name supplied), Rose Bay, Tas.



### FACING

I'd rather have the face I had Ten years ago - or twenty. In retrospect it wasn't bad,
Though then I mouned, and plenty.

One decorates it, as one must, But really, does it matter? Old passport pictures — how one fussed — Seem nowadays to flatter.

- Dorothy Drain

### "Lettuce" was safe

ON our recent camping holiday, Mum, not wanting to carry about a large sum of money, put it in an envelope, then placed the envelope in a bag of peas, which was then put into the crisper in the ice-chest. When we returned, the "lettuce" was safe — but chilled.

\$2 to "Camper" (name supplied), Sandringham, Vic.

### Dodges to beat the hot weather

WHEN shopping by car in hot weather, I take a food cooler, like the ones used for picnics. It keeps dairy produce, meat, and frozen food in good condition until I

\$2 to Mrs. A. Taylor, Riverton, W.A.

### ZINO-PADS dress, cosmetics manufacturers decided at a recent New York conference. QUICK - CLEAN - SAFE This is the modern way, the easy Last year's face was none too good And next year's won't be better. I see no prospect, wish I could, Of beating time's vendetta. way, to get rid of corns. Unique two-fold action. Super-soft pad pre-

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vents shoe pressure, relieves pain instantly . . . medicated disc loosens corn for easy removal. clean, safe. Ask for Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads, Only 42c (4/3) pkt.

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Remedies for every common foot trouble



### Onhertoes today...

Anne stole the show with her solo from Swan Lake today. "But yesterday", says Anne's mother, "she wouldn't eat her dinner and was so cranky. Last night I thought of Laxtetes. Now look at her, her appetite's back, and she's really on her toes!" Mother Nature usually keeps children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Milk chocolate Laxettes restore your child's regularity overnight. Each chocolate square contains an exact dose of gentle, tasteless laxative. Laxettes tonight. Tomorrow they're right.

a window ledge. Balls and small plastic objects I kick out of the way. Balls tend to bounce or roll back, but the impulse to kick them is

irresistible.

Now and then, in one of my darker mocds, I run the mower through something.

There was a cardboard model of a Red Indian's tent, cut out of a Crunchy Flakes packet. I called out to the person who owned it: "Come and take this darn Indian's tent off the lawn.

When there was no response, I just mowed it down. It was left looking like a bit of spaghetti

That was a ruthless thing to do, but it showed I was not to be trifled with when mowing the lawn.

Inside the house an endless variety of things invite you to kick them aside. Socks, towels, umbrellas, magazines, snakes and ladders, to name but a few. An old book of wallpaper samples, in particular, I have kicked many times.

It is unreasonable, because sooner or later all these things have to be picked up. Yet one kicks them.

Why? I think it is because there is more satisfaction in kicking than

### In the dumps yesterday ...

Anne stole the show with her

they're right. Only 35 cents (3/6)

Page 33

## Ross Campbell writes..

### IN THE WAY

WAS approaching the front I was approaching a plastic door at home and a plastic skipping rope was lying on the path.

There are two ways to deal with obstructions of this sort. One is to pick them up. The other is to kick them out of the way.

The second course is more attrac-

tive after a day at the office.

I kicked the skipping rope. But it would not get out of the way. It somehow wriggled back and coiled round my foot. Plastic skipping

round my foot. Plastic skipping ropes are like that.

Muttering, I picked it up and threw it angrily on to the lawn.

The hose is often in the way when I come home. I'll say this for

- when you kick it, it

stays where you kick it. It doesn't put up a fight like a plastic skipping

dinky is Sometimes when you kick the dinky it goes round in a circle and comes back to the same place. It depends which way the front wheels are

pointing.

My considered opinion, after
the wisest course many years, is that the wisest course is to push the dinky carefully out of the way, steering it at the same



time. To kick it is asking for trouble.

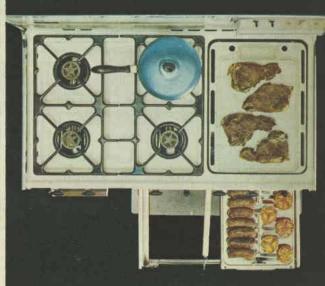
When you fall over the dinky in the dark, that is different. You find it harder to retain self-control. A time I often find things in the

way is when mowing the lawn. They may be anything from rugs to dolls' furniture.

usually pick up valuable items like bathing suits and put them on

















MANSFIELD

MANHATTAN DELUXE MONTEREY DELUXE \*

EXCLUSIVE SIGNATURE CONTROL PANELS! MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES! AUTOMATIC LIGHTING! THREE BIG FIRSTS THAT PUT SIMPSON AHEAD IN FASHION AND CONVENIENCE.

Thermostatically controlled oven, fitted with interior floodlight □ Instant heat. Fast oven heating □ Super insulation—2" on sides and back, saves on gas □ Ribbon flame cuts gas costs by giving more usable heat □ Sizzle'n'simmer burners (all four-burner models) □ Adjustable grillevator, smokeless griller dish □ Insulating strips on oven give perfect door seal □ Big family-size ovens with rounded corners for easy cleaning □ Auto ignition—auto-matic safety oven turn-off □ East/West Rotisserie takes two 3½-lb, chickens or a huge 10-lb, turkey

\*Available with your choice of seven colourful signature control panels—they match Simpson signature door refrigerators!

SIMPSO

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY OF HOME APPLIANCES



Page 34



# No Glass Slipper

 This is the success story of a woman of rare achievement — a self-made millionairess of this day and age. Yet Englishwoman Margery Hurst, tycoon, began her business career as a deserted wife with a baby to support, and an overdraft of £50 sterling.

### INTRODUCTION

 Today Margery Hurst controls a huge network of secretarial agencies in Britain and the U.S., and has similar interests in Australia. Her book, "No Glass Slipper," tells of her Cinderella-like rise to riches.

Although undoubtedly a woman of great drive and born with a ton of energy, she didn't really set out to make a fortune. Rather, life caught her up in its stream, teaching her some severe lessons (which she learned), and the money resulted.

A lesson in self-control came from her second husband, Eric Hurst, on their honeymoon:

A lesson in self-control came from her second husband, Eric Hurst, on their honeymoon:

Bad weather had caught them motoring on a high, narrow road in the Pyrenees. Their wheels were right on the cliff edge, and it began snowing.

"I panicked," writes Mrs. Hurst. "Then, without heat or rancor, my husband struck me. He said, 'Shut up. This is the time to keep our heads, not lose them.' So I did. We made our way safely across the pass with my lesson well learned.

"Some people may think he was hard, but I don't," she continues. "His lesson was hard, but that is another matter."

She says she was a wilful child, the second of a

that is another matter."

She says she was a wilful child, the second of a family of four girls, and was fat, bossy, and so interested in boys that she had to learn to curb her enthusiasm for their company. (But "Sex was no problem to my generation," she writes. "It was simply forbidden.")

Her father was in the cinema business, and she studied to be an actress, but without success. War broke out. She married her first husband (a Major Baines), who soon after was posted abroad. She joined the ATS and became an officer, and a good one. But although she was learning all the time—about people, the use of authority, hope, misery, purpose — she had not yet found her forte. She left war service to have a baby. And her first husband deserted her and the child.

She was 31, and in despair, when she began the tiny business that was to make her a millionairess. It was based on the incredibly simple idea of supplying temporary secretaries to firms requiring them.

temporary secretaries to firms requiring the NOW READ ON BELOW:



Mrs. Hurst gives her Italian butler instructions before lunch during a weekend house-party.

WHEN I was suddenly left with a baby of three weeks, and the world to face, I saw only finality and despair.

A deserted wife has two major problems to overcome.
One is money. And because money is simply a matter of ways and means, it is the lesser of the two.

The other is humiliation. The fact that I had failed as a woman had such a terrible impact that it took several days to absorb. I simply couldn't believe it. The sun still shone in the

windows of my pretty flat in Portsmouth. My baby con-tinued her routine. I went on breathing and feeling and queuing for orange juice until it finally sank in that there were two of us where there had once been three.

The comfort and common-sense of my parents I will always remember, because

they kindled hope and the desire to take another bite of life. But the lesson 1 of life. learned about failure and how you must ride it I have made a point of remembering, because you never know when it may be needed.

My father read at

My father paid the rent on our small flat and somehow there was enough money to pay the baby's nanny while I tried to sort out what could be done about our future.

The fact that I had a child was never a hindrance. Not once did I say—"How will I manage with no husband and a child to support?" I said — "Well, at least I have a family. This I have." have a family. This I have.

The only difference a child made was to force me to think big. Whatever work I think big. Whatever work I chose had to earn me a man's salary, because I had to run a home and provide a nanny.

After one month, I tried working at home in Ports-mouth taking in typing. This

earned very little, but it was a start.

I asked my businessman brother-in-law for advice about opening a shop, and would he supply me with

He agreed willingly, but he aid-"First you must become said—"First you must be coma saleswoman for two years
until you understand the
business thoroughly." I said
—"I can't. There's no time
to learn, I need £15 a week
and I need it now." "Well, and I need it now." "Well, what can you do?" he asked. I said—"I can type, that's all." "Then go into the typing business," he said.

### Overdraft

So I decided to open a small business in London. There, I believed, I could operate a typing agency and perhaps build it up.

I asked my father to guarantee an overdraft for £50. And, grinning at my wish to make the deal official, he telephoned the bank manager, whom I had known for years, and told him the arrangement. I rented a room in Brook Street, Mayfair.

Then caree the first and be.

Then came the first and by

far the worst of my struggle. Working in London meant leaving my haby, each Monday morning, in Ports-mouth, and returning at the weekend to give nanny her time off.

It tore my heart out to leave this beautiful child behind. Yet the need to build up something for her future made it necessary. This is the dilemma of every working mother.

In London I drummed up work wherever I could.
Typing, duplicating, bills of
quantity — in fact, anything.
But the irregularity of

piecework meant either a feast or a famine. And, if I wasn't kneeling in front of the telephone, imploring it to ring, I was knee-deep in paper from a rush order.

I looked about 50, and felt much more.

One of my very first jobs came via another agency. A friend telephoned me one day and said she was asked by a foreign princess at the Ritz Hotel to type a play. Would I like the job? Natur-ally, I jumped at it.

turned out that the play to be typed was actually

written by the princess' grandson.

In the midst of all the luxury of a fabulous suite of rooms, the princess said, "My grandson is only 15 years old and very clever, but we are so poor, you know, so I must ask you to quote me a cut-price." I could hardly believe my ears.

The job was important and I didn't want to lose it, so I telephoned my brotherin-law and asked his advice. He said:

"This is the way to deal "This is the way to deal with a rich person who tries to take advantage of a girl in your situation. How much is a fair quote?" I said, "Fifteen guineas." He said, "Then tell her 25 guineas and say that as a special concession to her you will drop it down to 23 guineas."

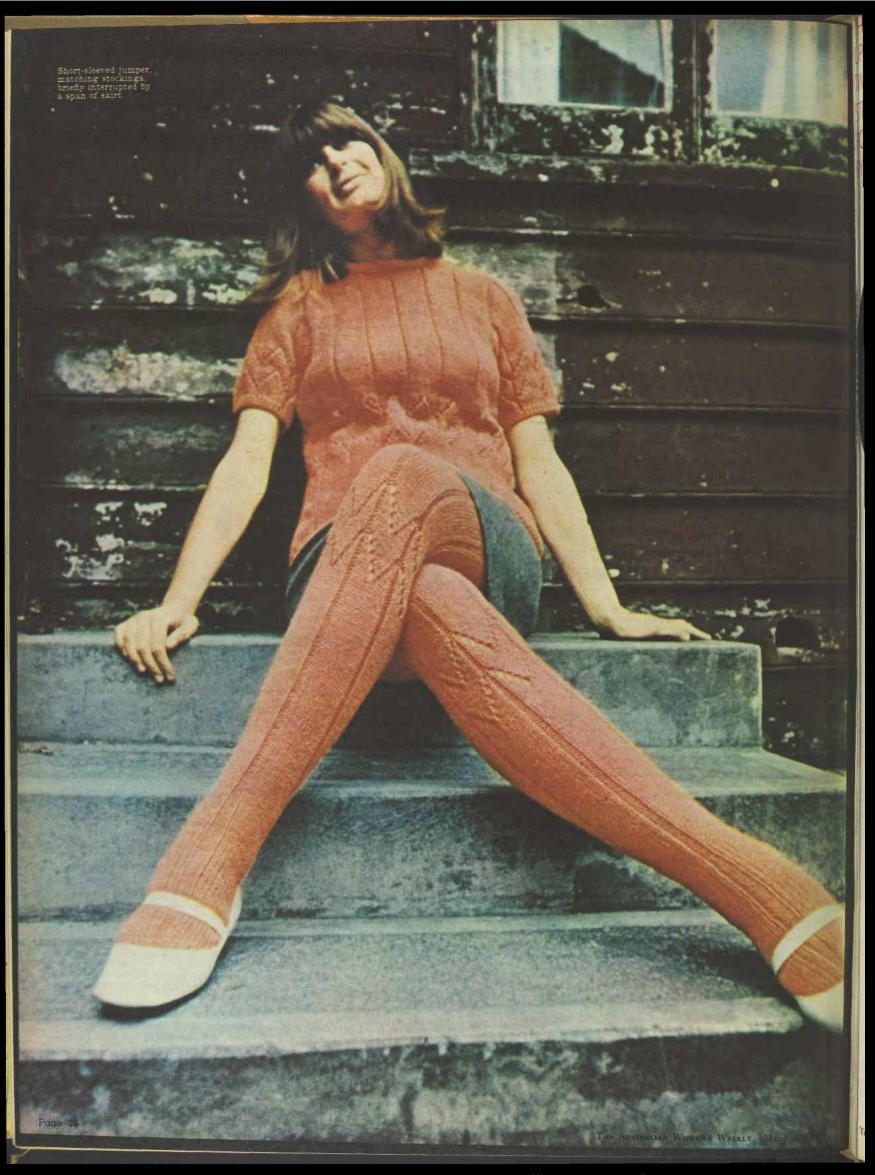
So I did and she was

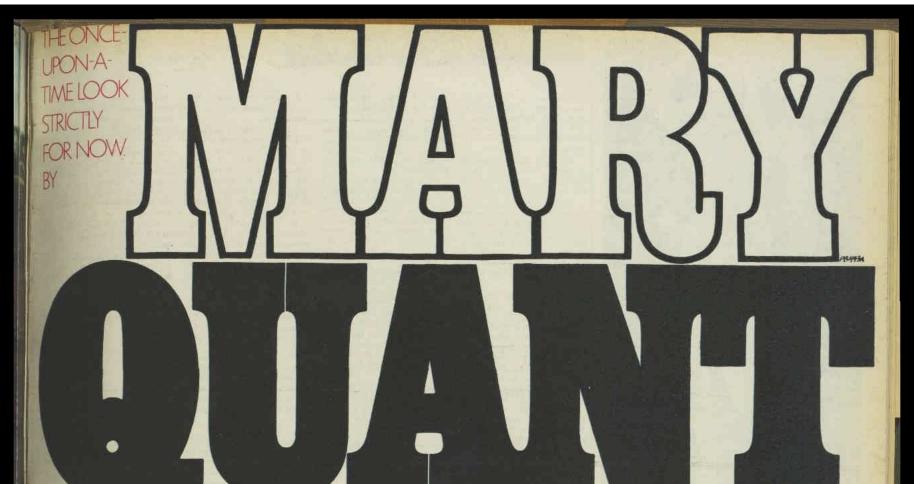
So I did, and she was delighted.

There were times when I stayed up night after night working, though my father said he would always keep me. I had this self-concein which made me believe I could survive.

What I didn't see was that by overtaxing myself I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38





Absolute charmers! New Mary Quant styles for you to knit in Patons Courtelle. They're all in Patons Book 827.



Smocked cardigan, smocked stockings.

Jumper, skirt, big-buckled belt.

Once upon a time you were a little girl-wide-eyed and wondering, touchingly innocent.

Once upon a time you were very young: an adorable child in adorable garments: sometimes lacy, sometimes smocked; always fragile and disarmingly feminine.

That's how you looked, once upon a time. That is the way you can look right now. Because Mary Quant has captured all that candour and charm, all that long-ago simplicity and honest femininity, in this collection of handknits that she has designed for you to knit in Patons Courtelle. Look at them here. Enchanting?

They are all in Patons Book 827. Hand-knits as artless as a freshly starched smock, most of them sweetened with smocking. Every style in the book is quaint and nostalgic and borrows its charm from long ago. But every style in the book is strictly for now

Why? Because Quant makes it so. Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it.









Mary Quant chose to design these hand-knits in Patons Courtelle\* yarn. It is 100% acrylic, moth-proof and easy-care, easy to wash and quick-drying. It comes in fabulous fashion shades rang-ing from pale, pretty pastels to rich, strong darks. \*Courtelle is the Registered Trade Mark of Courtailds Ltd. for their Acrylic Fibre.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - March 22, 1967

## No Glass Slipper



#### Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves h—even in most stubborn cases not just temporary relief! stops itch-

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink harmerhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving sain. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took

place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

Page 38

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hæmorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution.

This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

heading for a collapse. There was no satisfactory way of spreading the work, and I was at the mercy of post-war shortages and lack of equipment.

To begin with, there was a great shortage of type-writers. A certain make was the best for my purpose.

With all the cheek of a novice I paid a call on the London manager of the typewriter company and offered to make a deal, "Give me three machines a year," I told him, "and I'll advertise your company on my letter-head."

The man looked at me in astonishment. He had never heard of me or my tiny busi-ness, I was an absolute little nobody. But the idea apparently amused him. Three typewriters a year were mine.

I had a stroke of luck with duplicator in the office, which was always going wrong, and one day folded up. By chance I met the head of the manufacturing firm at dinner. He was most upset by my trouble, and a new machine arrived the next

day.

Then everything seemed to wrong at bank up and go wron once. Overwork and the depression over my plight took the edge off my strength.

The doctor ordered me to bed for several weeks. And by the time I had recovered, business I had gathered together simply collapsed.

So I started again. I chased up the old business and looked for new. But this time I did one thing differ-ently. Instead of concentrating solely on building up a typewriting agency I decided to investigate the idea of sending out temporary secre-taries when required. And since I was still a one-man business the logical person to start with was me.

The idea of the mountain coming to Mohammed I had never believed in, I called on the personnel manager of one of London's largest firms, a chemical company. Setting out with a small navy boater perched on the back of my head, I sailed into the office of Mr. Butland (a great friend of mine today) and said — "I'm Margery Baines and I've come to sell you Brook Streat" Brook Street.'

"And exactly what is Brook Street?" said the astonished man. "It's a secretarial bureau," I told him confidently. "And I have the finest secretaries in world."

He thought about that for a minute. Then he grinned and said — "Well, I'm damn and said — "Well, I'm uaning short of girls at the moment. Can you prove you're the best?" So I asked for a type-writer and volunteered to do writer and volunteered to do half a day's work on spec.

When he looked at the re-sults Mr. Butland said — "Send me six more like you!" And I nearly went mad. I raced home and phoned up all my pals. They were won-derful, and somehow or other we managed to fill the orders.

From that day onward that firm was one of my clients.
And, although I didn't know
it, I had made my first
breakthrough in the field where I was to excel. This was the stirring of success.

For a little time I ran Brook Street as one of those many-armed Balinese ladies. I was telephonist, office-girl, receptionist, AND emergency temporary.

If a rush job came in I had to down tools and arrive at offices and celebrity hotels as "Miss Smith," from the Brook Street Bureau, Nobody ever guessed, and it amused me to think I could play any

By the end of six months, our little agency was begin-ning to hum. I had the first rights to supply staff to several big oil companies. And I had no less than 25 temporary girls on my books.

One interesting thing was that, even in those days, I never took on a girl without thoroughly testing her skills

In time, this was to form the basis of my reputation. I never sent out a girl who failed my tests for shorthand and typing. And a girl from Brook Street became known as a Rolls-Royce among secretaries.

Thoroughness is a womanly characteristic, and many men fail in business through lack of it — especially in the middle echelon, where women do so well. At the very top level women are not so successful. Too often they lack breadth of vision and the boldness for the director-

But this is only lack of experience and training for the top jobs. I believe the time may come when they will surprise the world.

Until then their very thoroughness gives them a natural advantage that many men envy. I had it, and it stood me in good stead.

Some time ago the "Sun-day Times" published an article on three women who were milliomaires, calle "They've Got It Made Ethel Merman, Nicole of called Vesian, and myself, and at the end of the article, when summing up, Ernestino Carter said—"Frankly, as far as I can see these women have nothing in common." This I believe to be so.

#### Ruthlessness?

Ruthlessness is the one quality which is commonly believed to exist in all millionaires. You MUST be ruthless, people always say accusingly. How else can it be done? Yet the answer is simple. There are many ways becoming a millionaire.

You may be a ruthless per-You may be a ruthless person, this is true. But you may also be a particularly generous one. You may become a millionaire by sheer weight of original thought, or by possessing a first-class brain. Each millionaire is different because no two people are because no two people are quite the same.

Far more important than their individual characteristics is their ability to decide on a particular course and stick to it. You must set your goal and follow it single-mindedly and never be influenced by the way other people do the same sort of thing. Never imitate, never be deterred.

I realised this when competitors started to copy my advertising.

Up in London I worked a five-day week and it was ten or eleven each night before finished, Then I would come home to Portsmouth on Friday at about eight o'clock in the evening. I used to have supper with nanny and go straight to bed.

On Saturday morning, nanny always gave me breakfast in bed at 11 a.m. 'hen I would gather up my baby in the pram and take her for a long walk along the promenade and the pier nanny cooked lunch.

. I would come back re-freshed and say — "Oh, Nanny, the air is so fresh and pure — it's like wine after living in London,"
"Oh, yes," she would mutter crossly. "Always the same, the air's always like wine." Apparently I could think of the other phease so

wine." Apparently I could think of no other phrase, so it became a family joke,

#### "Highlight"

But come rain or shine to walk my baby along the beachfront where the world

could admire her was the highlight of my weekend, On Sundays it was my turn to take Gillian over Nanny's day off and by rights Gillian should have moved into my room on Saturday night. But because she was accustomed to sleeping with Nanny by then she made a fuss at the idea until

finally we gave it up.

I suppose I should have been jealous and hurt over I think many mothers would. Yet after my arduous week I was still so tired and absorbed in the planning of my business that I was secretly relieved. And the compliment to Nanny was so flattering that she didn't mind at all

Before I found the right nanny (who incidentally is still with me) more often than not I used to take Gillian with me into my tiny office, where she would sit in her carry-cot and entertain the girls waiting to be interviewed. This was curiously successful, because baby is the best icebreaker in the world.

I was still very sensitive about the failure of my

marriage.
What I did not understand was that a marriage break-up can happen to the most beautiful and intelli-gent of women. It doesn't necessarily mean failure.

The thing for any deserted wife to remember is that just because you are rejected once it does not mean there is no hope for you.

In those days the margin of profit in the agency busi-ness was very high. Com-pared with today it was quite fantastic.

My landlord, who was an eccountant, took over the task of keeping my books. And nobody but the two of us appreciated just promising the figure appeared. My spirits rose.

But there was one event in my life at that time which had special significance. It

was the point at which success became real to me be-cause it was linked with the reason behind my strugg little daughter, Gillian

I bought her a pink coat to match a little crepe-de-chine dress, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots on the collar. I think the whole outfit cost about 40 guineas sterling.

Every Saturday, Nanny and I dressed her up in her new clothes and then I would parade her through the streets of Portsmouth and down to the scafront and the pier. The child herself was pier. The child herself was so pretty, anyway, that she would have looked fetching in calico. But my pleasure in this was, I think, under-standable.

Portsmouth was the city where I had been faced with the necessity of wearing a brave front to cover up my humiliation. But to walk my little daughter out in all her finery enabled me to hold my head high. Foolish? — well, perhaps. But surely there have been baser motives for success.

BY the end of the second year my little business in Brook Street was ticking

over very well.

The success I found in handling people and their problems had done much to help me over the hump of despair and humiliation from my broken marriage.

It had also deepened my interest in people and ideas. I wanted to grow.

So it wasn't surprising that the next man to enter my life was a man of ideas.

My meeting with Eric (now my husband) came about as a result of several odd circumstances

As a young barrister he was pupil to a friend's barrister husband. When Sybil Lincoln said — "I want you to meet Eric Hurst, he's lonely down in London," I wasn't all that impressed But when she added that he was an intelligent man and a brilliant talker my interest quickened a little.

It turned out that his sister had been at boarding school with me, so, as we had probably already met, it was decided Eric would telephone me to arrange a date.

When he rang we arranged to meet in the foyer of the Cumberland Hotel. "I will be near the bookstall," he said, "and I'll wear a red carnation in my lapel."

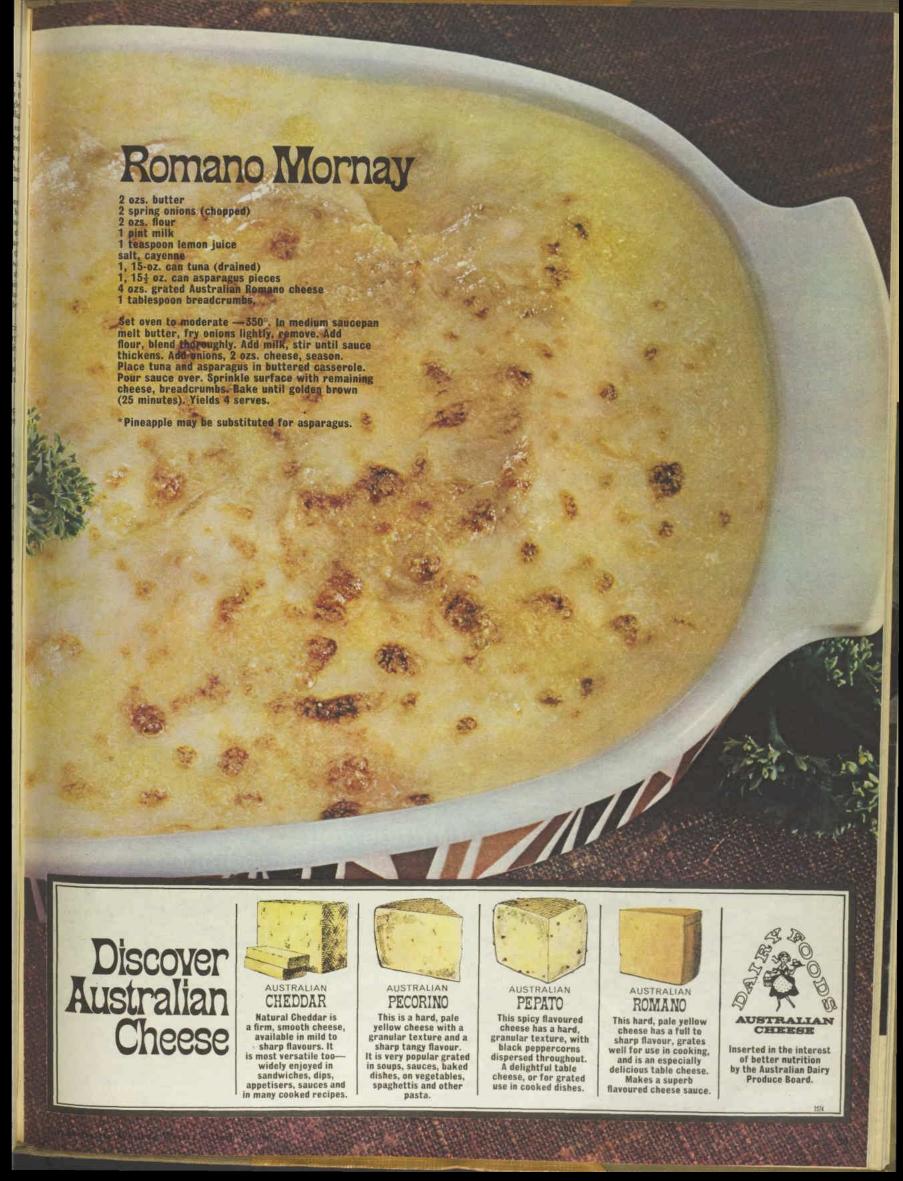
And when I arrived to find such a handsome man in these circumstances I was delighted. "Are you Eric Hurst?" I asked confidently. "No, but I am," said a small man behind me.

My disappointment lasted no longer than ten minutes. By that time he had engaged me in conversation and I was enthralled.

The next six months were difficult. I won't admit to being a shrew. But whatever I was Eric felt it needed to be tamed.

After a flaming argument I would send him away, say-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41





ing I never wanted to see him again. Next day he would write me a letter say-ing "Divided we are ing — "Divided we are nothing, together we'll con-quer the world."

How could I resist such a man? So in 1948 we married and moved Gillian and Nanny up to London.

Eric changed me in many ways. Already I had shown a certain flair for business a certain flair for business and a distinct talent for human and public relations. But he taught me routine and self-discipline, the quali-ties which made it possible to develop my potential.

He enlarged my vision and taught me to look at things objectively.

To him it was quite right and proper that women should do work of some kind outside their homes. The idea of them being chattels to men was as boring to him as it was to me

Of course, like all liberals, he embraced the idea of emancipation as a philo-sophy, but in practice found it a little more difficult. never once occurred to him to make a bed, or cook a meal, I can't say I blame him.

There were plenty of arguments at first. But he always won me over by sheer weight of logic. "Where are we going?" he would say. "Have you thought of all the implications of doing such and such?" He taught me reason.

When we returned from with we returned from our honeymoon the first major change was to move the office into a suite of rooms across the road in Brook Street. This was a big step because the rental was something like £900 (stg.) per annum. But, although it was a gamble, we never looked back.

Eric planned a new slogan for advertising the business, for it was difficult to get efficient, well-trained girls. We had to get the best. So when we inserted the advertisement — "A Brook Street Burau Introduction is Your Eatree to a First-class Post" — we hit a winner. The girls we hit a winner. The girls

In spite of low post-war standards I held out for quality in the work,

Lessons always seem to be taught me the hard way. The relaxed my standards was for the daughter of a friend. standards was The girl was a student at a business college and her mother asked me to give her a vacation job as a tem-

At first I refused because the girl had no experience. But her mother persisted. So I weakened and had the girl

Certainly her speeds were excellent. So I sent her out on a job and her new em-ployer was delighted with her. Everything appeared to her, Everytains — until six be satisfactory — until six weeks later after the girl had returned to college.

My secretary called me to the phone to say the em-ployer was on the line and seemed very conserved. I seemed very concerned, I listened to him praise the

girl and tell me how much they had liked her work.

But when he said: "Mrs. Hurst, could you please ask her what she did with the carbon copies of all the let-ters she typed, I think she must have misfiled them"— my heart went down to my hoots. I know he instinct the boots. I knew by instinct the answer would spell disaster. And, of course, she had course, she had destroyed them.

That is why I prize experi-ence in an employee — there is no substitute for it.

Pre-selection of girls for office jobs cannot be a pre-cise science. But I developed techniques I had begun to learn in the ATS. The first thing was an exploration of the girl's background. And the most telling question of all was the reason why she had left her last job.

I learned that sometimes a girl would quit her job because the other girls in her office were catty. This could mean two or three things, mostly it meant she was unable to cope with normal competition. She would do better in a small office.

Another girl might want to change because her employer sent her out to buy his socks, or a b present for his wife. birthday ... "After present for his wife. "After all," she would complain, "it's not my job, is it?" So I would put her in a job where there was more routine work. Obviously she lost face every time she had to serve other people.

Then there was always the girl who found office hours too long. I had to make up my mind whether she lacked stamina, or was just lazy. Questioning might uncover a heavy social life, which simply meant she was burnthe candle at both ends.

By far the most common (and often the most diffi-cult) was the girl who wanted more money. What made this a problem was the task of sorting out the girl's real value. Perhaps she was real value. Perhaps she was genuinely ambitious girl, anxious for more responsi-bility. On the other hand she might have been a malcontent. I had to make up my mind whether she merited a higher salary.

#### Don't "fuss"

I studied the way each girl spoke about her boss and the people she worked with. And I learned that the girls who cannot get along with others are difficult to help because there are very few jobs today where personal relations don't matter.

This doesn't necessarily mean that a girl who failed to get along with one boss is no good for another—far from it.

Time and again I am asked what is the "perfect secretary"? Well, a good secretary can be so many things that it's almost easier to describe what she should not do.

To fuss over a man, anticipate his every need, to hover around him and sympathise over every sneeze, saying—"What would you do without me?"—is to drive a man insane.

A boss does not want a secretary who tells him three

times over about an impend-

ing appointment.

The ideal secretary is one who anticipates a man's moods, not so much his needs. She must be there when he wants her, and able to retire from his mind the rest of the time. I say "ideal," because I think this is probably asking a little more of any woman than is either possible or fair.

Secretaries, too, have the freedom of choice, and any man who wants a perfect one for his office must think about the qualities a girl looks for in a boss.

A wise employer recognises that he should start his day by having a few minutes of personal chat with his secre-

He should ask her after her boyfriend, or husband and children, then switch over to work in a way that leaves her feeling something more than just a piece of office equipment.

#### Frantic life

But if he strides into the office saying—"Take a letter, Miss Jones"—then she says to herself—"What am I, a machine?

After our marriage we lived in Kensington, in a house my father built for us as a wedding present. once the honeymoon over and the new, larger office began to show its value, we turned our value, we turned thoughts to expansion.

If I had worked hard before, my life now became frantically busy.

My day started at 7.30 when I tumbled out of bed to enter a routine which staggers me when I now look back. By 8.50 I had dropped Gillian and several neighbors' children at school.

And from then on my feet hardly touched the ground until eight or nine at night when I arrived home for dinner with Eric before he began work on some brief.

Months would pass in which we would eagerly snatch a few hours together at the weekends. But for the most part we lived out our married lives at the meal

By that time he was a busy practitioner, but he still took practitioner, but he still took
a great interest in Brook
Street, and imbued me with
his own business philosophy.
He spent a great deal of time
studying the labor markets,
and advised me to expand
and open other branches.

Brook Street Bureau was the first real multiple ex-panding rapidly into the

In those days I had a little car and I used to load it up with stationery and small pieces of office furniture which had to be dragged up and down stairs in the new

As well there was the local advertising to be planned and executed, and the negotiating and signing of leases. Then I signing of leases. Then I and keep my fingers crossed.

The opening of one of the branches was a wonderful example of my so-called "flair." I suggested we open a branch at a place we shall

Bridgetown, Bridgetown in particular?" Eric asked. "I don't know," I said rather feebly, "I just have a feeling about it." And he was very angry with me for being so illogical.

For some reason, however, my suggestion was accepted and Bridgetown turned out to be a great success — our best branch, in fact. He then came oranch, in fact. He then came to me and said—"Why did you choose Bridgetown, what were the reasons for your choice?" Only because the idea had proved successful was I game enough to tell him.

him,
"Well," I said, "when I was II or 12 years old I used to visit a family called Greenbaum. I loved going there because they were such jelly people, but I remember Mr. Greenbaum telling his sons over and over again that gridgerous wars. First each of the said of the said over a said that the said over a said the said over a said that the said th Bridgetown was a little gold-nine. So I remembered it, that's all."

"Good heavens," said Eric in despair. "The right answer by the wrong process—she's done it again."

The reason for our success expansion was firstly a matter of timing. Many years passed before the other agencies decided to follow our example. By that time we had scooped the cream.

Another very important factor was the way we con-solidated our capital while we actually expanded. So the company was very liquid within five years.

While each branch began to earn its keep we ploughed the money back into the busi-ness, hardly touching it for ourselves at all.

We lived well, but never lavishly. And Eric's earnings as a barrister supported us.

There were several occasions when we were too theoretical, and an experi-ment turned us upside down.

Just after we opened our large office in Brook Street I was persuaded to take on two university-trained psychologists as interviewers.

It was total disaster. Within one week we were sur-rounded by in-trays, out-trays, upside-down trays, and everything was done triplicate. We ended in up doing more paperwork than is done now in all our branches through Britain. They were so full of theory that they actually lacked any

commonsense.

Of course, I had to let them go. And while we knew the principle of employing graduates was right, we realised that we had to get people who had the flexibility to do things our way — in spite of what the book said.

Eric was always objective. Also, athough he was far too logical to think of paying a woman a compliment on her appearance, the reverse was just as true — when I looked at my worst he didn't

This was a great comfort This was a great comfort when I became pregnant with my second daughter, Penny, because not only did I work right up until the eleventh hour, but I am one of those unfortunate women

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

# MESSY FINGERS WITH BLUO

BE MODERN-JUST SQUEEZE THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!



### Now "DEEP HEAT" treatment warms away rheumatism

Since the earliest days of Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a colff need an achieve back.

See your washing come out whiter

most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain.

Deep down penetrating warmth is the secret of Mentholatum DEEP HEAT rub. DEEP HEAT contains one of the most powerful warming agents ever discovered. Rubbed gently into your skin over the painful area, DEEP

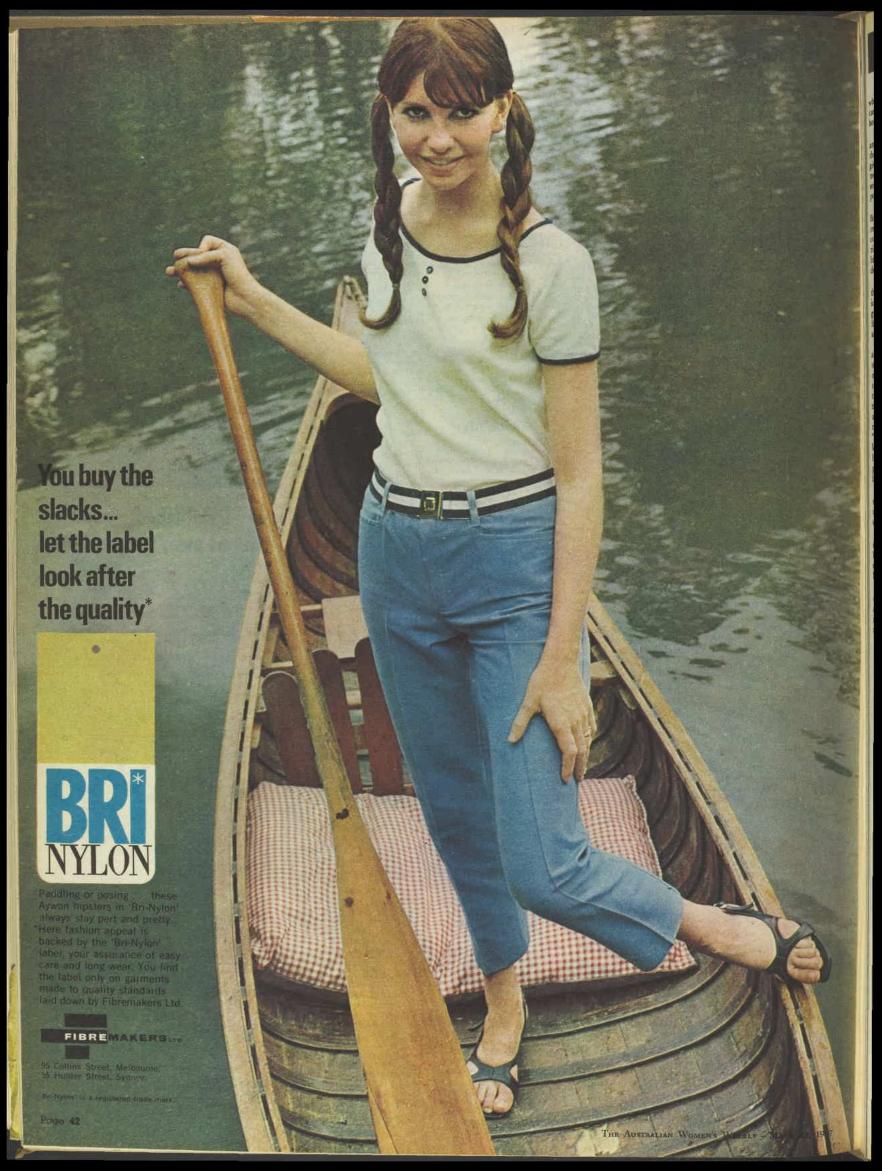
HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those pain-locked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to nor-mal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of nongreasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.





THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING (50

National Library of Australia



## No Glass Slipper

do not bloom in the carrying stage of mother-

My skin turns sallow, am as large at the back as the front, and altogether I give the impression of tre-mendous rotundity — like some unpleasant variety of

Just when I was in full flower at the end of term I remember Eric paying me a compliment which was so ridiculous, but so typical of that it touched me

We were invited to attend the gala opening of a new ice show along with 16 other guests; most of whom were famous and beautiful

the invitation arrived I mentioned, matterof-factly, that I would accept on his behalf and refuse for myself. I genuinely wanted to spare him the embarrassment of accompanying such a fright. When he asked my reason for refusing, I said, "For God's sake, Eric, just look at me." Quite puzzled, look at me." Quite puzzled, he looked up from his newspaper for a second. look lovely," he said.

If I'd been the vainest woman in the world such an couldn't have

Yet, in fact, his logical mind and total realism meant didn't even notice my ugliness. He loved whatever he saw beyond it,

Because my nature is one of extremes, I need constant refuelling of encouragement and praise to believe I am anything at all.

This extreme sensitiveness to praise which is part of my nature has probably helped me as an employer. While I am a perfectionist for myself and tend to set impossible limits on my corn canacity. nits on my own capacity. I am far more tolerant with those who work around me.

To expect perfection from employees is not only unfair, it's downright childish. After all, your chance of first get-ting, then keeping a brilliant executive is quite small, so that you would probably be better to build up the better to build up the qualities your staff do possess, and bring out the very best

I never fire people unless it's absolutely necessary, then I only do it with hesitation.

Some years ago I remember walking through our offices and noticing, with aboute horror, that two of the walk was regime like the girls were typing like complete novices. They were actually using two fingers.

I thought I was dreaming. I thought I was dreaming.
"Can you give me any reason why you are so inexpert at your job?" I asked one. "Oh, yes," came the perky reply, "this is a rotten machine. If you try to use all your fingers it jams."

So I asked her to stand

So I asked her to stand So I asked her to stand up and let me try, and I sat down and typed at 70 words a minute. Quite crossly one of the girls said—"Who are you, anyway?" I told them. And I said—"Don't ever blame your tools for your own inefficiency again."

"Are your going to sack

"Are you going to sack us?" they asked in chorus.

I must admit I had con-sidered it. Then I said—"No, but I'm going to send you both to night school, where you can be turned into good little typists."

They are probably more productive than a better-trained replacement would

Learning about other people's ideas, discussing your own — this is what life is about. But the one thing which fills me with terror is the number of people who listen to nobody.

I remember once having a conversation with a woman who said colored people should be treated as slaves and kept in their place. Without any bias I tried to without any bias I tried to counter-argue this on the basis of sheer logic. And all the time I spoke she kept nodding politely, waiting for me to finish so that she could repeat her original statement. She just didn't hear.

fn the business I try to listen to everybody. I can't say I always follow their advice, but I soak up everything they say.

As a career-woman myself are two things I have learned over the years about men. One is never to com-pete with them. And the other is never to try to change them. To attempt either only leads to chaos.

#### "Selfishness"

No matter how generous or forward-thinking a man may be he just cannot throw off the heritage of selfishness which centuries of male superiority have cast upon

He doesn't mean to be unreasonable about sharing the responsibilities of a modern working partnership. Often he can be coaxed into changing a little.

But basically all his thinking is geared to the separa-tion of male and female domains. The only advice I can offer to working women is to make the best of what is good in this, and take the bad on the chin.

Some years ago I was called out of a business confrom Nanny, My secretary knew that Nanny's calls had top priority, so when she told me I dashed out of the conference fearing some crisis.

"Yes, Nanny," I shouted into the phone, "what is it?" "The children don't seem

to have enough woollen vests," came the reply.

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently, "but what's

"There's authing wrong," she said, "except that I don't know where to buy them."

At first I couldn't believe I had actually been brought out of an important conference for this. It seemed in-credible. Then it sank in and I started to laugh.

"Go down to Marks and Spencers and buy some," I told her. "It's quite simple

When I returned to the conference I paused to look at the men sitting around the table. How would they react, I wondered, to such an interruption?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

IN March, 1965, Street Bureau of Mayfair went public. This was a move Eric and I had considered for some time.

When we first approached the City they were interested, but since no other secretarial bureau was a public company they did not appreciate the size of our business until they made a thorough investigation of books and records. They valued the Bureau at They wanted to know who would be chairman of the new company. The thought of a woman at the financial helm during the actual flotation made them during the tion made them dubious. It was suggested Eric be chairman, and joint managing director with myself.

For so long now Eric had been guiding the finances of the business and it seemed sensible for him to chair it.

But the day to day run-ning of Brook Street Bureau was my concern, and sharing a managing directorship with him seemed ridiculous to me. Besides, I felt I owed it to women at large to show that it could be done. The City agreed that we have two separate titles and jobs.

What came as something of a surprise was the amount of publicity that resulted from Brook Street Bureau going public. The day the news broke, every national newspaper in England and many in other English. many in other English-speaking countries had a reporter on my telephone or doorstep.

Whereas in the past I had appeared mostly on the women's pages, now my women's pages, now my photograph was on the front page and the finance page of nearly every daily in the country. Even "The Times" ran my story on the financial page, complete with picture.

The shares sold very well, and curiously there almost as many women in-vestors as men. Within 15 vestors as men. Within 15 months the share prices doubled, and profits soared from £180,000 stg. to £245,000. A new public company was floated and apparently Brook Street Bureau could swim.

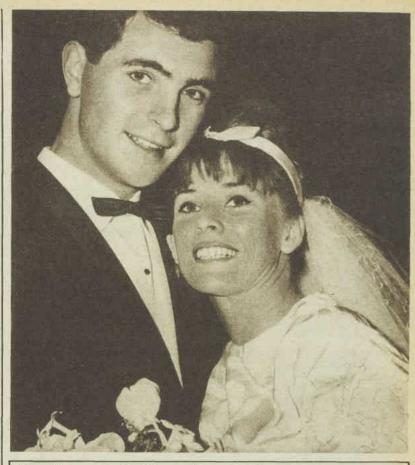
At the time many people asked me why we went public. After all, we were the biggest multiple secretarial bureau in the world and our profits were very satisfactory,

Going public certainly gives status to a company. A public company has a better image than a private one. In our case it was not done to acquire more capital.

I think I can best answer the question by saying it was the last step toward demonstrating that Brook Street Bureau was a success, and the first step along a new road toward refining rationalising the business we had pioneered.

[From NO GLASS SLIPPER by Margery Nurst, published by Arling-ton Books, London.]

NEXT WEEK: Mrs. Hurst in Australia and America, and her views on being a woman in a man's world.



Seems like yesterday for Hilary and Peter. Probably because they've both been working flat out for a home of their own. They now have a dear little son, so Hilary's twice as busy. Yet they still love a night out.

## Hilary and Peterhappy and vital as the day they were married

Hilary's the one who makes sure her family is healthy and happy. She serves All-Bran every morning. "We have it with Corn Flakes or fruit," she said. "Preferably peaches!" added Peter, "but All-Bran tastes good however you eat it."

"I also use All-Bran to make delicious muffins," said Hilary The great thing about All-Bran is it tastes good and it's nature's guard against irregularity. Keeps the young and the not-so-young sparkling! Try some.



Look who still gets a kick out of a game of squash, even after a long hard day as a salesman!



Hilary's day starts from the moment young Tim wakes, Then it's breakfast (with All-Bran), dishes, tidy-up, dress baby and off to work. No wonder the Roberts are an All-Bran family. Such energy!



\*Registered trademark.\*\*ALL-BRAN is a trademark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

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GREAT GO-TOGETHERS: Look at Dri-Glo's smooth "honey" team. All the plains and patterns have been specially designed to go-together perfectly in your bathroom. And the delightful thing is—you'll find that

same "family" look in the complete Dri-Glo range! Blue, pink, lavender, honey or green—choose your favourite colour! Only Dri-Glo make these glowing go-together towels. In stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

Dri-Glo
towels in 'colour harmony'

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# **AUSTRALIAN** ALMANAC

 A weekly series by **Bill Beatty** 

#### MARCH 19

1829 Death of William Balcombe, the first Treasurer of New South Wales. In 1807 he was in the employ of the East India Company at St. Helena, and when Napoleon company at St. Helena, and when Napoleon was exiled there he stayed for two months in a pavilion attached to Balcombe's home. The Emperor became very friendly with the Balcombe family, and the Governor of the inland suspected Balcombe of secretly transmitting the prisoner's letters to Europe. This led to Balcombe's recall to England. It is bought that his thought that his appointment as New South Wales Colonial Treasurer was the result of the Governor of St. Helena finding his suspicions to be unjust and wishing to compensate him.

1856 Voting by ballot became law in Vic-

1904 The first Henley-on-Yarra Regatta.
1932 Official opening of the Sydney
Harbor Bridge. A picture of the bridge and
the Opera House appears above.

#### MARCH 20

1796 Birth of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, coloniser. It was while in prison for abduction that Wakefield studied and developed a theory of systematic colonisation. Although he had never been to Australia, his ideas resulted in the formation of the South Australian Association in London. Land speculation and misspangement caused chaos. The tion and mismanagement caused chaos. The colonists were often hungry and Governor Gawler spent his private fortune in paying the wages of workmen engaged on public works. Only when the Home authorities sent sufficient funds to enable the worst of the mess to be cleared up, and the Wakefield theories jettisoned, was South Australia set on the road to prosperity.

1872 Death of William Charles Wentworth, explorer and statesman. Son of D'Arcy Wentworth and a convict girl on Norfolk Island, he came into the limelight for the Island, he came into the limelight for the first time as one of the three explorers who achieved the crossing of the Blue Mountains in 1813, for which he was rewarded with a grant of 1000 acres of land. He studied law in England and was admitted to the Bar in 1822. Five years later he was able to purchase the Vaucluse Estate, which now constitutes a public monument to his memory. Wentworth became the star of the political horizon, leading all movements tending to the progress of the new colony.

#### MARCH 21

1801 Birth of Conrad Martens, artist. Most of his drawings and paintings are Port Jackson scenes and provide a valuable record

of his time.

1845 Execution of John Tawell. Tawell came to Australia as a convict as the result of forgery. His knowledge of chemistry gained him employment in the convict hospital. Beginning with a chemist shop in Sydney after his release he prospered so much that he was able to purchase a whaling vessel. As his wealth increased, so did his respectability, and he built and opened a chapel

and showed his love of temperance by and showed his love of temperance by causing 492 gallons of rum and 116 gallons of gin to be emptied into Sydney Harbor. Tawell returned to England in 1838, where his wife became ill. He formed an illicit association with her nurse, but on his wife's death married another woman after poisoning the nurse. The murder was soon discovered and Tawell confessed his guilt.

1946 Death of Henry Handel Richardson, novelist. In real life Ethel Florence Richardnovenst, in real life Ethel Florence Richardson (Mrs. J. G. Robertson), she was born in East Melbourne. Her first novel, "Maurice Guest," took her 11 years to write. Henry Handel Richardson's main work was the trilogy "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," and the story follows closely the facts of her father's life.

#### MARCH 22

1897 Federal Convention met in Adelaide. 1898 Mining disaster at Dudley, N.S.W. A coal-gas explosion hurled pithead equip-ment a quarter of a mile and killed 15 men.

#### MARCH 23

1803 Governor King's proclamation on escaping convicts: "The Governor hopes that the convicts at large will be assured that their ridiculous plans of leaving public labor to go into the mountains of China, Ireland, and elsewhere can only end in their immedi-ate detection and punishment . . ." So seriously did the authorities view the

numerous and consistent efforts to escape to other lands, supposedly within easy reach, that it was found necessary to issue the above proclamation. But it had little effect. As late as 1814, seven men escaped from a chain gang with the idea of crossing the Blue Mountains and thus reaching the west coast of Australia, which they thought was just on the other side. Arriving at the coast it was their intention to build a boat and row across to the island of Timor.

Another dream that seduced many to their

death was that China was less than 50 miles or so overland from Sydney. 1887 Bulli mining disaster. One of the

SYDNEY HARBOR BRIDGE and Opera House, photographed by Bill Payne.

worst mining disasters in Australian history occurred when an accumulation of gas was ignited by shot-firing and caused a devastat-ing explosion in which 81 died.

#### MARCH 24

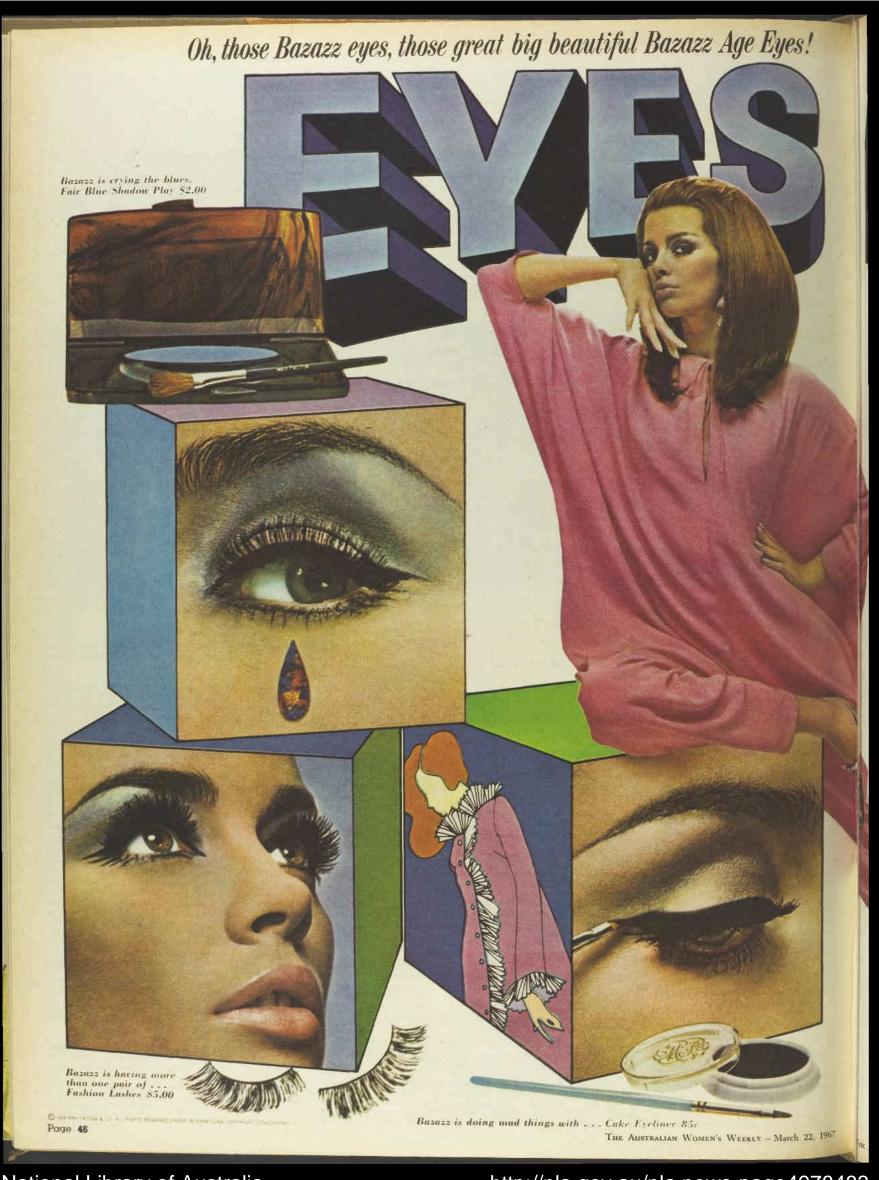
1896 Perth to Coolgardie railway opened.
1924 Dorman, Long and Co.'s tender of £4,217,727/11/10 for the construction of the Sydney Harbor Bridge accepted.
1926 The International Bottle Club founded. Colonel Bailey, an Australian, who was the originator, began it by writing hundreds of messages in many languages, steering them, in buttles, and tossing them. placing them in bottles, and tossing them into the sea. The world club, with branches in Australia, has discovered valuable data about currents and wind-drifts.

#### MARCH 25

1877 Death of Caroline Chisholm, "the greatest of women pioneers in the history of Australia." Caroline Chisholm was an of Australia. 'Caroline Chisholm was an active philanthropic worker before coming to Australia with her military husband. Shortly after her arrival in Sydney she set herself the task of finding shelter and work for the many women immigrants who were stranded and penniless, and of getting more humane treatment of immigrants on the humane treatment of immigrants on the sailing ships. Believing that a sound system of emigration was the best way of coping with the problem of over-population in Great Britain, she decided to return to England to further her plans. Up to that time she had cared for no less than 11,000 persons in six years.

In England, Caroline Chisholm persuaded the Beitch Construent to grant free

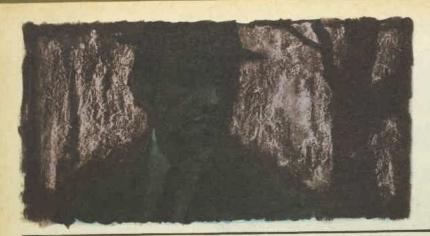
the British Government to grant free passages for the wives and children of convicts sent out at earlier dates. Two ship-loads of children were collected from the workhouses and dispatched to Australia, She was also highly successful in persuading many free settlers to migrate to Australia.





Bazazz, heaven knows what might happen. EYES BAZAZZ by MAX FACTO

That's why Bazazz is. Everything else was. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967



Was it by coincidence or design that they met each other on this eventful train journey?

BY SUE RUSSELL

# MONIQUE LORRAINE USES A LUXURY TALC EVERY DAY.



IS SHE RICH OR IS SHE SMART?
MONIQUE IS FRENCH, ALL WOMAN, AND VERY SMART. SHE LIKES LUXURIES YOU CAN AFFORD REGULARLY. LIKE TEAL, THE LUXURY TALC PERFUMED BY ROBERT PARIS, PRICED SO YOU CAN AFFORD IT EVERY DAY. T THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEAL AND THE OTHER LUXURY TALCS. "VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!"

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Johnson Johnson THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WREEKLY - March 22, 1967

THE night was cold and grim, and staring from the carriage window, Moira could see only comfortless mists and hear the ceaseless sound of the wheels grinding along the track.

Every Wednesday night Moira was subjected to this miserable trip. Her aunt, Father's sister-in-law, was genuinely fond of Moira, and insisted upon her staying one night a week at her home. Consequently, every Wednesday Moira went to spend the night at Aunt Clara's and made her way back to work next morning. The train lurched to a stand-

Moira glanced up as a tall, thin man took the seat beside her.

"What an interesting face," she thought fleetingly. His gaunt appearance was not enhanced by the sombre clothes he wore. He turned and looked at her. Caught unawares, his placid, unmoving glance made her start. She immediately averted her eyes from his face.

To her surprise, he spoke.

"Do I know you?"

Hesitatingly, she replied.
"No, I don't think so," and
made a clumsy attempt to reach
for her book. But he was bent on conversation.

"Do you live this way?"
How would she answer? She decided to be curt.

"No." That should end the conversation.

But to her annoyance he con-tinued to pester her. "I'm sure I've seen you be-

She looked at him directly, and something about him fright-

ened her. "Perhaps you have seen me on this train before. I sometimes visit people out here."

Would it satisfy him?

"Oh, I wonder if I know them?" He would not be put off. "I shouldn't think so." She be-

came negative again. "But perhaps I do," he persisted.

"I'm quite sure you don't," she answered positively.

"But I'm quite convinced that I might." She thought his voice sounded quite threatening. He made her nervous and not a little scared. A direct approach may be the best thing.

She shifted in her seat and turned to face him directly. He was smiling falsely, and this in-creased her fear and annoyance.

"Look . . ." she began, but he broke in.

"Yes?" he said abruptly She continued, undaunted.

"I don't know you. You've never seen me before, and if you have, it's by chance. I don't want to talk to you, so will you please leave me alone. If you insist on annoying me, I'll sit somewhere else."

Turning to look for another traveller to sit near, she saw, to her dismay, that the last person in the carriage had just alighted. Moira turned sharply to the

"There's not one to sit with." "Obviously not," she replied

haughtily.

Why didn't he assure her pleasantly that he had made a pleasantly that he was possibly conmistake, that he was possibly confidence in the confidence in t fusing her with someone else? But he didn't, and she wondered uneasily why he must pursue the whole thing. He was enjoying her discomfort, she thought. Sitting discontint, she thought. Sitting back in her seat, she attempted to relax. At last they travelled on a silence, but Moira found that this only increased her discom-

"You know, you certainly do look familiar. Are you sure we haven't met?"

His words broke the silence.
Moira didn't know if she was
irritated or frightened. The train
stopped and she made up her
mind. Grabbing her bag, she rose and said:

"Excuse me, I want to get out."
It was still many stops before
her aunt's town, but she could
catch a bus or a cab.

Her heart sank as he stood and said cheerfully:

said cheerfully:

"Is this your stop, too? Perhaps
I can give you a lift from the
station?"

Now she was really scared.
Unfamiliar with the district, she
wasn't completely convinced that
he really had to get out here. he really had to get out here.

"Can I give you a lift any-where?" he persisted.
"No." She was almost crying in desperation. "My aunt is picking me up."
"Oh, your aunt. Where does she

"I don't see that's any of your

business."
"What time is she coming?"
Even her rudeness had not de-

"Any time." It would suffice.
"Then I'll wait with you. This ian't a very nice area for a girl at night."

She glanced furtively at the

She glanced furtively at the figure loping along beside her, and shuddered. If only he didn't look so suspicious. That gaunt face was rather ghostly, and what was he thinking behind those haunting eyes?

They were through the barrier now, and still he walked beside

her.
"Where is your aunt picking
you up?" He sounded even kind.
Was it just an act?

"She usually meets me at the other side of the station." Moira hoped fervently that there was another side of the station, "but she wasn't sure if she would be on time tonight. I have to ring

her."
"Don't bother. I can drive

Then he must have a car near here. It was some sort of strange relief to Moira that this was his station. He had been genuine

No. My aunt is expecting my call.

With that, she dashed to a telephone booth obligingly situated outside the station. The number rang for several minutes, and at last her aunt came to the phone. Breathlessly Moira poured out her unhappy situation. Aunt Clara, in a comforting tone, said she would come immediately.

Stepping out of the booth, she looked at her strange companion. My aunt is coming right now.

Moira knew, before he spoke, that he would insist on staying, and when he said this she did not dispute his words. Ten minutes later she caught sight of her

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

"Here she is! Goodbye!"

"Goodbye." He turned and walked away Aunt Clara's car pulled up and Moira got in.

The anxiety of the past hour had exhausted her, and Moira almost ran into the cosy atmosphere of Aunt Clara's home. But she was halted by the sight of a man seated beside the fire—a tall, gaunt man.

"You!" She exclaimed. "Aunt Clara, who is this man?"

"This man?" Why child, this is my brother. He's been staying here for a few days. He knew you were coming. I even showed him an old photograph of you."

Moira began to laugh a little hysterically

"Now I recognise you. You've changed since that old picture was taken. I'm sorry if I fright-ened you, but as I said, it wasn't a very nice place for a young girl to be in, alone and at night

"But your car?"

"There's no area to park where I work, so I catch the train as far as that station and drive the rest of the way. Incidentally, would you like a lift to work to-morrow?"

This was one question she would answer gladly.

(Copyright)





# The "15 minute" skirt

## -now in a fabulous new winter range of colours and patterns

Instant skirts! Perfect-fitting skirts you make yourself in 15 minutes flat. Smart girls with an eye on the budget go for Glenflex Instant Skirts—lots of them!—and here's the new season's range everyone's been waiting for-all the accepted fashion shades in plains and subtly blended plaids, soft pastels, and dashing cardinals—all in soft, finely woven



GIVE YOURSELF JUST 15 MINUTES—FROM FIT TO WEAR! Use your hip measurement plus two inches when you buy your fabric length. The woven Vyrene (elasticised) waistband is already built in, needs no adjustment. Settle on your length—stitch up two seams (side and hem)—and walk out into any company in your new Glenflex Instant Skirt. It's as simple

This winter - Go for Genflex INSTANT SKIRT FABRIC WITH WOVEN VYRENE WAISTBAND



GLENFLEX INSTANT SKIRT FABRIC WITH WOVEN VYRENE WAISTBAND (AUST PAT PENDING 55545/65) AVAILABLE AT LEADING CITY SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY STORES, AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS, TRANS WORLD TEXTILES PTY, LTD., 50 YORK STREET, SYDNEY



# For teenagers

# LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (CLOTHES) ..



Left to right: Pop singer Marty Kristian's favorite outfit is this military style jacket with bell-bottom trousers. For casual wear he teams skinny tartan pants with a polo-neck sweater and high-heeled suede boots.
 Marty's smart pencil-slim tie is normally worn with Latvian national dress (Marty's parents brought him to Australia from Latvia when he was five years old). "I LIKE clothes that bring out the personality of the wearer," said pop singer Marty Kristian, whose latest record "I'll Give You Love" was released recently.

Marty takes no chances on his own wardrobe — he designs it

"I read overseas magazines and collect ideas from them," he said. "But mostly I just think up the designs myself."

Once he has sketched what he wants, and picked out the material, he takes the design to a dressmaker friend to have it

"I don't go for bright colors. I think the real modern look depends on cut rather than color," he said.

Designing comes naturally to Marty. He was an architecture student at Melbourne University —after leaving Northcote High School (Alma Mater of another pop star Normie Rowe)—until his widowed mother became ill.

So that he could support her, he took a job as a trainee draughtsman with an engineer-

But it wasn't long before Marty's singing career began to take care of the family finances.

A talent scout spotted him at a local dance. As a result, he appeared on several television shows, cut a record "We Didn't Ask to be Brought Here," and toured with English pop singer Crispian St. Peters, who wrote words and music for

Marty's new disc.
"I had to give up my daytime job," Marty said. "I wasn't
getting enough sleep. Sometimes
I would be out singing until
two a.m. Then I had to get up and be in my office at nine in the morning. It was too much."

Marty is one pop singer with his feet firmly on the ground. In the book-filled living-room

In the book-filled living-room of the weatherboard home, where he lives with his mother in the Melbourne suburb of Reservoir, Marty said: "The pop world is certainly a 'with-it' way of life."

Then, with an eye on his books, he added: "I've got some study behind me. I don't expect to sing for ever."

\*\*REVERIES\*\* COOPER\*\*

- BEVERLEY COOPER



## IE FANCIED CARNABY STREET



RESOLUTIONS not to buy many clothes overseas went by the board when young Melbourne pop singer Lynne Randell, 17, saw all the gear displayed.

"Everything was so fabulous I just had to have a splurge," she said

Judging by the cases bulging with mini-skirted outfits, mod shoes, Granny glasses, and crazy sunglasses, Lynne certainly made the most of nine weeks.

"Carnaby Street was fab, Everything was so inexpensive, and there were only three or four copies of each outfit," she said.

In England, the young singer found silver popular for coats, dresses, skirts, tops, and hats as well as for accessories.

"The skirts are extremely short. They come to about here," she said indicating 10in. to 12in. above her knees. "I'm going to get a Zhivago-style coat to wear over mine in winter."

According to Lynne, skirts were a far more conservative length in New York. "If you walked down the street in a mini-skirt, people would stare," she said. "I had to get all the gear I bought in America shortened."

All Lynne's new clothes are in the vibrant colors she likes best—although she admits to having stages when she switches to soft shades and little-girl styles.

Lynne is excited about all the well-known people she met overseas. "At went to in America I met Angela Lansbury, Tony Perkins, Doug McClure Virginian in the TV series — and that terrific group the Monkees," she said. "At a party I ure — he's the

Although she was not on an official working tour in America, Lynne made several appearances and cut a couple of records. She is under contract to an American recording company and will be returning to the States as soon as negotiations are completed.

She has also been asked to take part in the Gene Pitney tour in England, but details have not yet been

finalised.

She was scheduled to appear on English television,

but had to cancel the appearances "because I caught one of those ghastly viruses that float around."

An interesting fashion note for boys, passed on by Lynne — long jackets with pinched-in waistlines are a favorite overseas. — LEONIE NEWBERRY.

 Lynne's cute woollen suit was bought in London and has a pair of matching slacks to go with it. The rose-colored Granny glasses came from her American splurge.



ring of seed pearls was also

ch 22, 1967

investment.

American

#### HERE'S YOUR



ANSWER

#### (from Louise Hunter)

 Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

#### "When did your sparkle turn to fire?"

"I AM 14 and like a boy, 16, who lives next door. Our families are very close friends and we often visit each other's home. Although I know this boy hasn't a girlfriend, I also know that he still thinks of me as a little girl, which I am not any more, but he just doesn't seem to realise that I am growing up as well as every-one else! How can I show him that I like him more than an ordinary friend, and that I am not a 'little girl' any more?"

"Thoughtful," W.A.

 To say that one day — in the not-too-distant future—realisation not-too-distant future—realisation that you are blossoming into womanhood will suddenly hit this boy is little comfort. But it is true. In the meantime, take pains always to look your best. Find out his special interests, so that you can discuss them intelligently and show him that your reserves are and show him that your views are not those of a child. Another boy in your life may wake him

#### Another girl's boy

"RECENTLY at a party my friend introduced me to her boyfriend and I have fallen in love with him. He is a couple of years older than I am, and my friend is younger than both of us. My parents think that he is too old for me but all right for her. I simply cannot understand this. They also say I am being disloyal to her, and they maintain that if he makes advances—which he has — I should ignore him for my friend's sake. She does not seem to be very serious about him and was rather rude to him at the party. Should I try to ignore him, which I feel in almost impossible?"

"Frustrated," N.S.W.

Whether you should ignore this boy really depends on the true depth of your friend's feelings for him. Question her tactfully about him without revealing the turmoil in your heart. If the adopts an 1-don't-care attitude and really seems to mean it!-and if your own feelings for him are sincere, then try to make your parents understand. To see him behind your friend's back would certainly be an act of disloyalty.

#### Nasty little me!

"I AM 16 and my problem is my bad temper. My parents are very good to me, yet I respond by being nasty. I have no close friends. To be like this upsets me very much, and I often get fits of depression during which I shut myself in my bed-room and think about how awful I am. Please would you recom-mend a cure?"

"Not so, weet 16." Vie

"Not-so-sweet 16," Vic.

"Not-so-sweet 16," Vie.

The only cure for bad temper is self-control. Make a mental list of all the reasons why you should be glad you are you, and keep it firmly in mind every time you feel like saying or doing something nasty. Force your lips sinto a bright smile when you want to pout with rage, and count slowly to 20 before you speak. Mind you, it'll be a tough battle at first — but think how happy you'll be when your "sweetness" wins you not one friend but many!

### WHAT IS HER SECRET?

"I HAVE a friend who is 15, the same age as I am. She is pretty and has a terrific is pretty and has a terrific personality. I can understand that this is what makes her so popular with both sexes. Anything she sets her heart on she gets, especially boys. She is a wonderful friend, and, although she outshines me, she although she outshines me, she always makes sure I am not lonely or left out. What I can't understand is how cruel she can be to her boyfriends. She goes with them for about two weeks, then drops them for somebody else. But even more amazing is that, at the beckoning of her finger, they are ready to forgive and forget and fall head over heels in love with her again. Please help me to understand her more, and tell me if it is some secret charm she has." secret charm she has. "Blue Eyes," Qld.

 Your friend's indifference, or what you call cruelty, to boys is her secret charm. It is one of woman's strongest weapons in the battle of the weapons in the battle of the sexes, because few men can resist a girl who seems to be out of reach. Even if you are a born "clinging vine," it's a big mistake to show a boy you care too much until you you care too much until you are completely sure of him. Not only does possessiveness make you tense and dull your personality, it scares a boy off. Learn this lesson, and you will understand your friend.



babies are growing faster . . . Bond's are keeping up with them

Bond's design a range of rugged little styles sized just right to fit growing babies. Baby Bondwear gives babies more all-day comfort and freedom. It's designed for easy dressing and undressing—makes changing times faster for mother. Bondwear washes and dries quickly. It's priced to please value-minded Mums. Doting Grandmums too.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT TOP TO BOTTOM

Style 15234 Toddler's slesper zip opening. Non skid soles. White, blue, lemon, pink. ASO — ASZ 43.25

Style 15303 Nightgown with smocked yoke. Back opening. White only. ASI. \$1.79
Style 15215. 2-piece pyjama with feet. Shoulder opening, adjustable trouser loops. Non-skid soles. White, blue, lemon, pink. ASO — ASZ. \$3.99

Page 52

Style 15611 sleeping bag with zip opening. White, blue, lemon, pink. AS1, \$3,25 Style 95647 1-piece stretch coverall with feet. Press stud opening. White, aqua, lemon, pink. AS0 — AS1, \$3,99 Style 95685 Stratch dressing gown brushed nylon/acrilan. Raglan sleeve. Aqua, lemon, pink, red. AS1 — AS2, \$3,99 Style 45683 Plush velour track suit. Raglan sleeve, fur collar, zip opening. Royal, sky, piok, red. AS1 — AS3, \$6,99

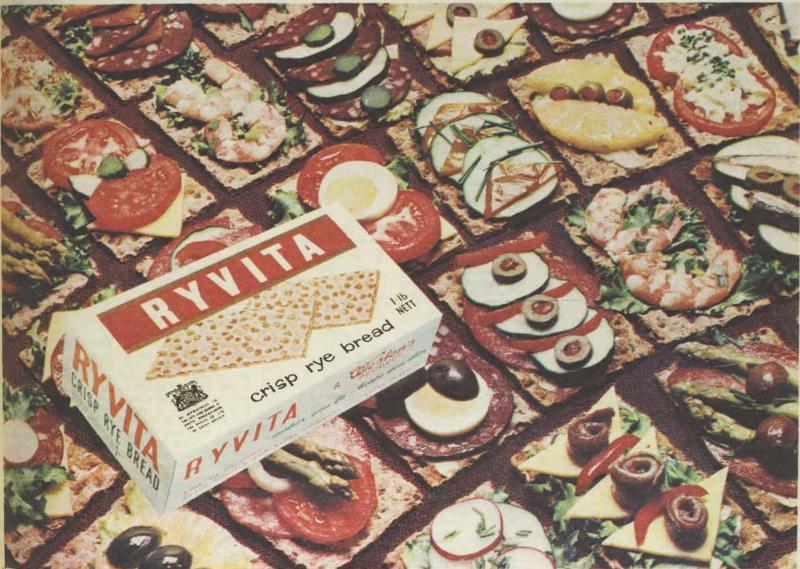
Style 45686 Fleecy lined 2-piece track suit. Front zip opening. Elasticised waist. Ribbed neck, cuff and ankle. Blue, lemon, pink, red.

neck, cuff and ankle. Blue, temon, pink, red. AS1 — AS2, \$3.25. Style 15651 & 15010 Matinee jacket, & training pants. Baglan sleeve jacket, smocking at neck, lace trim. White, blue, pink. Pants AS1 — AS2 \$1.05. Jacket AS1, \$1.39. Style 95920 Stretch parka in mylon/acrilan. Baglan sleeve, button frant. Contrast piping. Royal, blue, lemon, pink, red with white,

and all white. ASO — AS1 \$3.25 Style 95001 Warm stretch leggings in nylon/ acrilan. Gatter style trouser cuffs, stirrup straps. White, royal, blue; lemon, pink, red. ASO — AS1, \$1.99







## What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD

Tue Australian Women's Weekly - March 22, 1967



#### In minutes you feel elegant carefree — more confident

You've never known a hair-removing cream that's as quick, easy to use, and kind to your skin as fragrant Veet Odourless with lanolin. For Veet 'O' is no ordinary depilatory. You know it's different from the moment you smooth it on. In just three or four minutes, depending on texture, every trace of unwanted hair simply melts away. Not just to skin level, but right down to the roots, and without fuss, mess, or depilatory smell.

Gentle Veet 'O' leaves arms, underarms, and legs soft, smooth, and flawlessly shadow-free. In fact, after you've used Veet 'O' every other hair removing method seems plain old-fashioned.

Just 45 cents a tube or 68 cents for the large economy size, at all chemists and cosmetic counters

#### eet Udourless hair removing cream with lanolin

### 'What a pity she bites her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail bitting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your won't power. It's stop 'n Grow, Tests have shown remarkable results. After using Stop 'n Grow, nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. Stop 'n

Grow is invisible. You can wear it over nail polish. It's called Stop 'n Grow, because as you stop the habit you grow new nails. Ask your chemist.



The Bulletin EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

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# Distorted



#### LETTERS

 It is time that Australians stopped revelling in their cultural inadequacies. Instead of supporting locally produced TV shows, plays, and literature, we seem to take the attitude that they are second-rate without giving them a fair chance. Certainly, many are not of as high a standard as overseas contributions, but we are still a young country. Some aspects of our culture — ballet, orchestras, singers, etc. — are among the best in the world. We must drag ourselves out of our own self-inflicted "jackaroo image" and do and do something constructive.

-PAT DREVERMAN, Dandenong, Vic.

#### For pity's sake

PLEASE, boys, if you are bored with just one girl, and want to take out others, and want to take out others, do not drop her without saying why — and leave her to find out for herself. If you tell a girl how you feel, she will be hurt enough, but she will get over it, and you can still be friends. To find out the programment of the programment of the programment of the programment of the programment. from someone else hurts a girl twice as much, and she will be reluctant to speak to you again. — "Broken Heart," Albury, N.S.W.



"Cliff is teaching me how to drive in and out of the garage."

#### Old as you feel

Youth versus age ADULTS who call teen-

agers the citizens of to-morrow, and in despairing

morrow, and in despairing tones say to one another, 
"What will happen when they are running the world?" 
are forgetting that they are the citizens of today, and 
should be doing something 
constructive instead of 
worrying about the future 
generation. We teenagers are 
the citizens of tomorrow, not 
of today. So let us enjoy our-

the citizens of tomorrow, not to do today. So let us enjoy ourselves while we are young. When we are their age, we won't be surfies or mods any more, but responsible citizens.—Linda Gilmore, Taringa, Old

THE frequently used term "You're as old as you feel" can be viewed in two lights. First, as an excuse for oldies to dress like spring chickens and kick up their heels. But let's reverse it. When parents object to your acting too old, dressing too acting too old, dressing too old, or refuse permission for some outing because you're too young, say with your most dignified voice facial expression, "You're as old as you feel." — Sandra Dingley, West Croydon, S.A.

BEING amazed to discover that my father thought white people superior to colored races,

made some inquiries and found that:

Many well - educated, intelligent people share his opinion.

With rare exceptions, all children believe in equality, and so disagree with their parents.

Most of the adults who believe in white superiority have travelled and come in contact with colored people, while none of the children has.

Some adults admitted believing in equality until they came in contact with colored people.

I hope the opinions of

I hope the opinions of teenagers who have mixed with colored people would not shatter my idealistic ideas.—"Idealistic Teenager," Toronto, N.S.W.

#### The long . . .

AN 18-year-old sixth-year high-school student, I am good at work and sport. I decided to grow my hair long, just to see how it looked. When I did I was attacked by hoodlums, subjected to hostile looks, treated coolly by friends, and insulted by a master in front insulted by a master in front of a class. The sheer misery of a class. The sheer misery of my circumstances forced me to have my hair cut. Now everything is back to normal—even though I am the same person as I was with long hair. What sort of society is it that allows this massive and frightening intolerance to occur? I just ask to be left alone and allowed to show that I am a fairly normal, decent sort of person; not to be condemned by people who know nothing about me except my hair.—D.H., Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

#### . . . and the short

MANY long-haired boys MANY long-haired boys complain about criticism by adults, girls, and often boys in their own age group. Surely they must expect a certain amount of humiliation and ridicule? After all, don't 80 percent of boys who grow long, curly locks do so merely to attract attention? If they put themselves in the onlooker's place half the time they couldn't help but laugh. — "Short Hair," Armidale, N.S.W.

### **Bold** front

HAVE you an inferiority complex? The odds are that you have not. A person with an inferiority complex is usually very self-assured on the surface, often the lifeof the surface, often the income of the party type, or the clown of your acquaintances. Although these people feel inferior, they can cover it up successfully by assuming a different personality. The shy, withdrawn person who believes he has an inferiority. believes he has an inferiority complex has only a FEELably not as big as that of people who hide behind laughter. I hope this gives you new confidence. you new confidence. — "Consoler," Launceston, Tas.

#### STOP PRESS!

 Some years ago one of our masters bought a small printing press and got some of the boys interested in a school printing club. Membership for it is very keen, and I think it is the most interesting of our services. and I think it is the most interesting of our school's many clubs. It copes with a lot of small printing jobs, including school timetables, and the profits go back into the club to buy more conjunctive. buy more equipment. All that is required from the school is the use of a small room. — Stuart Anderson, Malvern, Vic.

#### Cent-wise

I AM a second-year student I AM a second-year student and find that my weekly allowance of \$1 is ample. From it I must buy my lunch on Mondays, pay for haircuts, and have enough saved up for birthdays and Christmas. This is how I budget: 25c for lunch (when I do not huy my lunch 10c. I do not buy my lunch 10c goes into the bank and 10c is added to what I allow is added to what I allow myself each week). Gifts 20c, postage 15c (I have a considerable number of penfriends), 10c to charity, and 10c is put aside for personal use, Total: \$1. — Rebreca Belchamber, Marino, S.A.

#### Social (dis)graces

THAT the younger genera-tion neglects common courtesies is complained of by many adults. However, I am an adult and I defend the younger generation. For up for women in buses who set the poor example to schoolchildren. It is the women who never say "please" or "thank you" who set a low standard of values. set a low standard of values. Where can the young see high ideals in practice in a world that has no time for a little kindness — which is simply what manners are. Yes, it is time the adult generation looked at itself in a mirror instead of freely criticising others who are younger, — Mrs. S. Dainou, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

#### Booked for life

A DIFFERENT type of autograph book is made autograph book is made from an exercise book of fairly large notebook. Give your friends each a page and put on it a photo, name, address, and date of birth. Also list their likes and dilikes and any peculiarity of idiosyncrasy by which you may remember them. — S. Williams, Albury, N.S.W.





medium-priced knitting woo have been sold throughout Australia since 1918. LINCOLN -the best buy in any ply.

12 ply Slick Kalt



# Berlei Fancy Free streamlining—for the woman who wears the pants!

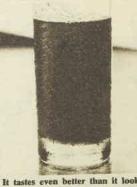
Women haven't changed. Fashions have. Fashion puts you in pants. So, one-upping the sleekest pants story, Berlei puts you in Fancy Free. A smooth sculpture of weightless Lycra cunningly seamed and panelled to shape and flatter you under your pants suit. Fancy Free flattens your tummy. The contoured

back is designed with intrigue to lift and shape you-naturally. Panels of power over hips and thighs etch out one long, smooth line. FANCY FREE runs the gamut of leg lengths with detachable, non-bulk concealed suspenders. Available also as a girdle in waistline or hi-waist styling for smooth shaping under your skirt suits. Try on a FANCY FREE pantie girdle today and look devastating in your new pants suit. 586 Berlei FANCY FREE pantie girdle with 6" leg, shown here in skintone, also available in white, black. \$12.50. Lilac wool twill pants suit with ruffled blouse by

Norma Tullo.

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How to get close to your children.

You and your husband have always had the best.

Schweppes Tonic, Soda and Dry.

And some other brand for the kids.

Maybe because you think that Schweppes soft drinks cost too much. They don't. Even a family-size bottle only costs a cent extra.

(And only in some areas, at that.)

Or maybe you weren't even aware that Schweppes make soft drinks in "kid" flavours.

They do. Schweppes Palato, Sparkling Lemon, Lemonade, Golden Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Passionfruit and Sparkling Lime.

So even if it does cost you an extra cent. don't you think it's about time they had Schweppes?





Schweppes

"I'm a



# PFAS IN

SEE that a German has defeated his country's air force—by firing dumplings at them.

The man set up a cata-pult to "shoot down" low-flying planes. Not wanting to hart anyone, he used dump-lings (made by his wife) as

The success of his action — the Air Force gave in — has aroused great interest in military circles.

'It has given us food for thought," as a Pentagon spokesman said.

I understand secret agents are investigating the German's artillery.

If an agent gets in a stew, I believe his instructions are to eat, then memorise, his

(Of course, food has

already played a major role in warfare.

Napoleon once said that a stomach marches on its

World War II fliers referred to missions as being "pieces of cake."

Decoration ribbons have long been referred to as fruit salad, and Navy arm-braid as scrambled eggs.)

I visualise armies women, led by a commander-in-chef, cooking furiously to settle the enemy's hash.

This idea, of course, would change Army drill.

"Right dressing" would involve mayonnaise and olive oil.

Manuals of arms would

### be replaced by copies of Mrs. Beeton's Cookbook.

Imagine the drama when the leader of a group whose goose seems cooked sends out (in coded alphabet soup) the message: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eggs!"

Anti-war demonstrators, I suppose, would oppose the idea.

They would march, no doubt, with posters saying, "Make pies, not war," and "Ban the bombe."

Certainly, there ARE un-known dangers associated with this new horror weapon. History could repeat itself with more Battles of the Bulge unless troops make a doordiet effort do-or-diet effort.

The outlook is not all grim, however.

Of course, bicarbonate of soda could well be used to counter a gas attack.

#### BEATNIK





fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale makeup and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

New Aid

To Beauty

Your skin will become

#### BEAUTY IN BRIEF----

## Nice nails in no time

NAIL-BITING is a difficult habit to break, but there are preparations on the market that can help and at the same time save lots of the frustrations that nail-biters frequently endure.

These anti-biting preparations really do work, because they are so bitter to the taste-buds that they discourage the temptation to nibble and enable frayed nail tips to grow.

One such preparation — it does not stain, is color-less, has no odor — brushed all over the nails and cuticles after hands are washed and before going to bed, does its two-way job most effectively and the nails usually show a marked improvement within three weeks or so.

Weeks or so.

The preparation can be used over nail-polish.

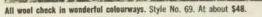
While all this is going on, good grooming is an added incentive and boost to the willpower. Start with a salon manicure and follow with some simple — but daily — home care.

Use cream to smooth and soften any rough skin round the nails, a good file to keep your nails in

Don't forget a pretty-colored polish, and reapply as soon as it chips.

— Carolyn Earle

- Carolyn Earle



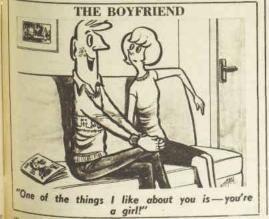
## When Dominex makes it ... so do you





All wool, showerproofed. Style No. 4. At about \$48

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# special offer!



# Nestlé's Sunshine in a colourful kitchen canister!

[at no extra cost.]

There's no extra cost for the lovely bonus of a colourful canister. For a limited time, that's the way Nestle's Sunshine comes to you. You'll use this bright canister for flour, biscuits, sugar . . any of a dozen uses! It's a marvellous way to buy the creamy goodness of Sunshine .. and Sunshine is always fresh, because it's always packed in the protection of steel. Look for Sunshine now — in the bright re-usable canister pack.

HANDY LABELS INSIDE EVERY DECORATED CANISTER!



Inside every Sunshine canister there are two handy labels. Collect the set of six (BISCUITS, FLOUR, RICE, TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR) and use them on your empty Sunshine canisters for the happiest kitchen set you've ever seen!

SUNSHINE SCONES 8 oz. S.R. flour

8 oz. S.R. Hour 2 lev. tbsp. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk Sift together flour, Sunshin Pinch salt
1-2 oz. butter
2 cup water approximately
and salt Rub in butter. Mix

Sift together flour, Sunshine and salt. Rub in butter. Mix in enough water to make a soft dough. Place on a lightly floured board. Knead lightly. Roll or pat out to 4' thickness. Cut into required shapes and bake in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes until golden brown.

NESTLE'S SUNSHINE FULL-CREAM POWDERED MILK

HS.45TE.PEXIL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 190

A PRETTY skirt for a baby's bassinet can be made with two pairs of tiered curtains. Sew curtains together at side hem fit skirt country the lading, then fit skirt round bassinet and sew heading to bassinet lining.—Mrs. N. Lindsay, 39 Camden Rd., Geelong,

For mothers of young twins who find it difficult to keep their clothes separate. Young children remember colors better than letters, so mark each one's clothes, including socks, with their favorite color. Use cross-stitching, small pieces of material or ends of braid. — Mrs. Norma E. Burrows, 28 Railway Cres., Nth. Wollongong, N.S.W.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS

These useful hints, to help housewives with their mending, cleaning, and cooking, each win a prize of \$2 for readers.

Before putting on gardening gloves rub a little glycerine into the hands. It is good for the skin and will keep the gloves soft and pliable.—Betty McKay, 442 President Ave., Kirrawee, N.S.W.

Prevent the joint from becoming dry; after you have finished carving it, pour melted fat over cut part of meat. Fat will lift off easily when cold.—Mrs. L. Mundt, Hammel St., Beenleigh, Qld. As a change from bread-and-butter pudding, use stale cake spread with raspberry jam instead of bread. — Mrs. K. Rosetta, "Gundillawah," Tumblong, N.C.W.

Onions can be stored in clean old nylon stockings. Close stocking top with a large strong metal clip and hang on a nail in cupboard. — Mrs. East, 11 Botanic Drive, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Try cooking crumpets in the frying-pan, instead of toasting. Heat pan, put in enough butter or substitute to grease pan well. Brown crumpet on one side then turn and brown the other—much quicker than toasting, and delicious.— Mrs. W. W. Goode, 66 Phillip Rd., Mundaring, W.A.

For cups with broken handles that are too pretty to throw away: Select three and, turning broken area to the centre, glue or cement cups on to middle of a china plate. This makes a handy holder for relish, sauces, jams, or party dips. — Mrs. P. M. Hayward, Bermagui South, N.S.W.

Enchantingly young, yet a veteran of the

Swedish, Slim.

## Autumn casserole wins \$10 prize

· A hearty casserole for autumn and winter meals wins first prize of \$10 this week in our regular cookery contest for readers.

LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes below

#### SPICED BEEF CASSEROLE

minced steak tablespoon oil cup finely chopped white

If teaspoons salt

good pinch oregano ½ bayleaf 1 small can cream mushroom soup 1lb. can tomatoes

pepper 1 cup cooked rice
1 small crushed clove garlic
good pinch thyme 4 stuffed olives
Heat oil in pan, add meat, and brown. Add onion, cook
until tender. Stir in seasonings and herbs, soup, tomatoes,
and liquid, and cooked rice. Bring to boil, reduce heat,
ammer 5 minutes; stir occasionally. Turn mixture into
large greased heatproof dish, remove bayleaf. Cut cheese
into thin strips, place crisscross across top of casserole. Grill to thin strips, place crisscross across top of casserole. Grill and cheese melts. Slice olives and arrange across top. First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Redman, 12 Harcourt Cres., outboort, Qld.

#### UNCOOKED MARSHMALLOWS

2 cups sugar
1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons gelatine
2 tablespoons glucose
extra ‡ cup boiling water

i cup finely chopped glace cherries

1 cup finely chopped wal-

Dissolve sugar and glucose in one lot of boiling water.
Dissolve gelatine in extra boiling water, then mix both together. Beat the mixture until cool and thick. Add flavoring, cherries, and nuts. Pour into wetted swiss roll in, leave to set. Marshmallow can be colored with little food coloring if desired. Cut into squares when set, toss in coconut. Makes excellent topping for a plain biscuit base.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Davis, Salisbury Downs, White Cliffs, N.S.W.

Ilb. tomatoes

1 tablespoon curry powder 1 dessertspoon salt 1½ tablespoons cornflour little extra vinegar

Illh. tomatoes
I cup sugar
I cup vinegar
I cup vinegar
I tablespoons cornflour
little extra vinegar
I tablespoon dry mustard
Peel and slice onions, chop tomatoes roughly. Place all
lagrediens, except cornflour and extra vinegar, into large
pan. Bring up to the boil, boil 10 minutes. Mix cornflour
with little extra vinegar, add to relish. Boil further few
minutes, stirring well. Bottle in hot sterilised jars.
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Beckett, 108 Main
St. Park Ave., Rockhampton, Qld.

#### APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

4.5 apples

2 tablespoons sugar

Tated rind and juice of

1 lemon and 1 orange

2 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons sugar and grated fruit rinds. Melt butter, add breadcrumbs; stir over gentle heat until butter is absorbed. Place half crumbs in bottom of greased overware dish, cover with half the apple slices.

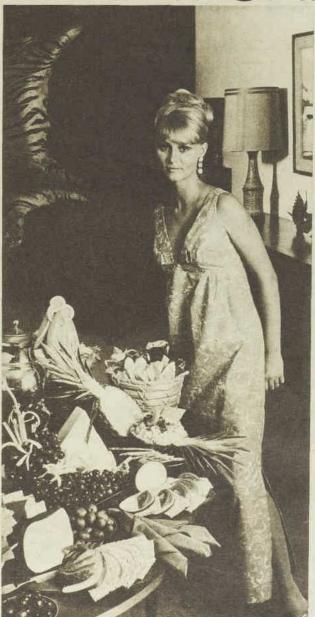
Combine sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, sprinkle over apples in dish. Cover with half remaining crumbs then remainder of apples and sugar mixture. Sprinkle fruit juices over top with remainder of crumbs. Cover, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Remove lid, top with crushed butterscotch. Return to oven until butterscotch is melted and crumbs lightly browned.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. P. D. Carter, 11 Graham Are, Wangaratta, Vic.

The Australian Women's Weekly – March 22, 1967

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

## entertainment world. MEET MONIC



Today Monica is an entrancing part of the Australian scene. "When I get homesick" says Monica, "I throw a Smorgasbord party, and I serve Ry-King,



those marvellous Swedish rve crispbreads you can buy in Australia." Ry-King is the world's best-selling crispbread.







Sweden has some beautiful ideas.

RK51.7

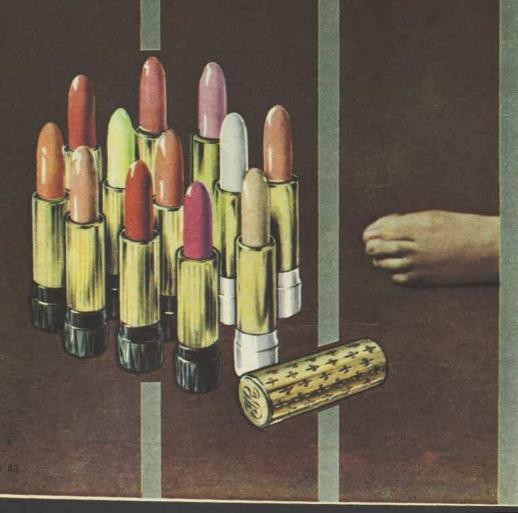
# Helena Rubinstein captures

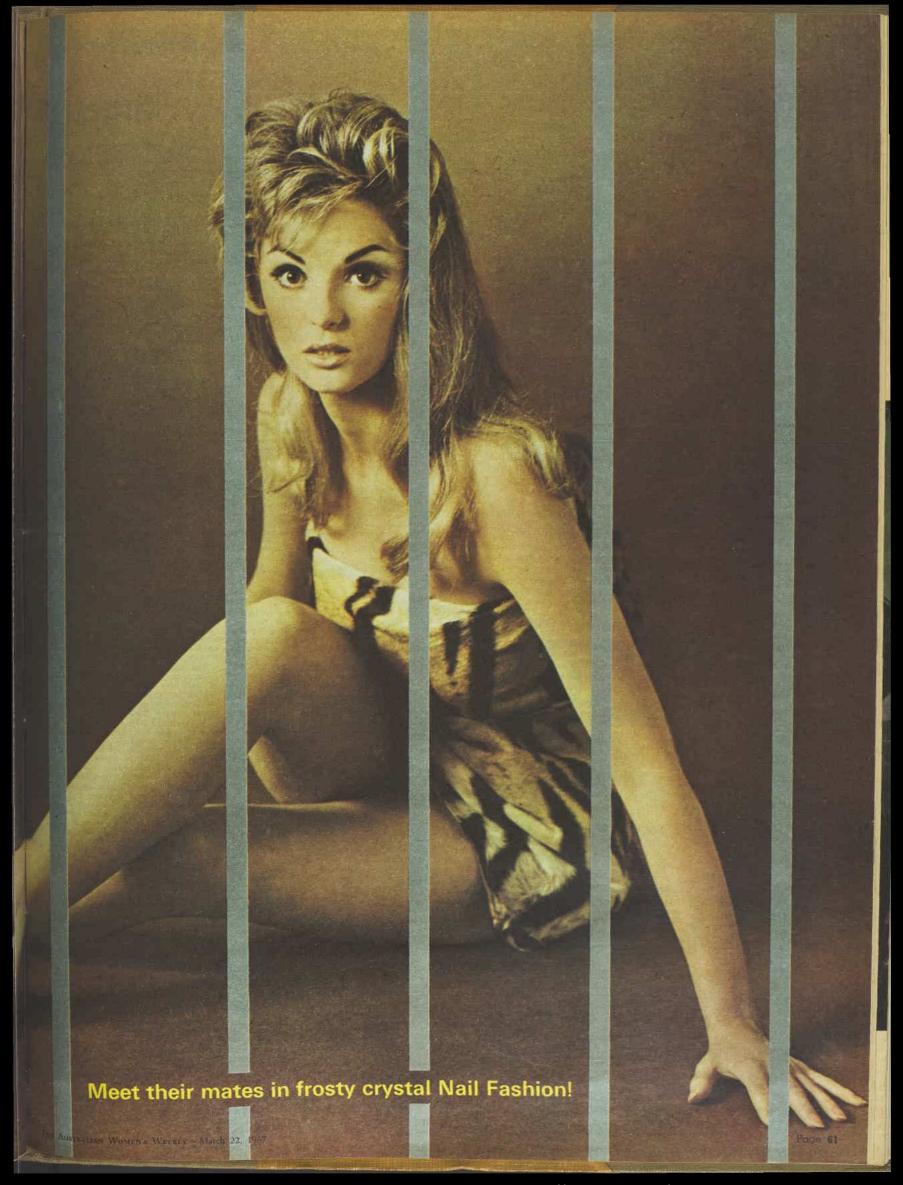
# Colors Sauvage

4 LIP-FROSTS — More silver shimmer than ever before trapped in lipstick colors!

The look is pure p-u-r-r!

8 LIPSTICKS in G-r-r-r-e-a-t new shades. So potent they're like double colors!





# Beautiful cyclamen

 Cyclamen, with their graceful, well-displayed blooms and handsome, heart-shaped foliage, provide some much-appreciated color in winter.

#### By ALLAN SEALE

CYCLAMEN grow well indoors, in bushhouses, or as a highlight of a section of the garden with the right aspect.

Most exotic, flowering potplants need warmth, as they are from tropical regions, but cyclamen originated in the hills of Greece, Syria, and Lebanon and do best in temperatures around 60deg.

Indoors, they need a well-ventilated, draught-free room away from radiators or other direct heat.

They are dormant from late spring to midsummer, but while growth is active in late summer and early autumn they need plenty of water. In the colder months, keep them just damp.

Requirements vary with environment and weather conditions, but the plants will benefit from occasional syringing of the foliage. Apply complete liquid manures at formightly intervals—safer at about half recommended strength, and used after watering when the soil is moist

Yellowing foliage. Cyclamen moved to a new environment may deteriorate. Flowering ceases, foliage yellows and is inclined to collapse. This is natural in late spring when plants have been flower-ing for some time, but earlier in the season may indicate that the atmosphere

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is too warm with insufficient ventilation, or that the room is too dark.

Where ideal indoor conditions aren't available the plants may be enjoyed on verandas or balconies protected from wind. Most varieties are better where there is protection from direct sunlight, particularly during the middle of the day. Avoid cold, draughty areas.

#### PROPAGATION

Cyclamen may be carried over from season to season, but old corms lose their vigor and it is better to replace these with new plants from seed.

their vigor and it is better to replace these with new plants from seed.

Seed sown in late summer will flower the following year, under normal conditions. Germination usually takes from 6 to 8 weeks, and the plants will not be large enough to move for about 12 weeks after they show through.

Use a seedbox, or pots large enough to allow about an inch spacing between the seeds. Crowding will restrict their progress. However, seed is expensive, and a fin, flowerpot would take the 20 to 25 seeds in a seedman's packet.

Avoid very fine soil, as this packs too tightly for good results. A good mixture would be 2 parts good, crumbly garden loam, 1 part coarse sand, and 1 of peatmoss which has been previously moistened. To each gallon of this mixture add a heaped teaspoon of garden lime or dolomite, and the same amount of superphosphate or complete plant food rich in phosphorus.



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TABLE SILVER

78 25

Table Silver patterns.

NAME

It is generally accepted that cyclamen are better if they are not over-potted and are moved progressively from 3, 4, and 5 to 6in, size as their roots fill the

However, many growers short-cut this procedure by using compressed peat con-tainers such as Jiffy Pots. The develop-ing roots push through the soft walls of these pots without restriction.

In this case, the seedlings are first planted in 24in, peat pots. If placed closely together in seedboxes with the tops of the pots almost touching, if helps to keep the walls of the pots moist and encourage the roots to penetrate. When they do penetrate, transfer to a 5in, size,

When replanting, take care not to damage the brittle roots. Hold the seed-ling by its foliage, gently fill the soil around it, and tamp down by lifting the container slightly and dropping it several times on its base.

The composition of the potting soil is important. It should be firm enough to hold the plant securely, crumbly enough for good root growth, hold a reasonable amount of moisture, and allow excess water to drain away easily.

The studyed labe lease contine mix-

excess water to drain away easily.

The standard John Innes potting mixture is auitable: 7 parts by volume of good, loamy garden soil, 3 parts moistened and crumbled peatmoss, 2 parts coarse sand. Where the loamy soil is heavy and inclined to cake easily, use only 5 parts of this and 5 of sand.

To each 2-gaillon bucket of mixture add 1 tablespoon of complete fertiliser, choosing one rich in phosphorus and preferably with a trace-element mixture. Add the same amount of garden lime, or half the amount if the loam used has recently been limed or is from naturally alkaline soils such as the Adelaide plain or other timestone areas.

In small pots leave about \(\frac{1}{2}\) in, between

In small pots leave about in, between the rim of the pot and soil level, and lin. in the larger pots, or watering is difficult.

Keep the crown of the plant (base of the leaf stems) slightly above soil level. The globe-shaped corm which becomes prominent as the plant develops is planted so that the top half is exposed.

#### STORING THE CORMS

In late spring, flowering stops and foliage begins to yellow. Feeding should then cease, and water is tapered off to induce the corms to become dormant. Some growers lay the pots on their side. Corms can remain like this until they are ready for repotting in midsummer, or can be removed and stored in just-damp sand or peatmoss.

Replant, in the potting mixture suggested, from mid to late summer, first trimming off about two-thirds of the old root. Water sparingly until growth commences.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Firm the mixture into the container, filling to within an inch of the top. Water thoroughly, then when surplus water has drained away make evenly spaced indentations about \$\frac{1}{2}\$in. deep in the surface. (Use a blunt lead pencil or round-headed nail.) The seeds are large enough to handle, so it is easy to place one seed per indentation.

Cover the seedbox or not with glass

Cover the seedbox or pot with glass or plastic and keep it in a shaded position. If exposed to direct sunlight, use frosted glass or place a sheet of newspaper under the glass or plastic.

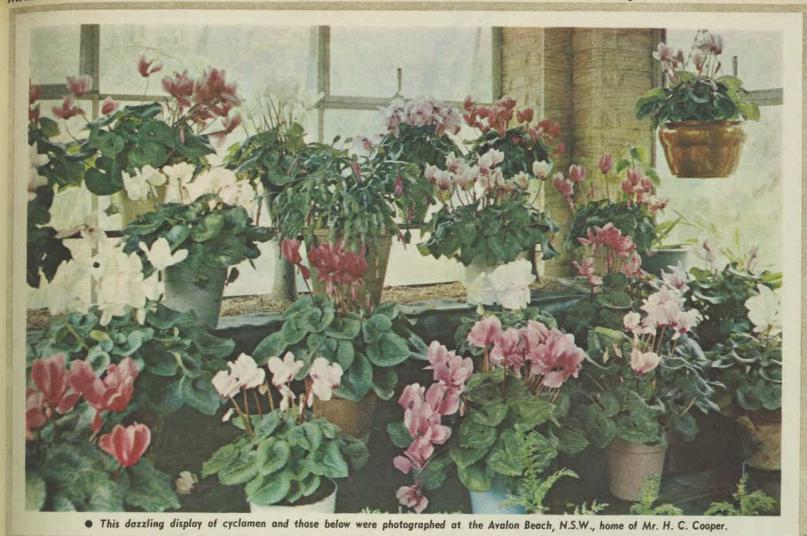
This covering is to maintain a moist atmosphere around the seed, not to generate extra head. Direct sun through the glass or plastic could cause excessive heat and kill the seed.

After the first seedlings appear the covering is removed and more light gradually allowed. During winter, the ideal position for the young seedlings would be a warm, sheltered area with direct sun lightly broken by such as a plastic shade or gauze wire. In cold districts, protect from frost; glasshouse conditions would be best.

When the second leaf appears, feed the seedlings with complete liquid manure, made up a little weaker than recommended for normal garden use, once every three weeks. Keep moist at all times

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• Rose von Zehlendorf — richly colored, ruffled petals.

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# BABY IN PLASTER

• Having read Moira Thomas' story (Women's Weekly, February 15) of her baby's late walking, PENELOPE PATTERSON writes of the more serious problem of hip dislocation — and the unsympathetic attitudes she met from outsiders while her baby was in plaster.

OUR daughter was born when our son was 21 months old. She was strong and healthy, with a lively disposition.

When she was five months old, and standing up hanging on to my fingers, one of her legs seemed slightly longer than the other. For a while, I dismissed this as imagina-

Eventually, feeling rather foolish, I mentioned it to our doctor, who examined her and agreed I had an overactive imagination.

Two weeks later, visiting my parents in Sydney, I had occasion to take Susie to our old family doctor. I mentioned her uneven leg-length. He suggested I surgeon "just in case.

This I did, and after a brief examination the sur-geon stated her left hip was badly dislocated and must be treated immediately.

Suite was admitted to lospital next morning for operation, and encased in plaster, armpits to ankles.

Babies are very adaptable. Our previously active daughter, one week out of hospital, had accepted her

Only toward the end of the treatment, when she was 16 months old, did she tealise there was more in ife than lying on her back or stomach in the one spot. She learned to slide backat extraordinary

Indeed, life was more difficult for us than it was for her. We then lived 150 miles from the city, and

Susie's plaster cast had to be changed every four to six weeks.

This meant separations from my son. My husband would take me on the five-hour drive to the hospital to deposit Susie, and I would move in with friends nearby. He then would turn round and drive home.

Susie was usually in hospital for five days, when my husband would drive the 150 miles to collect us.

There were, too, the day-to-day problems of keep-ing the plaster dry and reasonably clean. Susie had to learn to feed herself without spilling food or liquids inside the plaster.

Anxious to keep Susie healthy in the dehydrating heat of a northern summer, my husband bought us a cottage in the hills.

He was to stay up north for three months while I kept the children in the relative coolness, but no sooner had we moved into the cottage than he was transferred to New South Wales. We could be together again. together again.

Our daughter spent nine months in plaster, then two months in splints.

Last Christmas, when she had been out of the splints for five months and walking for two, we were at last told her hip was normal.

When we moved south we were in visiting range of the grandparents, and they, of course, were they, of course, wer understanding and helpful. were

Nor can I say enough for the sympathy and practical help of the

Crippled Children's Society. But, outsiders!

There was the babysitter who took one look at Susie and declared she couldn't stay in the same house with such a "thing," let alone touch "it."

There was the group of small children who sang to three-year-old John, "Your baby's crippled," Fortunately, he didn't understand. understand.

And two beautifully dressed women behind me in the supermarket, audibly discussing Susie, coninly discussing Susie, con-cluded, with a glance at me: "Do you think she dropped it and broke every bone in its body?"

There were, of course, the kindly ones, such as the middle-aged woman on her way to play tennis who stopped and said, "I was a 'hip' baby, and now look at me!" at me!

And so it went on—the rudeness of the bus-driver over my slowness with my 30lb, deadweight of child cancelled out by the polite-

ness of the old-age pensioner who gave me his seat when I was standing with Susie in my arms.

it's a

that

and

shrinking

GROWS ...

problem

Of all the families we in our three moves, only three ever offered to mind Susie in their home, and one of those families also had a "hip" baby.

One summer we lived near the beach. It was imnear the beach. It was im-possible to take Susie be-cause of the heat and the sand, but no one suggested I have her at their house during her nap while I took my son for a swim.

If you have the impres-sion that my husband and sion that my husband and I isolated ourselves in self-pity, let me hasten to add that he joined a local Service organisation and began a night course at technical college, and I began an Arts course, part-time, at university, so we

time, at university, so we had plenty to think about. But we wonder how many parents looked at our daughter and thought,
"There, but for the grace
of God, go I." We certainly know how many
thought—and then acted.

#### And a word from Grandma: BE PROUD OF THAT BABY!

PROG-PLASTER babies are a rare sight, as most parents seem to want to keep them away from curious eyes.

Often a young mother when told her baby has been born with a dislocated hip, must spend months encased in plaster from chest to ankles, feels horror and Often there is a feeling of guilt and shame; she dreads having people stare or make unkind remarks.

Unfortunately, she will find this kind of cruelty if

find this kind of cruelty if she takes the child out, and must be prepared for this. As a grandmother of such a child I was horrified by my daughter's outlook when she brought her baby, in plaster, to stay with me. We went out every day

plaster, to stay with me.

We went out every day
and I proudly showed off my
granddaughter. I answered
questions freely, whether
from friends or, in many
cases, from rude strangers.

I explained why the child
was in plaster, that she
wandd be completely cured

I explained why the child was in plaster, that she would be completely cured, that she didn't suffer. She was obviously a happy child. There is no shame in the disability. It can happen to anyone, and is no fault of the mother.

the mother.

If she can be helped to accept this, she will have the same happy relationship with this child as with her other children.

grandmothers, is This, where you can help. Your pride in this baby is the greatest morale booster for any mother. — Jean Maxwell, Cremorne, N.S.W.



And we've all encountered it at one time or another. Remember how you vowed never to let it happen again - only to find the same problem with the very next cotton garment you bought. There is only one way out! Look for the label that says 'Sanforized' your safeguard against shrinkage. Unless you see 'Sanforized' on the label you can

never be certain. So, be downright inquisitive . . . and be sure, not sorry.

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### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Sines 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.65, Postage and ich 30 cents extra.

e: Siscs 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.55. Postage and ich 10 cents extra.

No. 548-SET OF THREE GUEST TOWELS tty guest towels are available ready to sew and embroider pink, blue, green, white, or cream pure Irish linen, ce per set of three is \$1.15, plus 10 cents postage and

No. 549-MATERNITY DRESS tractive maternity dress is available cut out to make in own, blue, or black velveteen. See 32 and 34m. bust, \$7.25; 36 and 38m. bust, \$7.45. siage and dispatch 30 cents extra







The Australian Women's Where Warch 22, 1967



SHOE POLISH PRESERVES

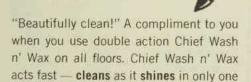
WORLD'S WHITEST WHITE

BON AM POWDERS 6-LIQUID CLEANERS

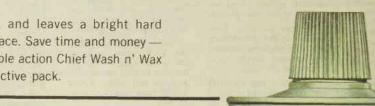
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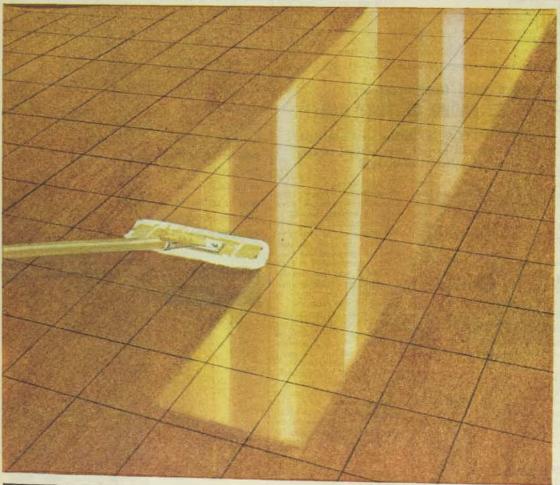
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Page 66

# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

 Back to the washtub! The subject of the weekly wash in Grandma's day has brought me many absorbingly interesting letters from older readers who remember only too vividly tubs that had to be lifted to be emptied, washing water drawn from wells, irons heated on stoves.

ALL of them agree that "hard work never killed anyone," and look back with quiet pride on those laborious 52 washes a year. But a surprising number add: "I would hate to have seen my daughters have to do it."

There isn't room, unfortunately, to give you many of the views and memories that have come in, but here are bits of a few of them.

A Victorian reader, mother of nine children, with memories of large washes of flannel undershirts (one a week for each member of the family, one serge dress for the girls which had to do for the whole winter) but lots of tablecloths, doilies, serviettes, tray cloths, and shirts which had to be starched, still thinks that life is harder

"Children happened along and filled in as useful workers almost as soon as they could toddle," she says. "They went to work early and contributed to the home, making it possible for parents to finish buying the home, or, if renuing, to move to a better one. Secondary school education stated the change.

"Perhaps the future will bring more change — school for secondary students half day, and employment for the other half which would pay for schooling and ease the

horden on the parents."

A New South Wales reader, after telling me how her mother, who lived to be 91, coped with the family wash, commented: "Maybe the whole of life is too easy now, no bending or stooping. These are days when folks pay for exercise.— squash or slimming machines to keep fit, steeping tablets because our hodies are not physically tired enough.

"Hard work never killed anyone, but unfortunately neither does boredom or loneliness. We just rust out in old ladies' komes while doctors keep our bodies alive far too long."

#### Boiling one sheet per kerosine tin; and a "Puffing Billy" iron

FROM a New South Wales reader: "The 'laundry' was a sturdy hardwood bench out in the open, two large galvanised-iron tubs, one round and

open, two large galvanised-iron tubs, one round and one oval. The latter had to double as the family bath when needed, used in the privacy of one's bedroom.

"A few feet away was the outside fireplace — a few bricks laid together with two strong iron bars across the top. On these were placed two kerosine tins (with handles) for boiling the clothes in, over a wood fire.

"Now the hard work really began. We had only one water tank, and that water was kept for cooking and dinking. We carried the washing water from a nearby steek, up a steep bank with a full bucket in each hand. Every garment was washed, inch by inch, by hand. Later we had a wooden washboard, and then a glass one. Bar soaps were all we ever used, shredded finely for the boil. One double sheet would fill one kerosine tin, so many boilings had to be done.

"The tubs had a handle on each side, and it took two

many boilings had to be done.

"The tubs had a handle on each side, and it took two people to lift them for emptying. More water had to be carried from the creek for rinsing and blueing.

"We had no proper clotheslines. The clothes were pegged on the wire fences and had to be turned to dry evenly. When dry, only a few things were ironed. All lace was gently hand-pulled into place.

"Pillowcases, towels, etc., were carefully folded and placed in a huge wooden box or 'kist,' as the Scottish folk called it. Then the heavy twill sheets, folded, were placed on top to help press the clothes underneath.

"We had a contraption known as a charcoal iron, which

"We had a contraption known as a charcoal iron, which we called 'Puffing Billy.' It was filled with red-hot charcoal through an opening in the top, then closed and the embers blown with bellows through a trapdoor in the back. It had a funnel to let the smoke out, and often a speck of soot would fall and get ironed into a white starched shirt. No wonder we ironed only the essential things."

A Victorian reader cande this account of a washing day:

A Victorian reader sends this account of a washing day: A Victorian reader sends this account of a washing made (Grandma got up with the birds, lit the copper, made ex atoked the copper, and tidied the house while the dothes boiled — and nearly all the clothes did boil.

"When they'd boiled for 20 minutes they were pulled out with the pot-stick and drained on the side of the topper so that the water ran back in. More water and results of the copper so that the water ran back in.

Ing Australian Women's Wherly - March 22, 1967

soap jelly were added, more fuel put in, and the next lot of clothes went in while the first were rinsed, blued, starched, and hung out.

"By breakfast-time the wash was on the line, and sharp tongues were ready to criticise the woman who hung out after breakfast.

"After the house was tidied, Grandma returned to the laundry, dipped out the lovely hot water from the copper

(no hot water services then), and washed the floors and scoured the toilet. And then she polished those floors on hands and knees."

This reader sent me her laundry book, kept since her schooldays. It has her maiden name written in it in a childish hand, the date 1925, odd pencilled notes and queries in the margins, and the inevitable flower sketches that schoolgirls do when a lesson bores them.

I have to admit I prefer my own slapdash modern methods to those laid down in the "Commonsense Laundry Book," but I am going to try one tip on a black silk blouse of Kay's that is beginning to look tired — rinse it in heavily blued water. The book advises the same treatment for black lace when it's washed.

Pm sorry — these are bits from only a few of the many letters. All were equally interesting, so I had to make my choice on a first-come basis.



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# SOPHIA LOREN LOVES TO COOK

 Beautiful Italian film star Sophia Loren can cook as brilliantly as she acts. She demonstrated this in her own kitchen to Shirley Conran after they had met near Rome on the set of Sophia's new film, "Happily Ever After."

WHEN Sophia finished shooting for the day outside Rome, we drove home to her kitchen. I was disappointed that she didn't ride in a 40ft. film star Cadillac with green windows but just a small, cream tin car, like everyone else's. But she did wear a mink-lined raincoat with a large Dior label firmly sewn to the collar so that it couldn't be turned inside out and used as an ordinary mink.

Part of her home, the Villa Sara, outside Rome, dates from the first century AD, and some of the 50 rooms have ancient Roman mosaic floors.

On the floor below the main hall, the kitchen was briskly practical, although its heavily barred windows had a splendid view of the baroque fountain and a hedged walk which led to the 135ft, swimming-pool. The kitchen floor and half the walls were covered in blue-edged grey files.

The eight-burner gas stove had one gas and one electric oven with a built-in extractor and strip lights. The cupboards lining the walls had a wood-grain pattern synthetic surface and the central island storage unit, which measured 4ft. x 5ft., had a tabletop of white marble.

Outside, in the walk-in larder, there was every sort of pasta and some tins of tomato soup. There were no vegetables because vegetables and fruit are brought in daily from the garden.

"We also grow our own chickens and turkeys, although



ORANGES AND LEMONS, filled with water ice, make a decorative and delicious dish to serve at the beginning or the end of a meal. The recipe is on opposite page.

we don't have cows yet," said Sophia. "And we press our own olive oil and make our own white wine — un-labelled but very good; looks like tea but tastes much better.'

better."

She had changed into a yellow sweater against which nestled Lily, a tabby cat as sleek as her owner.

"I am at home most of the time when I am not working, and when I am at home I am almost always in bed. If I'm working I get up at five. Otherwise I wake at seven and write or read until about 10.

"I like to eat dinner in bed, around 7.30, and then I

go to sleep at about 8.30. I hate going to bed late and it is especially impossible when I work.

"We love company and lots of talk, but not hig parties; we prefer to be informal. We love good food and wine, but not in restaurants; we most like to be under our own roof. We've never had a dance — Carlo doesn't like to dance.

dance.

"When we do have parties, we don't only have film people; it is quite mixed up and we have wheever is around. But I am careful always to invite one 'lifebelt' friend — one who can talk about many different thing with ease in a very short time to many people.

"And I like to invite very beautiful girls.

"I very much want my husband to be comfortable with the people I invite: I choose people that I know he will like. And I never invite people unless he feels like it. If he doesn't want to see people, I never force him.

"I don't like people arriving late; I am always on the dot myself. And I don't like it if people get a little bit too tipsy. But I never mind if anyone stays on, because if a guest stays late that means that he is having a nice time.

if a guest stays tate that means that time.

"At home I prefer casual clothes, but sometimes, of course, I have to dress up. I enjoy clothes; white and black best, especially for evening clothes. I love choosing my clothes for a film because I can afford to pay so much more than I can in real life.

"My own clothes I choose with Carlo because if he doesn't like them he gives me hell. He says, 'My God, you still haven't learnt,' and, really, you know, he's always right."

right."

Carlo Ponti is, however, full of enthusiasm for his wife's cooking. He says that she cooks gladly, well, and often, and her Milanese cutlets are the best in the world.

Sophia, who feels very strongly about food, has said that she supposes that she is a bit neurotic about it, partly because she vividly remembers a childhood of wartime shortage and rationing.

Spaghetti, she said, has become for her a psychological necessity, a symbol of security, and she never travels without several packets of her favorite brand. "Some people eat when they're unhappy as a compensation, but I eat when I'm happy."

As a child Sophia used to do her homework in the kitchen to be near her grandmother as she prepared the



VEAL CUTLETS ALLA MILANESE, cooked by Sophia, are "best in the world," says her husband.

It's a job she does "well, gladly, and often."

STORY BY SHIRLEY CONRAN PICTURES BY JOHN BEALE

family meals; there she learnt that love is an essential ingredient of good cooking. (Good cooks are always tolling me this and I never understand it.)

"At the last minute a cup of whipped cream should be added to a Bolognese sauce to accompany spaghetti. I also put whipped cream in a risotto after it has been cooked, and a delicious way of eating spaghetti is to serve it, for each person, with a knob of butter, a big spoonful of whipped cream, and a generous sprinkling of parmesan.

Food should first of all taste good and then it should

"I enjoy making sauces and I would like to be able to cook cakes, but mine are always a great flop. I don't like

soup for me, soup is invalid food.

"A very good dish to serve cold at a buffet, and typically Italian, is Vitello tonnato. So is Genoese fish salad, which is good and easy to make, but very rich, and

my favorite risotto is made with mushrooms and saffron.
"I don't like puddings, except for marrons glaces with whipped cream. I'm not mad about chocolates or candy. A lemon sorbet served in orange or lemon shells is refreshing for the beginning or the end of a meal; you must keep the inside of the fruit to make a drink with."

Sophia Loren recommends four main dishes which she

likes to cook, and a refreshing fruit dish to serve at either and of the meal:

#### ORANGES AND LEMONS

(Orange and lemon sorbet for 6)

3 large oranges 3 large lemons

large oranges targe lemons pint of lemon water ice (sorbet)

4lb. grapes for decorative setting a little whipped cream some leaves to garnish

Cut off the tops of the fruit and put on one side. Level the base of the fruit, taking care not to cut the flesh. Scoop out the flesh with a sharp knife. (If you have an electric blender, use the orange and lemon flesh, with ice, water, and sugar to taste, to make a non-alcoholic fruit cup, or add vodka.)

varies, and sugar coup, or add vodka.)

Fill the fruit with scoops of lemon ice, top with a dollop of cream and replace the tops. Put a circle of grapes around the border of the serving dish and one cluster in the centre. Place the fruit between the grapes, which act as a support. Garnish with leaves and serve immediately. Sonlin uses branches from the tiny orange trees in her

Sophia uses branches from the tiny orange trees in her garden for the garnish, but any small, neat leaves will do.

#### LEMON WATER ICE (SORBET)

1] cups sugar 3 cups water grated rind 1 lemon

1-3rd cup lemon juice few drops yellow food coloring

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil, and boil 5 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice; cool. Tint with a few drops of yellow food coloring. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze. When on the point of hardening, stir vigorously with a fork; continue stirring occasionally until mixture has set through.

#### VEAL CUTLETS ALLA MILANESE

(Serves 6)

This simple dish is equally delicious served either hot or cold.

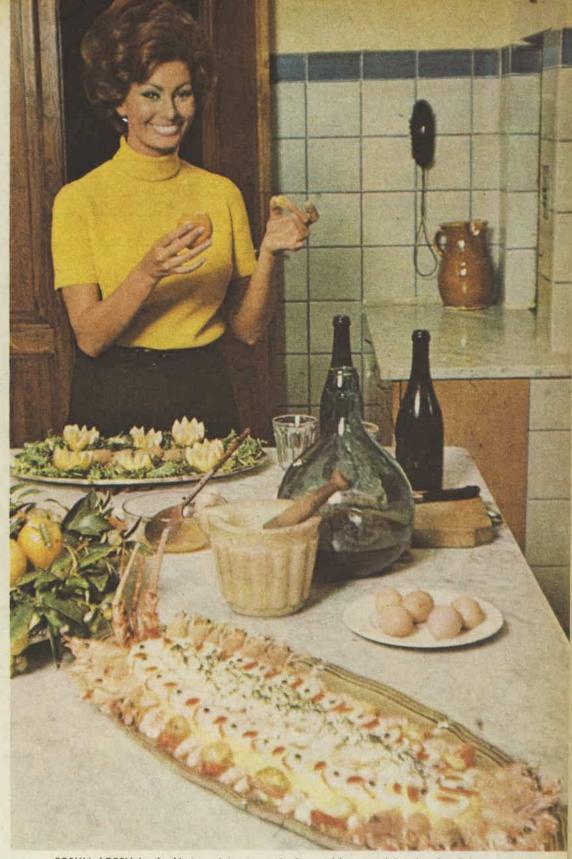
6 yeal cutlets, chined cold milk to marinate

salt and pepper 4oz, clarified butter 1 lettuce 3 lemons

breadcrumbs toasted

Ask the butcher to chine the cutlets so that only the thin rib bone remains. Remove fat and gristle and flatten the cutlets with a wooden but to about Jin, thick, Marinate

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967



SOPHIA LOREN in the kitchen of her home in Rome with some of her favorite dishes she has prepared and cooked. The recipes are given on this page and overleaf.

them in cold milk for an hour. Beat and season the egg. Dip each cutlet in egg and then in breadcrumbs. Fry on both sides in hot butter on a fairly high heat till golden brown. (If butter is not clarified it will burn before the meat is cooked.)

Drain the cutlets on absorbent paper and serve sur-rounded by lettuce leaves and lemon halves, which can be squeezed over each cutlet before it is eaten.

To clarify butter: Place butter in saucepan, heat gently until bubbles form on surface. Increase heat a little and, as foam forms on surface, skim this off. Remove from heat, let stand few minutes so sediment will settle. Strain through fine muslin into basin, leaving sediment in pan. Cool, then keep refrigerated.

#### RISOTTO WITH MUSHROOMS AND SAFFRON (Serves 6 to 8)

This dish can be prepared in advance and reheated, in which case the mushrooms and the saffron (sprinkled in pinch by pinch) should be added 15 minutes before serv-

4oz. butter 3 rashers lean bacon, chopped 1lb. onions, chopped

1lb. long-grained rice nutmeg, salt, and pepper to taste

1 cup dry white wine

approx. 14 pints stock 2lb. peeled, sliced tomatoes (or canned equivalent) 1lb. sliced mushrooms approx. 8 strands saffron ‡ pint whipped cream parmesan cheese, if liked

Heat butter in pan. Fry bacon, then remove, put aside. Add onions, cook gently until transparent. Add rice, cook until well coated with butter, stirring gently. Add tomatoes, seasoning, nutneg, and bacon. Add wine, then stock, stirring in a little at a time as rice absorbs liquid. Make sure rice does not stick to bottom of pan. Add mushrooms and saffron, pinch by pinch, to taste. Cover, cook gently until rice is tender but not mushy (about 40 minutes), stirring occasionally. Add more stock if necessary. Just before serving, stir in whipped cream, adjust seasoning. Parmesan cheese can be sprinkled on each portion.

Continued overleaf



SOPHIA LOREN enjoys a glass of wine, home-pressed, from her own vineyard. "It looks like tea but tastes better."

#### SOPHIA LOREN LOVES TO COOK . . . concluded

#### GENOESE FISH SALAD

(Serves 12 as a main dish or 24 as an appetiser.)

1 cooked lobster (about 2lb.) 11b. cooked prawns or scampi in shell

3lb, white fish, snapper or whit-

1lb. potatoes, small 1 cauliflower (about 2lb.) 11b. french beans 8oz. sliced carrots

80z. peas, shelled. 4 hard-boiled eggs, sliced 1½-2 pints homemade mayonnaise, not too stiff

6oz. olives, large

Shell lobster. Slice the body and set it aside. Remove flesh from claws carefully in one piece and save this and the shell for garnish; empty the lobster's head if you like it.

if you like it.

Keep two dozen prawns in their shells for a garnish, and peel the rest. Mix with remaining lobster meat from the legs, etc. Poach the white fish, taking care not to overcook it. Drain, remove skin and bone, break into bite-sized pieces, add to shellfish.

Peel potatoes and boil them in salt, water, Cook, cauliflower.

salt water. Cook cauliflower, beans, carrots, and peas in separ-ate saucepans of boiling salted water. Be careful not to overcook

vegetables, which must on no account be soft. Drain and cool.

Slice potatoes, break caulishower into bite-sized pieces. Mix all the vegetables with mayonnaise, saving some beans or peas for the garnish. Heap the fish in long, pretty oval dish. Surround it with vegetables. Encircle vegetables with alternate slices of lobster and hard-boiled egg.

Sophia likes to add a final outer layer of marble-sized tomatoes, garnished with stoned, sliced olives, alternating with little bunches of french beans.

HOME-MADE MAYONNAISE

bunches of french beans.

HOME-MADE MAYONNAISE
3 egg-yolks
1½ teaspoons french mustard
3 cups salad or olive oil
salt and pepper
about ½ cup white wine vinegar
squeeze lemon juice
Place mustard in bowl with
beaten egg-yolks. Pour on the
oil, drop by drop, stirring continuously. When ½ cup oil has
been added, the remainder can
be stirred in slightly more quickly.
As mayonnaise thickens, let down
the consistency by adding a little
of the vinegar. When all the
oil has been beaten in, season
to taste with salt and pepper,
add sufficient vinegar to give
correct consistency and desired
flavor. Add squeeze of lemon
unice to whiten mayonnaise hee flavor. Add squeeze of lemon juice to whiten mayonnaise, beat

again.

This quantity will make approximately 1½ pints. To make 2 pints mayonnaise, use 4 egg-yolks, 2 teaspoons french mustard, 4 cups oil, and approxi-mately 1 cup vinegar.

#### VITELLO TONNATO

(Serves 6)

Must be made the day before serving. Useful for parties.

2lb. boned leg of veal

salt to taste 1 onion 1 bayleaf

4 cloves
capers and watercress
Tie meat in a circle with string
and simmer for 1½ hours, or until
it is tender, in salted water with
onion, bayleaf, and cloves. Remove and cool until it is stiffened.
Remove string and slice thinly.
Place on serving dish and cover
with tuna sauce (see below).

Leave for 24 hours then serve
cold, sprinkled with chopped

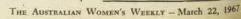
cold, sprinkled with chopped capers and garnished perhaps with watercress. The dish should be accompanied by remaining sauce in a bowl.

#### TUNA-FISH SAUCE

small can tuna

2 large anchovy fillets
4-5 tablespoons olive oil
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Pulverise the tuna and anchovies, either with electric mixer or by mashing, mincing, and sieving. Place in a bowl and very slowly stir in oil then lemon juice with a wooden spoon. It should be the consistency of thin mayonnaise.





# Special families\* brush with

BRISTLES ANTI-GERM TREATED







A special family — the Pippens, Deborah and Donna the twins, (6), Michele (10), Gwenda (14), Christine (15), Margaret (18).

Johnson Johnson

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fighting action

• Fine cup and saucer

COULD you please tell me anything about this very old brass kettle (shown below)? The last owner said it belonged to the Rev. John Wesley's mother. That would have been some time in the seventeenth century, I believe. I have been told it is handmade and the hinged lid. over the spout denotes antiquity. Would it have any value as an antique? If there have ever been any marks or figures on it they have been obliterated. It is 21 in. high and 33 in. in circumference.

high and 33in. in circumference.

Miss B. Pass, Gympie, Qld.

This fine old brass kettle was made during the second half of the eighteenth century. An unsual feature may be cited in the hinged cover over the spout, which was used to suppress the steam. This method was first adopted in Eng-land during the Queen Anne (1702-1714) and George I (1714-1727) eras, when silversmiths, such as George Lambe, made small pear-shaped teapots with hinged covers over the spouts.



Old brass kettle

OUR TRANSFER



GARDEN fruit and vegetable motifs are gay designs for kitchen towels. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 211. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, Price: 15c plus 4c post.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our antiques expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries.

WE read your feature each week with interest. Could you please provide any informa-tion regarding the cup and saucer you please protection regarding the cup and saucer (illustrated) given to me some years ago in the U.K.? It is beautifully made and colored and in perfect condition. A cover is part of the set. Details of the markings are enclosed.— Mr. F. W. Haig, Portsea, Vic.

Your double - handled cup with cover and saucer bears the Meissen (commonly called Dresden) factory mark which was introduced about the 1720s.

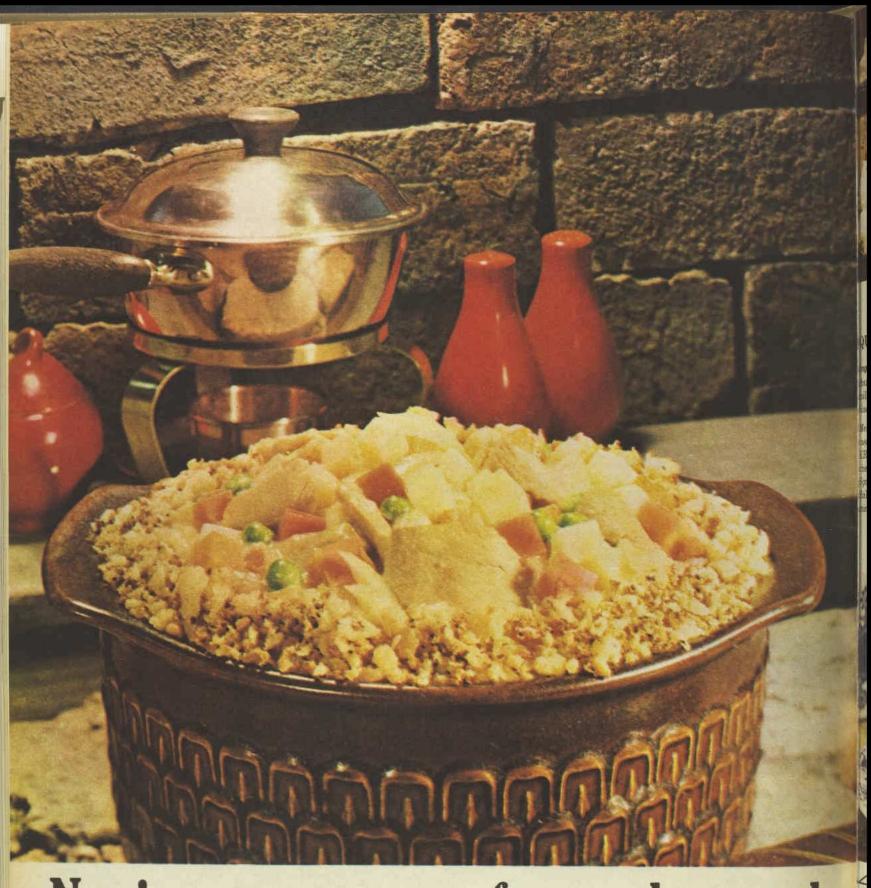
Covered chocolate cups, similar to your example, were made at Meissen from about 1735. Owing to their decorative quality it is not surprising to find that repro-ductions were made during the

nineteenth century, and these examples bear imitation marks of the earlier period.

I suspect that your fine quality example was made between 1855 and 1875, the deep yellow ground hairs in great face, at this time. and 10/3, the deep yellow ground being in great favor at this time. I have encountered many examples similar to yours, some being treated in a claret or apple-green ground.

It is difficult (in some cases) to pass judgment per medium of a photograph as this does not always show the texture of the ware, type of gilding, etc. A personal examination is therefore essential and it is with reticence that I have expressed the foregoing opinion. Genuine eighteenth century examples are rare and valuable.





# Now! GOOD (

# GOOD COMPANIONS

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#### CONFETTI RICE WITH CURRY SAUCE

Ingredients: 3 cups hot cooked SUNWHITE Rice (1 cup raw); 1½ cups cooked peas; 3 dessertspoons chopped red pepper, blanched.

Curry Sauce: 1 oz. butter; 1 medium onion, sliced; 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 dessertspoon curry powder; 2 cups milk; 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped; 6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Method: Combine the SUNWHITE Rice with the peas and red pepper. Spoon into a casserole and keep hot.

Curry Sauce: Melt butter in a saucepan and fry the onion and red pepper for 5 minutes. Add flour and curry powder and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add the chopped eggs, shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Stir until cheese melts. Pour the sauce over the rice and serve. 4 servings.?

#### QUICK CHEESE 'N TUNA BAKE

Ingredients: 2 cups cooked mixed vegetables; 15 oz. can GREENSEAS\* chunk style Tuna, drained; 16 oz. can of chicken soup; 2 tablespoons milk; 4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; pinch freshly ground black pepper; ½ cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Method: Arrange mixed vegetables and GREENSEAS Tuna in a greased casserole. Heat the chicken soup together with the milk, shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and freshly ground black pepper. Stir until cheese melts. Pour over the vegetables and Tuna and mix lightly. Sprinkle the buttered breadcrumbs around the edge of the casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric) for 25 to 30 minutes, 5 servings.†



#### TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE

Ingredients: 1 cup uncooked Milano\* Macaroni; 3 teaspoons salt; 2 oz. butter; 1 green pepper, sliced; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 tablespoons flour; 13/4 cups milk; 1 teaspoon salt; good pinch pepper; 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and sliced.

Method: Cook MILANO Macaroni in 3 pints of boiling water with 3 teaspoons salt until tender. Drain and rinse. Meanwhile fry green pepper and onion in the butter until tender. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add salt, pepper and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Spoon half the macaroni into a casserole, arrange half the tomato slices on top, then pour over half the cheese sauce; repeat layers. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric) for 25 to 30 minutes, or until heated through. 4 servings.





#### CHEESE 'N BEAN GRILL

Ingredients: 16 oz. can HEINZ Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce; 4 slices of hot buttered toast; 4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, sliced.

Method: Heat the can of HEINZ Baked Beans. Spoon over the slices of hot buttered toast and top with slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Place under a heated grill to melt the cheese. 4 servings.

TAU spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

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for good food and good food ideas

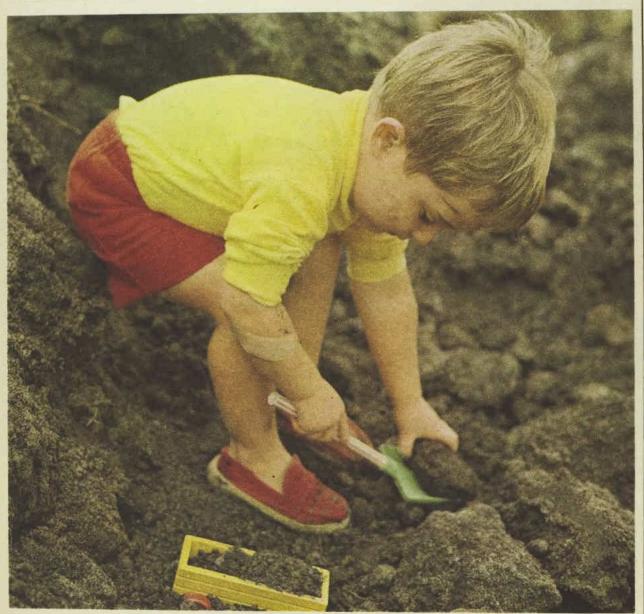


## BEST GIF

By MICHAEL LEIGH

Now that the day had arrived when she was to welcome home her new grandson, Marion Gilbert was overcome with a feeling of apprehension





## It's a dirty world

Your children play in a dirty world Mum, it's up to you to protect every little cut and scratch against dirt and germs. So don't take chances with infection; protect every little hurt with the best protecting bandage in the world.

Johnson Johnson



a UTOMATICALLY, Mn. Gilbert arranged two places at the sunny kitchen table. Today she felt no pleasure in the bright yellow pottery and fresh-cut flowers that added a festive touch to this simple occasion of sharing morning coffee with Alma, her oldest friend.

Instead, Marion Gilbert's mind was filled with self-doubt. With Linda, her daughter-in-law, in the hospital, these past days had been the first time since Jack brought home his bride that the house had belonged entirely to his mother again.

As she got out the sweet rolls, Marion tried to ignore the stillness upstairs, lonely stillness that somehow crept downstairs and through all the rooms.

A different kind of quiet had descended on the house when Jack's father died—the quiet loneliness of finality that always follows death. Then, suddenly, in his second year of college, Jack had sprung his bride, Linda, on her. First Linda, then news of an expected baby.

There wasn't anything wrong

her. First Linda, then news of an expected baby.

There wasn't anything wrong with Linda—she just didn't seem to want to belong. Slowly, she and Jack had made a world of their own in the upstairs rooms. True, they ate with Mrs. Gilbert, and Linda willingly helped with dishes and laundry. But she did not offer to share her thoughts and plans for the baby.

It had seemed for a while that Linda was going to be like a daughter to her. But now Marion felt that she had failed, because at the last minute, when Linda's pains began, she withdrew completely and remained upstairs all day.

pletely and remained upstairs all day.

Mrs. Gilbert had made several trips upstairs, trying to get Linda to eat, offering to call Jack from his after-class job at the animal hospital, insisting they call the doctor. Linda vetoed each suggestion with a simple:

"No-not yet. I'm all right."

'No-not yet. I'm all right." Now a soft knock at the back door announced Alma's arrival.

"Oh, the table looks lovely!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks for those kind words." Marion tried to maintain a gay attitude.

"Say — what's the matter?"
Alma's sparkling blue eyes surveyed her friend questioningly.
"This should be a day of rejoicing. You're going to welcome home your grandson." what's the matter?"

That was too much for Marion. She turned away so Alma wouldn't see the tears in her

"Oh, Alma—I-I dread having Linda come home. If she only felt that this was her home— Marion's voice trailed off.

"You're just imagining—"
Marion broke in — "No, I'm
not! The more I try, the more
withdrawn Linda gets. I've

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noticed it especially these past two months."
"Bosh! You've done wonders for that girl! Taken her in so Jack can finish college. Why, you've made this more her home than yours."

Marion brightened. "You really think so?" Then doubt crept in again. "Well — she always went right upstairs."

"Why not? Probably wanted to give you a chance to be alone. Think back to your own pregnancy," said Alma. "Didn't you teel withdrawn from everything toward the last?"

That was an least?"

That was so long ago-"

"Well, I remember mine! lived with my mother-in-law, and I can tell you I wish she had teen half as considerate as you've been to Linda."

"Anyway — you're very com-ting." Marion's voice lacked

"Cheer up! A grandson coming home, and tomorrow is Mother's Day. I'd say that was a wonder-ful gift for any woman."

The cheerful atmosphere of Alma's presence melted away with her departure. Marion tried to hold on to it, but by the time Jack's car turned into the drive-way she felt unwanted and un-

Marion managed to open the door and make bits of conversation as she helped Jack get his wife and son upstairs. She did not wait to watch them unwrap the baby. Quietly shutting the door, she rushed away from their world — down to her own little sitting-room off the kitchen. She collapsed in a chair, too miser-able to notice that she still held the bottle of formula Jack had given her at the door. Too misernot wait to watch them unwrap able even to cry.

Soon Jack came into the

"Gosh, Mum, I'll just grab a sandwich and run. Do me a favor.
I've got to be on duty at the
tennels all night. It's a bad break,
I should be helping Linda. But the night attendant wants to go off to visit his mother for Mother's Day — and I can use that extra money."

Marion got out bread and there for a sandwich. "I'll be glad to help. Linda can tell me what she wants done."

Jack rushed to the door, sand-wich in hand. "Thanks, Mum! You'll have to sort of take the initiative. You know how Linda is—afraid she'll be a bother!"

When dinner was ready Marion when dinner was ready Marion took a tray upstairs. Funny that in your own home you should feel unnecessary, she thought as she knocked on Linda's door. The door opened quickly and Linda stood there willing at har

"How nice of you," she said. Shouldn't you be in bed?"

"Goodness not Mothers get up "ight away these days. He's adeep right now." Linda nodded toward the bassinet. "But he'll be wanting his bottle soon. I'll come down for it."

"Why don't you let me bring

"Well — thanks — I do feel a little tired. But tomorrow I'll be OK. You won't have to bother

Tomorrow, thought Marion, tomorrow I won't be needed at all.
Next morning Linda, with the
haby in her arms, appeared at
the kitchen door.
"Mind if we eat down here
with you?"
"Wh."

"Why, that would be lovely!"

You really haven't had You really haven't had a chance to get acquainted with your grandson. Here — you take him, and I'll put breakfast on." Before Marion could say anything she was looking down at the little bundle in her arms.

Linda poured coffee and served the steaming bowls of cereal. For the steaming bowls of cereal. For a few moments they ate in silence and suddenly Marion realised that Linda had not offered to take the baby back. Maybe she was trying to include her mother-in-law. No, Marion decided, that wasn't what she, herself, really wanted. Their world belonged solely to them. But she did want to feel needed — to be allowed to play the grandma role. With that she would be content.

"Oh, are we glad to be home!"

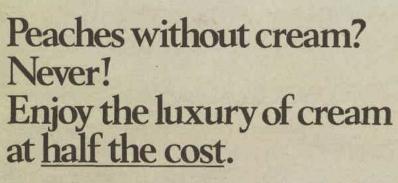
"Oh, are we glad to be home!" said Linda, smiling across the table. "You know, the other two girls in my room at the hospital also lived with their husbands' mothers. They just wouldn't be-lieve it when I said I was anxious to go home!"

Mrs. Gilbert looked down at her grandson. There were no words to express what was in her heart. Of all the mothers in the world this Mother's Day, she had been given the best gift of all—Linda's love—and a grandson.

"I missed you, too, Linda. The house was lonely without you—lonely and quiet."
Linda laughed. "I don't think it will be quiet any more—not if your grandson has anything to say about it."

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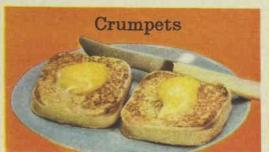






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#### End Dry Skin

Test your skin for signs of roughness by gliding your fingertips lightly over your face and neck as you apply your daily base of moist oil. Any dry or rough patches which may be evident should be gently massaged with a little extra oil of Ulan to cherish and smooth the skin. This will also ensure that your make-up will blend evenly to give your complexion an exquisite, youthful appearance.

. . . Margaret Merril

"Damn itl" Mr. Pratt said. He hit his newspaper against a railing in useless vexation and felt for his cigaretts with the other hand.

While he stood there, watching the ferry leave, a strange feeling came over Mr. Pratt. It mounted up from his ankles like the sting of iced water. It took his breath like the sting of iced water and it squeezed his heart like a hand. Mr. Pratt opened his fingers and the newspaper dropped to the ground.

Vacantly, he reached up and pulled his hat hard down on his forehead, took three steps backward, sprang forward, and jumped.

There was four feet of water between the wharf and the ferry. Mr. Pratt cleared it like a bird.

In the city arcade where twenty years before young James Pratt had started his jewellery business, repairing the watches of the citizenry and selling engagement rings to mute young couples, the steel shutters across the entrance doors of his shop

#### THE JUMPING JEWELLER OF LAVENDER BAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

were still locked at eleven in

the morning.

J. S. Forest next door,
Fresh Cut Sandwiches While
U Wait, came out from behind his counter and stood
wiping his hands on his long
white apron. "Perhaps he's
ill," his wife said, from where
the cool white bread slices
piled behind her carving
knife.

"Why doorn't be phone

"Why doesn't he phone then?" J. S. Forest asked, "If he's ill he telephones, you know that, me and him have had that arrangement fifteen

"You come inside and get this bread buttered," his wife

said.

James Pratt wasn't ill, he was shaken and puzzled and awed. So shaken and puzzled and awed that he sat on a high stool in the Hotel Victoria and drank brandy at eleven o'clock in the morning. For the first time in ages he

forgot the jewellery shop and forgot the stout red wife who telephoned every morning with a list of the shopping he took home each night.

with a list of the shopping he took home each night.

When he did get to the shop it was five minutes to lunchtime and the furious telephone had stilled its belling. Mr. Pratt took off his coat and hung it up and put his arms through the sleeves of his working jacket. He screwed the jeweller's glass into his eye and sat at his workbench, head bent low in concentration, the barrel of the jeweller's glass aimed at the black felt square tacked on the top of the table.

But the watches needing repair, with their owners' names on the little white tickets, hung forgotten in lines on the wall. For a long time, Mr. Pratt sat there, the magnifying eye of the jeweller's glass minutely examining the black felt square on the table.

That night, when Mr. Pratt got home, his wife was waiting for him. She swallowed a chocolate when she heard the front door open. It was only half chewed and made her gulp for a moment. "So," she said, laying down her magazine, "would it be too much to ask where you were this morning?"

Mr. Pratt blinked. "I had to go out, Thelma," he said. He thought for a while. "I'm sorry, dear, I had to see my accountant." He sat down and tapped on his knees with his fingers. He looked about him almost as though the French clock and the floral lounge suite and the potplant and the photographs of his wife's parents were unfamiliar to him.

parents were unfamiliar to him.

"You had to go out," Mrs. Pratt said, nodding her heavy red head with satisfaction, "you had to go out to see your accountant." She leaned forward. "Then perhaps you'll kindly explain why Mr. Forest rang to ask why the shop hadn't been opened. Why the shop hadn't been opened at half past twelve in the afternoon. Oh, you liar," she added, "you deceitful man, you've been drinking. I can smell it. Drinking while the business goes to ruin."

The stolid furnace of Mrs. Pratt's emotions was fairly blazing under the forced draught of her husband's scandalous behaviour. Tears squeezed out of her fat eye corners.

"Now, now, Thelma," Mr. Pratt said, reaching across with his hand, "now, Thelma, don't take on, don't get upset."

But Thelma was upset, properly upset, and she wasn't going to be easily placated. "Don't touch me," she walled, "you just take your hands off me." She pushed herself up off the sofa.

off the sofa.

Their bedroom door slammed. Mr. Pratt sat for a time, looking at the carpet and blinking his eyes. Then he wandered into the hall. The canary hopped about in the cage. Mr. Pratt pursed up his mouth and clicked his tongue. "Pretty birdie," he said, "pretty dicky."

There are experiences in

said, "pretty dicky."

There are experiences in marriage uncommunicable between one partner and the other. Anyone who has been married five minutes knows that. On the way down the hill to the ferry next morning Mr. Pratt thought with a shudder about how his wife would receive an account of the phenomenon of yesterday morning. The thought was so unnerving that he put it out of his mind and took off his hat to enjoy the sun on his head.

The thing itself, however.

hat to enjoy the sun on his head.

The thing itself, however, could not be put from his mind. For the umpteenth time he went over the event again, from the first moment that strange feeling had come over him, the strange feeling which had mounted up from his ankles like the sting of iced water. He counted the memories one by one, cherishing them like the beads of a rosary.

Halfway down the hill he bought ten cigarettes. The ferry was waiting when he got to the bottom of the hill he bought ten cigarettes. The ferry was waiting when he got to the bottom of the jetty. Mr. Pratt stood on the edge of the wharf, blinking his eyes, staring into the water. The ferry bell rang and still he stood there. The deckhand who cast off the mooring ropes watched Mr. Pratt.

He rattled the gangplank by its handrail. "Wakey, wakey!" he shouted. "Rise and shine or the crows'll eat yer eyes out." Mr. Pratt started and hurried up the

gangplank. The deckhand slipped the mooring rope and coiled it into a pile. "Cripes!" he said.

he said.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Pratt jumped again. He dawdled his way down the hill and when he got to the wharf the ferry was almost five feet out. Mr. Pratt felt the ice water mounting up from his ankles. He dropped his newspaper, crouched his shoulders, sprang forward, and jumped. And it happened, There could be no doubt about it. It happened, all over again. over again.

Four feet or five feet is no great jump in terms of a measured distance. Schoolboys jump farther every day, out of youthful high spirit, and nobody remarks on it. Mr. Pratt's jump, as a distance negotiated between a departure point and an arrival point, was wholly negligible. But that wasn't the point. Mr. Pratt had, in fact, jumped out of this world. The convolutions of time and space had got all mixed up that summer on the wharf at Lavender Bay.

When Mr. Pratt launched

at Lavender Bay.

When Mr. Pratt launched himself on that first fateful morning, he had seemed to see, at some point in his flight from the wharf to the ferry, a completely different plane of existence. It was, according to a record he left in the jeweller's shop, exactly as though he had looked over the edge of a saucer. And what Mr. Pratt saw there changed his life like a wave from a wand.

AT was a sandy world he saw: long, rolling barriers of gold-colored sand with buildings like palaces in rose-colored marble. Near the edge of the saucer a lake of blue water wound its edges through green trees with yellow-crested canaries hopping in the leaves, bubbling their throats in unearthly mussic.

music.

On a mat near the water a yellow-haired girl lay. The curve of her thigh was like the music of ten thousand violins; her lips were half-opened lotus buds; the richness of her skin was heaped golden grain.

Mr. Pratt only had his hat and blinking sad eyes above the edge of the saucer, but the girl saw him. She looked at Mr. Pratt and his heart went off like a cannon. She shook back her hair and slowly, clearly, and distinctly she crooked a pink finger and called him.

It is not to be wondered that Mr. Pratt went off and drank brandy at nine in the morning. That he forgot his arrangement of fifteen years standing to telephone J. S. Forest if he were not coming to business, or that he found it discreet to make up a small lie for Thelma. He had good reason for all of these backsildings.

On the occasion of the second jump, undertaken half in the hope of confirming it, the distance jumped from the wharf to the ferry was increased by approximately one foot. On this second jump Mr. Pratt got all of his head and part of his shoulders above the edge of the saucer. He was actually able to bend his head inside the rim. The yellow-eyed girl tinkled with laughter and called Mr. Pratt got all of his head and part of his shoulders above the edge of the saucer. He was actually able to bend his head inside the rim. The yellow-eyed girl tinkled with laughter and called Mr. Pratt got all of his head and part of the sucer. For the next four days Mr. Pratt jumped every morning. At the bottom of the hill he would wait for the ferry to ring its bell and then race down the jetty and fling himself into the air. At the end of that time he had increased the distance to over six feet and had mounted the saucer as high as his waist.



#### THE JUMPING JEWELLER OF LAVENDER BAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

The jewellery business was already showing the strain of Mr. Pratt's preoccupation. His work went downhill at a rate directly related to the length of his jumps. Moreover, people were beginning to talk. On the morning of the sixth jump he noticed in the minute of taking off that the rails of the ferry were lined with the passengers and he heard through the thudding in his ears their raised chorus voices: "Come on, Pratty, you can do it."

He wanted privacy above everything when he came on the ferry ster seeing that yellow-eyed girl. But the other passengers clustered around and patted his back and asked if he was jumping for bets.

Life for Mr. Pratt was becoming involved.

asked if he was jumping for bets.
Life for Mr. Pratt was becoming involved.

In the evening of the morning on which Mr. Pratt made his eighth jump, estimated by the ferry deckhand at eleven feet nine and a half inches, Mr. Pratt came home late from his business. He had sayed behind working, trying to catch up on the growing lines of incketed watches hanging on the hooks on his walls.

Thelma met him before the front door had closed behind him.

"Look at this!" she screamed.

"What are you doing, you brute, thaming me to the world! You're mad, that's what it is, mad like your uncle that's supposed to be in the TB home. He's locked up in the asylum, that's where, and you're as mad as he is."

"Now, Thelma, you shouldn't may things like that," Mr. Pratt and, taking the copy of the newspaper she thrust at him.

"How will I ever show my face cutside." his wife said, bubbling tears into her handkerchief. She lumbered down the hall and Mr. Pratt depended to himself in a chair. He opened the folded newspaper. On the front page there was a three-column photograph of himself in mid-air, coat-tails flying, a mad look on his face. The photograph was captioned The Jumping Jeweller of Lavender Bay, and the story made his ears burn.

MR. PRATT sat in his chair thinking, for a long time. Then he got up and made a bed on the couch. He fried eggs and bacon and ate in the kitchen. Last thing before bed he went into the tall where the canary hung in the cage near the hatstand. He opened the door and put in his fingers.

He held it up and let it nibble at his lips. "Sweet dicky," he said, clicking his tongue. He opened his hand, wrapping the canary gently in the fingers.

He held it up and let it nibble at his lips. "Sweet dicky," he said, clicking his tongue. He opened his hand. The canary sat there for a minute turning its head. Then it put out its wings and swooped into the sky, a small free spot of yellow in the moonlight that shone over lavender Bay.

Mrs. Pratt appeared briefly early next morning. She announced that the couldn't bear the shame of liveng among her neighbors just then and that she would go to her parents until her husband collected himself.

"It hink that would be best, Them." Mr. Pratt said.

parents until her husband collected himself.

"I think that would be best, Theima," Mr. Pratt said.

Mrs. Pratt stood thunderstruck, looking at her husband as though the had never seen him before. Then the tears bubbled out again and she ran to the bedroom and the door slammed behind her.

At half past seven the telephone rang. It was a newspaper reporter asking for an interview. Mr. Pratt politely declined. At twenty to eight a photographer rang. Mr. Pratt took the telephone off the hook and laid it on the table. At five past eight he knocked on the bedroom door. "I'm going now, Theima," he said.

"Go away, you go away," Theima answered.

"Go away, you go away,"
Theima answered.
Mr. Pratt let himself out of the dour and walked down the hill. He heard the ferry bell ring. He heard the engines pumping. He heard the gangplank being pulled up and still he stood there.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

Mr. Pratt smiled. The smile looked funny on his face, as though a mistake had been made, that it didn't really belong there.

Then he pulled down his hat, buttoned his coat, and started to run. Through the gates of the jetty Pratt pelted, down the boards of the jetty he ran; he didn't even of the jetty he ran; he didn't even see the reporters who waited his coming or feel the flashbulbs in his eyes. The ferry was a good fourteen feet from the wharf by then and a woman screamed as Pratt came in for the take-off.

His feet hit the edge of the whaif with a wallop as he launched himself into the air. Up he went, coat-tails flapping, flash-

bulbs popping; up he went with the cheers of the passengers in his ears. His head came over the rim of the saucer and the yellow-eyed girl was still waiting there; up he came; to his waist, to his knees, to his ankles.

knees, to his ankles.

They dragged the waters of Lavender Bay, but they never found Mr. Pratt's body. The photographers cursed in bewilderment as they developed the negatives in their darkrooms. Mr. Pratt printed fine on some of the frames, suspended between the sky and jetty. But on others, with the wharf and ferry clearly etched, he just didn't print at all.

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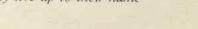


### anyone tried Master Foods mustards instead of tomato sauce lately?

So many people now use our mustards instead of tomato and worcestershire we just had to try to pack all four in one familiar bottle. We may never succeed. But thousands of Australians are making our mustards succeed despite it. The whole thing started when people discovered all mustards aren't hot. Some preferred American, others our German, still more our French. Which do you? Try one this week, but be careful of the Extra Hot English ours is really hot - and stays hot in the jar.

\*Special note - Master Foods Extra Hot English Mustard

is now available in 2 sizes - 5 oz. and 2 oz. "Oh! Those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name"





#### How to Nourish Your Complexion as you Sleep

THE attainment of a younger, lovelier com-plexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you nourish the tissues with nightly vitalizing creaming. While you sleep, your com-plexion will blossom with a plexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness, and radiant beauty. Dot the rich vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial revitalize muscles firm.



#### Smooth Dry

Throat-Creaces:
Stroke the cream upwards from the base of the neck to the chin with the palms of your hands. The skin on your neck and throat is a different texture from that of your face and from that of your face and will need extra care with the Ulan night cream nourishment to keep it young and free from un-attractive "bracelet" lines.



Firm Up Your Chinline:

hand to work the cream from your chin to the temples. Then grasp the chin firmly between the first and second fingers and pinch outwards along the jaw-line and up to the ears.

This tissue toning and massaging will keep your chinline youthfully firm, smooth and supple.



#### Erase Nose-to-Mouth Furrows:

Massage the corners of your mouth with the pads of the first and second fingers, and gently take the Ulan night cream upwards with a spiralling movement along the laughter lines that parenthesize the mouth and nose.



#### Soften Vertical Forehead lines:

Coax the vitalizing night cream into the skin from cream into the skin from brow to Hairline and then place both hands on the centre of the forehead, with fingertips interlocked. Pull the hands apart, exerting enough pressure to smooth the skin firmly.

#### MAY WE SUGGEST .

The ideal solution to all your gift problems for friends in Australia or overseas is a gift subscription to

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#### WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Rescue mission

Desperately they continue the flight . . . part two of our dramatic serial

By JOHN BALL



"Is something wrong with the plane?" Father Ferrara asked Sylvester and Chang, who were both trying to appear calm.

WITH a hurricane approaching the little Caribbean island of Tres Santos, pilots DICK SYLVESTER and Chinese ED CHANG were virtually forced to agree when FATHER FERRARA begged them to fly two critically ill patients to medical aid in a Super-Constellation plane.

Both airmen, members of the Civil Air Patrol, were only qualified to fly small, single-engined aircraft. But their own plane was damaged in an emergency landing at the island.

The Constellation was apparently ready for take-off, and the priest reported that its erew

will not return until after the hurricane. Actually, BOB GALLOWAY, owner of the island's little airline, had been forced to abandon the "Connie" because of a dangerous mechanical fault. Further, Sylvester didn't know that Father Ferrara had quietly put on board all the remaining inhabitants of the island, numbering over seventy.

The two pilots manage to start the hig plane. But because of its fault, Sylvester can't make it rise, and they are hurtling along the runway to apparent destruction. NOW READ ON:

ED CHANG saw Sylvester's desperate effort to raise the aircraft from the ground and saw it fail. The elevators had not responded,

In one single flash of consciousness he remembered his light-plane training and diagnosed what might be wrong. He had no time to speak; in six seconds they would be in the water, the murderers of seventy-eight innocent people. His left arm whipped up, seized the wheel which controlled the horizontal trim tab setting and yanked it back in a thirty-degree arc.

Before he could repeat the motion he felt the cockpit rise, saw the water rush up, and underneath, and heard that the roar of the four mighty engines had not stopped in sudden, violent disaster. The runway was behind them, they were still alive and whole, and he knew that they were in the air.

Then Sylvester's voice came to him saying, "Gear up." Sylvester allowed himself that bit of drama because he had thought about it beforehand; if he got the plane successfully into the air, it would be his reward.

Ed Chang reached down and grasped the gear handle on the centre pedestal. It refused to come up. He pushed, then pulled, which released it. There was a heavy thumping underneath the aircraft, then after several, seconds the indicator on the panel before him showed the wheels to be up and locked. That done, he looked out the window.

There was angry water two to three hundred feet below them, impotent to reach them where they were

now. He leaned back to force himself to relax for a

moment, In an instant a blinding, head-splitting roar blasted In an instant a blinding, head-splitting roar blasted through the cockpit. In stark fright he looked at his partner, who clung feverishly, his knuckles white, to the controls. Ed forced himself to locate the source of the unearthly noise; he found it in the window on his side of the cockpit — it had not been properly secured and it had blown partly open.

He grabbed the handle and locked it firmly into position. The noise ceased and as it did so a sense of order returned to the flight deck.

"It could have been worse," Sylvester said. He appeared to be almost beyond shock.

Ed swallowed hard and compelled himself to regain his composure. "How about the flaps?" he asked. "Are they down?" There was surprise in Sylvester's voice.

voice.

"Sure, I set the flaps according to the before-take-off checklist. Sixty percent. I thought you knew."

"I didn't. Raise them, slowly. I'm having a lot of trouble with the elevator control; it flops back and forth and then stops dead. I'm using the trim tab to hold the nose above the horizon."

"Flaps coming up."

Chang let them rise, stopped them for a few seconds, and then retracted them completely against the under surface of the wing. Sylvester made an adjustment in the trim tab setting and stared at the instrument panel.

To page 82

Here they come! Crisp, golden chips with the crisp golden taste!

Here they come! Crisp, golden chips with the crisp golden taste!

Here they come! Crisp, golden chips with the crisp golden taste!

Here they come! Crisp, golden chips with the crisp golden taste! Arnott's Potato THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967 Page 81 BC1/16 WWFPCh

#### Lemons for Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. bleaching tonic of lemons.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world.

Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and freshener,

"Now listen," he said carefully. "I'm going to hold a rate of climb of eight hundred feet a minute. I'm sure this bird can do three times that, but I'm going to go easy on everything. We aren't on a flight plan, but it's going to have to be Victor Fox Roger anyway because neither of us can fly instruments, let alone in this."
"Agreed," Chang said.

can fly instruments, let alone in this."

"Agreed," Chang said. "Victor Fox Roger," or "Visual flight rules," was the only possibility with their limited experience.

"We're headed between west and north, so we have to pick an even altitude, plus five hundred. I'm going to use eight thousand, five. That means we won't have to worry about supercharges, cabin pressurisation, or any of the other systems we don't understand. Anything we don't absolutely need a leave alone—agreed?"

"Completely," Chang said.

"Completely," Chang said.
"That's a funny altitude for a Connie, but so what. I'd rather fly where we know what we are doing."

#### RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"Me, too. How about the power setting: hadn't we bet-ter back off on these throttles

a little?"

Immediately Chang realised that as flight engineer he had already committed a massive blunder. In light aircraft, climbs at full power are normal; in engines where the horsepower is given in thousands full-throttle operation is only safe for a matter of seconds. He reached out to the duplicate set of throttles on the centre pedestal and pulled them back about twenty-five percent. wenty-five percent.

"That's a guess," he said.
"If it isn't enough power, let me know."

"If I need more, I'll take it," Sylvester said. "Ed, I think you better get back to the flight engineer's station and do the after-take-off checklist if there is one. There may be other things besides

the engines we have to reset. Then see if you can get a radio going. Try to get Miami Oceanic Control on one twenty-six decimal seven or one twenty-six decimal niner."

one twenty-six decimal inner.

"Right." Chang released his seat belt and walked back the two or three steps to the engineer's console. His sense of responsibility grew as he sat down and realised that most of the operation of the complicated airliner rested in his hands, that his reading of the manual was vital to their success.

He found the brief check-list and went through it care-fully. There was nothing diffi-cult except cowl flaps, which he did not know how to set. He consulted the manual, and after flipping many pages back and forth found what he needed.

"Hey, Ed, how about a heading?" came over his headset. "I'm holding three

ix zero at the moment, but I know that isn't right."

"Right away," Chang answered and got up. He slipped through the crew door into the cargo hold. A full dozen silent men sat on the floor, some of them with their backs against the rear bulkhead. One was on his feet looking unbelievingly out the window at the clouds and the water below.

Chang walked briskly down

the water below.

Chang walked briskly down the length of the long compartment, trying his best to convey a sense of confidence and security, flashed a quick smile at the men who were watching and opened the door to the passenger compartment.

ment.

It was crammed with humanity. Father Ferrara, looking taller than ever, was standing midway up the aisle beside a woman who held a crying baby in her arms. Ed stopped for a moment beside the litter over the first row of seats on which Armando lay, his face now tight with pain. The lieutenant laid a hand on his shoulder and received an effort at a smile in return.

ARMANDO spoke briefly, "You saving my life," he said, and gave up attempt at conversation. He twisted his body a little and resigned himself to the long, agonising parade of minutes end to end which would last until the aircraft was on the ground somewhere in the United States. Across from him the little girl with the burned body slept fitfully under the influence of the narcotic she had been given.

Chang looked at her for several seconds, studying the dark, innocent outlines of her small, immature features. He gave silent thanks for the Navy medico who had supplied the morphine which was sparing her so much now, and turned his attention to Father Ferrara, who was waiting to speak to him.

"A beautiful take-off," the priest said with a smile of confidence and trust. "We were frightened for a moment when the brakes slipped and threw us about somewhat, but all is fine now. It is wonderful to fly, like the angels. It is my first time in an aeroplane."

Chang had not thought of that possibility, "Are there any other first flighters?" he asked, not that it made any great difference.

"Almost everyone is flying for the first time. And it is a beautiful ride. Many saints have been asked to bless us, and especially the three for whom the airport is so finely named."

named."

The licutenant did not risk speech after that. He retrieved his computer and chart from the man who had brought them on board in answer to his instructions and returned to the flight bridge. There he seated himself at the engineer's desk, unfolded his well-worn chart, and studied it carefully.

He put on the headset and spoke. "Fly three two zero degrees."

"Wilco," Sylvester answered. There was a new tone in his

degrees."
"Wilco," Sylvester answered. There was a new tone in his voice, a touch of authority and confidence. He moved the horizontal stabiliser slightly with his right hand. "We are passing five thousand and climbing. The power setting is good as far as I can tell. I've tried to synchronise the engines. Everything looks fine."

Chang responded in kind, everything did seem to be right, and, whatever the odds, they were airborne and Dick was doing splendidly at the flight controls. He was ready to cover all bets they would make a smooth, greased-on landing and would taxi in like two of the best pros in the business. After all, a pilot was a bilot — either you The Australian Wom

could fly or you couldn't They could. He premed his lips together in grim sate

The headset came alive.

"Ed, I need some help.
This elevator is worse than useless. It isn't tight at all; it flops a few degrees and then stops cold. Something's wrong. Read up and see what you can do. I'm holding her with the trim tab, but I can't land her this way!"

The optimistic mood burst like a bubble. With one full third of the control system not operating, something was radically wrong.

By consulting the manual.

By consulting the manual Chang found the elevator boost control. It was in the off position. "Pre got it!" he declared, and flipped the overhead switch to On.

"No change," Dick said after a half minute had passed.

passed.

Chang tried the emergency boost control on the left side of the centre pedestal. Again there was no success. He turned them back off.

"I don't know what it is," he confessed. "I've read that section of the manual through twice. Does it work at all?"

Not so you'd notice it.

"I'll see what else I can find," he offered.
"Type got a better idea"

find," he offered.

"I've got a better idea,"
Sylvester said. "You come up
here and fly this thing for a
while. We'd both better get
to it before we come in used to it before we com for a landing. I'll take a at the manuals and see

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#### FROM THE BIBLE

We must help the weak, remembering the words that the Lord Jesus Him-self said, "There is more happiness in giving than in receiving."

- Acts 20; 35. (Today's English Version)

\*

can find something you might have missed."

That was fine with Ed Chang. He climbed into the co-pilot's position with a renewed sense of importance. When he had everything adjusted to his satisfaction he nodded that he was ready to take over; Dick Sylvester held up his hands to indicate that he was relinquishing the controls.

As Ed settled down to guiding the multi-engine aircraft through the sky he hoped that his partner wouldn't suddenly take it into his mind to go into either of the back sections. If he did he would get an almighty shock when he hit the passenger cabin.

senger cabin.

Miss Doris Beverly Wong settled down with natural grace and picked up the telephone. She brushed her sleek black hair out of the way and dialled with one tapered, slender finger. As she waited for the answer a pleasant, impish smile touched the corners of her mouth and gave a fresh character to her pert and beautifully moulded features.

As she sat, twisted slightly in her chair, she looked like a particularly delectable example of oriental femininity, which was precisely what she was.

The appreciate up to the course of the same and the same

was.

The answering voice came over the line with brisk formality: "Civil Air Patrol, Sergeant Grossman."

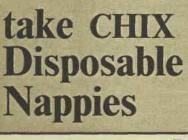
"This is Miss Wong," Doris said, in a warm voice. "May I speak to Lieutenant Chang, please."

There was a bare moment's

There was a bare moment's hesitation on the line. "Who did you say was speaking, please?"

To page 83

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967





.. on your holidays



When baby goes on holidays, take along Chix\* Disposable Nappies. No dirty nappies to wash. Chix. Soft. Absorbent. Medicated to help prevent nappy rash. Soft, polythene backing. No pants needed.

Johnson Johnson

Miss Wong, Miss Doris

"Miss" "One moment, Miss Wong."
"One moment, Miss Wong."
This time the pause was considerably longer — they were getting him. A full minute passed and then a voice came on the line-which was not the one she was expecting to hear.

"This is Colonel Williams."
"I help you?"

was not the one she was expecting to hear.

"This is Colonel Williams.
May I help you?"
Doris cooled her voice a fittle. "I'm sorry, Colonel, I was calling for Lieutenant Chang. They must have given me the wrong extension."

"No, I'd like to speak to you for a moment if I may. It is a member of Lieutenant Chang's family?"

The fingers of Doris' left hand tightened around the instrument and her knuckles went white. It was not the words she had heard but the way in which they had been spoken that had alarmed her.

"Lieutenant Chang's family as far as I know is all in Hawaii." She fought to keep her voice level. "I am, a close friend." She could rectrain herself no longer. "Is anything wrong?" "I didn't catch your name."

"Doris Wong."
"Lieutenant Chang is not ozer at the moment, Miss Wong. I don't wish to alarm you in any way, but he is overdue on a flight which sent out early this morning. We are quite certain that he and Cappian Sylvester have landed at an alternate airport; we're checking them now, Meanwhile we have several other search planes out in the area he was covering, to I'm sure he will be all right."

THE smile had poly vanished from Doris' "Where did he go, nel?" she demanded.

Colonel?" she demanded.

"Lieutenant Chang and
Captain Sylvester went out
of a routine search and rescue
mission about eight hours
ago. We had a report that
four Cuban fishermen were
floating in an open rubber
fle-raft; Lieutenant Chang
took off to try to locate
them."

them."
"Could be still be out there?" Doris asked, knowing the answer she would receive.
"Not with his original gas load, Miss Wong, no. He and Captain Sylvester landed manufacture we know that. We captain Sylvester landed somewhere, we know that. We are waiting for a message from them now. Or, of course, they may have simply gassed up, gone back to the search area, and will be coming in all any time."

at any time."

The words did not carry the conviction they sought to conver, even though they were spoken in a conversional tone.

convey, even though they were spoken in a converational tone.

"Colonel." Doris tried to
control her voice. "Ed and I
we're engaged to be maried. "That was almost
true, she'd promised to give
his answer tonight.

"I understand, Miss Wong.
II you will give me your
number, I'll call you the
moment they arrive back or
we hear from them."

"I can't wait, May I come

"I can't wait, May I come ut there, please?"

"If you want to. Give your name to the guard at the gate and he will direct you. Ask for me, Colonel Williams."

Notice to Contributors

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#### RESCUE MISSION

"Yes, sir." Doris hurried the "Yes, sir." Doris hurried the words, hung up, and crushed her small hands into tight fists. Then she forced herself to be calm, to remember where she had left her purse, and the keys to her little car, and the cork popped out of what composure she had left, she fled to grab her things, and in less than a minute her shaking fingers were trying to fit the ignition key into the lock.

Chang was in his element. After some twenty minutes he was convinced he had the feel of the Connie and that she was willingly obeying his instructions. He had schooled his left hand in the operation of the elevator trim tab control, and with that device he kept the big bird reasonably on altitude. The rudder and aileron controls were a cinch and the elevator, as soon as Dick Sylvester found how to turn on the right switch, would make everything Betsy all over again. A thought flashed through his mind and he wished mightily that a certain very attractive young lady could be there to see him and what he was doing. She'd give him his answer tonight, and he was fairly sure he knew what it would be.

He felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned his head, took one look, and felt the confident smile vanish from his face when he saw the grim look which Dick Sylvester had on his.

Without a word Sylvester handed him the aircraft log book and pointed to the last items.

Agony seized Chang as he read the carefully written

words:
Complete elevator boost
system failure while in flight.
Aircraft emergency-landed on
trim tab control only. No
passengers or cargo aboard.
Aircraft unsafe and may not
be flown under any circumstances until system repaired.
P. W. Sims, Flt./Eng.
H. R. Stallings, Capt.

And underneath, below the

And underneath, below the deadly red lines:

Visual inspection confirmed total hydraulic failure of elevator boest system. Aircraft grounded as unsafe to fly this date.

P. W. Sims, Flt./Eng.

Sylvester broke the silence.
"We got ourselves into this and we have no one but ourselves to blame. But I'm thinking of Armando, and that little girl, and Father Ferrara. Back there we have three innocent human lives depending on us, and we're really in for it."

The first of the turbulence hit them three minutes later.

The first of the turbulence hit them three minutes later. Up until that time the air had been relatively smooth despite the sustained force of the wind. Now the pattern broke and the stability of the air mass abruptly changed. The initial shock swept the great plane up as though it were on the crest of a huge wave. The airframe shook under the impact and Ed Chang, paling a little under his tan, suddenly had to battle the controls.

his tan, suddenly had to battle the controls.

For the first time he felt almost completely lost with-out the elevator, which is so vital in handling an aircraft in rough air. He fought with the trim tab, trying to make it compensate for the rough air and keep the plane on a constant altitude. This it re-fused to do and the Constel-lation wallowed in the buffet-ing, only partly under con-trol.

lation wallowed in the buffering, only partly under control.

When a sharp downdraught hit, Dick Sylvester was climbing into the left-hand pilot's seat; he had to hang on desperately to keep from being thrown backward into the

cockpit. He managed to sit down and fasten his seat belt while Ed Chang, with a shaking left hand, corrected the altitude of the plane with the trim tab wheel,

In the cabin, Father Fer-rara raised his arms to motion that everyone should remain calm, then for the second time he left the crowded area and entered the cargo hold. The twelve men were in a wild assortment of positions, each trying to hold on to some-thing as best he was able.

The priest attempted to walk up the centre of the fuselage; he was halfway to the cockpit door when another major shock swept him off his balance and slammed him against the side of the cabin. of the cabin.

He seized hold of one of the aluminium stringers and shut his eyes in pain. Then he recovered himself and very gingerly made his way toward the forward door. He opened it and stepped into the flight deck area.

"Is something wrong with the plane?" he asked, holding on to the tops of the two pilots' seats,

"This is rough air, Father," Chang answered. "We have to expect it with a hurricane in the area. It may get worse before it gets better."

"It is very difficult for the passengers," Father Ferrara said with restraint. "Armando is crying in pain."
"If this keeps up too long," Sylvester offered, "I'll take her up to a higher allitude. But we would have less oxygen and it might not be any smoother up there."
"You will do what is

"You will do what is necessary," the priest said, staring at the instrument panel. "But I cannot see how you can understand all of these controls and things. It is beyond my mind to comprehend them."

Sylvester made an effort to appear calm and confident. "You could learn, Father,

but right now you are more valuable in the cabin. Tell Armando, and the little girl if she is awake, that the air is rough but that the plane is all right — almost," he added under his breath. "We will do all we can to keep it as smooth as we can, but some things we cannot control."

Which was true.

Which was true.

The priest raised his right hand and made the sign of the Cross in the air. He ignored the pain in his body where he had been smashed against the sidewall, and made his way back to the crammed cabin. When he had the door shut behind him he clapped his hands for attention and raised his voice enough to be heard.

"We are in anery air." he

"We are in angry air," he explained. "Because of this the plane is hard to control. Our pilots are doing their best and I have blessed them. We must be patient and endure. There is no danger."

As if in reply, the heavy

#### Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences. equences.

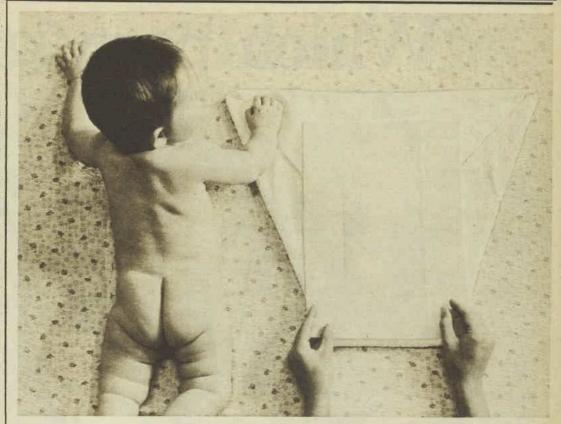
equences.

Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as the leading anti-inflammatory treatment for piles. Remarkable improvement is being achieved—even with sufferers of over 20 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

Simple and dignified treatment—two tablets with meals.

Write for tree, informative book-

Write for free, informative book let to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 2B. P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove. N.S.W. Varemoid tablets The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS



## Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix Nappy Liners

(costs about 1 cent a change)

Only the liner gets soilednot the nappy They're made of soft fabric-not paper Medicated too, to help prevent nappy rash. Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene.

Johnson Johnson



Page 83

National Library of Australia

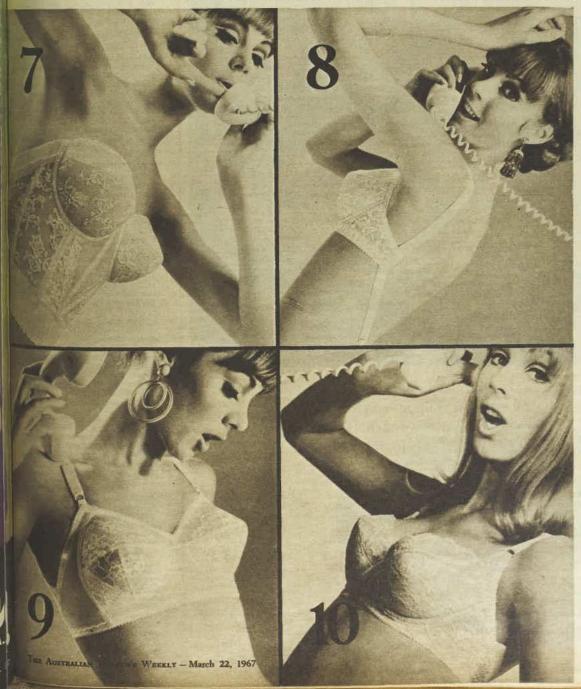




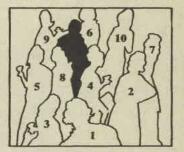
# which Hickory Party Bra?

Australia's Ten Top Models picked Hickory's Ten Top Party Bras — each for her own special kind of Easter Party—indoors, outdoors, daytime, night-time. Pick which model chose which bra! Then choose yourself a Hickory Party Bra or two, with party-pretties in mind.

Tailored and distributed in Australia by DOWD ASSOCIATES PTY, LTD., under licence from A. Stein & Co., U.S.A. Advt. authorised by Hickory Headquarters, New York, U.S.A.



CHECK YOUR PARTY-BRA-ABILITY



- 1. Hickory's S241 Magic Lift' cotton 'Flexa-bra', A-D, 32"-38", \$5.25; \$247 long-line, \$6.25; \$248 long-line, 2" band, \$7.25. Cool cotton under bright cotton is a clue.
- 2. Hickory's N155 Dare contour 5-way lace short-line, A-C, 32".38", \$6.25; \$372 contour 5-way short-line in cotton, \$5.25. Take a hint. Look for a strapless dress.
- 3. Hickory's L254 'Magic Lift' longline bra in nylon lace and marquisette has 2-piece cups, A, B, C, D, 32-42", \$7.25. Your clue is the slimming long-line look.
- 4. Hickory's \$351 'Magie Lift' cotton short-line, A-D, 32"-40", \$4.25. Matching long-line \$363 with 21" band, \$6.25. The pretty, go-anywhere dress is the clue.
- 5. Hickory's L212 'Magic Puff contour 'Flexa-bra' in lace, A-C, 32"-36", \$6.25. L203 Matching 'Magic Lift' 'Flexa-bra', \$5.25. Here's the clue it gives added shape.
- 6. Hickory's L210 'Magic Lift' lace 'Flexa-bra', B-DD, 32-44", \$6.25; \$210 in cotton, \$5.25; L219 lace long-line, \$8.50. We'll hint. It gives a beautiful uplift.
- 7. Hickory's L153 'Dare-Back' contour long-line in lace, 21" band, A-D, 32",38", \$9.75. S158 in cotton, A-C, 32"-38", \$7.25. How about a bare, low-in-the-back dress?
- 8, Hickory's N154 'Dare' contour backless short-line in lace, A-C, 32"-38", \$6.25. N144 'Dare' with wide set straps, \$6.25. Your clue the brilliant, backless dress.
- 9. Hickory's L204 'Magic Lift' Flexabra' in nylon lace and marquisette has low-cut underarms, A, B, C, 32-38", \$5.25. Guessed the other eight? This is easy.
- 10. Hickory's L191 'Magic Puff contour, wide-neck, lace, A-C, 32"- 36", \$6.25, L192 with 'Magic Lift', A-C, 32"- 38", \$6.25. The wide, low neckline is your clue.

airframe shook again and the tall priest had to hang on desper-ately to keep his position in the aisle. A baby who had been asleep awoke abruptly and burst into a loud spasm of crying. Its mother patted it and tried to rock it back and forth, but it would not be comforted.

Father Ferrara bent low over the burned little girl, who was sleeping fitfully. He laid his long hand across her brow as though he could will her comfort and repose. Then he straightened up and reassured Armando with a brave smile. The young man paid no attention, as the pains in his abdomen were cruel and for the moment they had taken complete control of his mind. The turbulence had aggravated Armando's condition and every sudden jarring

#### RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

motion of the aircraft sharpened his agony.

his agony.

The priest looked about the rest of the cabin to be sure that the rest of his flock were in good order. He turned his eyes on a very old woman who sat wedged between her heavily built son and his overly plump wife. Her eyes were dulled with the shock of this totally new experience and the unavoidable fright which the shuddering motions of the aircraft had so clearly induced.

Father Ferrara spoke to her

Father Ferrara spoke to her softly and earnestly in Spanish and patted her hand in reassurance. Across the aisle a young girl was being wretchedly sick into one of

the heavy paper bags provided at each seat.

each seat.

The plane hit another wrenching bump and the cabin heaved upward with a force that shook everyone in his seat. The air was thick and heavy from the close confinement of so many human bodies. In the very back a muscular laborer swayed as his substantial body was rocked by the motion of the aircraft. In his arms he held his most precious possession, a guitar which he had brought to be rescued along with himself.

Because he had been a sailor, the airsickness which was begin-ning to permeate the whole cabin

had not yet begun to affect him; he clutched the guitar as though it might have been a child and tried to shield it from being struck by the back of the seat in front of him each time there was some new motion of the cabin.

Father Ferrara made his way, handhold by handhold, down the aisle and stood beside him.

"Play," he commanded.

The laborer understood. He shifted the guitar into position and drew his thumb across the strings slowly two or three times. Then, softly, he began a simple melody. After he had played it once through he started again and this time added his voice to the traditional Mexican tune.

Across the aisle a much younger man who sat holding hands with his pregnant wife took it up in a clear tenor. More voices joined in the smooth flow of the romantic song. When the cabin heaved again from the force of the vertical draughts of the wind, the flow of the music was uninterrupted.

draughts of the wind, the flow of the music was uninterrupted.

By the third time through almost everyone was singing, the thinner children's voices louder and braver than the rest. The singing and the flow of the melody broke the grip of the fear which was beginning to charge the cabin and gave life to a new calmness which took its place. The crying baby at last subsided and fingers which had been gripping the arm-rests in sharp fear gradually relaxed.

The big plane shook once more, but no one seemed to care. The music had taken hold of them and given them something to think about and to do. The beauty of the gentle, flowing song filled the cabin with its peace. The baby pushed its tiny head against its mother and returned to sleep.

Back on the flight deck, Sylvester said, "We've got to get a radio going. There must be ten of them on this thing; see what you can do and if you can raise Miami Oceanic Control. Do you know the frequency?"

"Of course," Chang answered shortly. He signalled the change.

"Of course," Chang answered shortly. He signalled the change-over to Dick, who took the con-trols, then he began to investigate the radio equipment within his reach.

than he had expected. The trans-ceiver was at least a relative of the one he was used to, and with more clarity than he had expected he picked up the traffic-control centre. The airwaves were crowded and communication was almost constant; he had never heard it so busy. He decided to attempt a transmission.

The radar air traffic controller who first saw the pip on his scope noted it. When the sweep of the antenna had marked it four or five times more, he gave it closer attention. Around him a long row of hard-working, highly skilled men were battling with the limited air-space and the heavy overload of incoming aircraft due to the hurricane warning — everything ranging from slow private planes to multi-engined jets penetrating from high altitudes at 600 mph.

The thing which made this par-

ing from slow private planes to multi-engined jets penetrating from high altitudes at 600 mph. The thing which made this particular pip interesting was the fact that it was not squawking — it was not putting out the prearranged signal which the transponder on board would send to the radar scope to identify it as friendly.

The controller picked up his microphone, waited for a break, and went on the air: "Aircraft approaching Miami off-airways vector one four four degrees, speed two eight zero knots, if you read this transmission turn to a heading of three four zero degrees and squawk alpha zero two flash for radar identification. Maintain present altitude."

Sylvester heard him clearly. So did Chang. At the moment that the transmission came through the Super Constellation caught the granddaddy of all the bumps it had hit so far; the cabin, the cockpit, the whole aircraft shot upward with stomach-werenching force, and the right wing rose alarmingly high in the air.

Both pilots fought to return the plane to normal. Sweat made their hearts pounded at a rate far above normal. By the time they had the aircraft once more on an even keel and the instruments had settled down to normal readings, the message from Miami radar had come in again. But as far as they were concerned, someone somewhere was talking to the man in the moon.

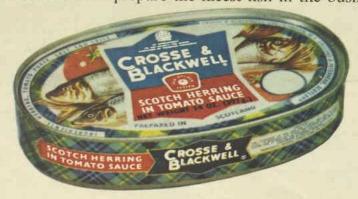
When the second transmission was not acknowledged and no

When the second transmission was not acknowledged and no squawk appeared on the tube, the controller picked up one of four telephones at his elbow. He made three quick calls, the first two to other sections of Air Traffic Control, the third to the Florida Air National Guard. The Guard, as always, was on the alert, standing

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Small in a nice way, big in a delicious way, the little ones from the North Sea. Kippered Herring, Scotch Herring in Tomato sauce, Scotch Fresh Herring. Crosse & Blackwell prepare the nicest fish in the business!



Page 86

by When the report came in the scraible bell rang almost at once. Minutes later two supersonic jet interceptors took off in a warreadness condition. As they dimbed with great speed it was only a short time until both of them had the unknown aircraft incked on their radar scopes. Underneath, in their pods, the armed rockets were ready and guinng.

For a little while Sylvester flew on in thence, while the ceaseless true communications which flowed through his headset forced into his mind a realisation of the navigational problems which lay before tim. Miami, and the whole surrounding area, was jammed with traffic. The great bulk of it was operating under Instrument Flight Rules, with each aircraft having its flight path exactly set out and cleared before it by Air Traffic Control, according to strict regulations.

Control, according to strict regulations.

Special training and a special icence, were required for IFR operations—neither of which he passased. There was only one way out he would have to establish communication with the Miami air traffic controllers and obtain permission to come in by picking his way visually and looking out for other aircraft as he did so. It was the only way he knew how to fly. Across the narrow centre consile Ed Chang read his thoughts. Chang also was not qualified on mituments: the course was long and expensive and he simply had not had the money to take it. He gave some serious thought to the possibility of their going to some after place to land, but this created more problems than it solved.

when the congested Miami area would have to be cleared in any case, driness would be closing in before too long, and Armando could not wait very many more hours for medical attention.

CHANG decided to keep his mouth shut. They were doing all right so far, and if their lack held they would make it

mack held they would make it in somehow.

"Look!" Sylvester shouted, and pointed to the sky before them.

Chang did look, and in a few seconds picked up the shapes of two jet fighters, which seemed to be ained directly toward them.

With his lean bony fingers Chang stated the control wheel. If it became necessary to swing the his came necessary to swing the big Super-Constellation out of the way he might have to add his strength to help with the manoeuvre.

Just before a decision was imperative, the jets peeled off and a few moments later whipped past the port side of the Connic. "Wowl" Sylvester said. "I'm glad those guys were looking where they were going." Chang answered. They may just have seen us on their radars and gone around that way. At least they're gone."

Less than half a minute later

Less than half a minute later to knew he had been mistaken. Dock Sylvester did not speak; he simply pointed over his left shoulder. Ed looked and saw the two lighters, in close formation, sitting together off his wingtip. They had their gear extended to slow them down to the Connie's speed, and their trailing edge flaps were down.

The sudden, sick realisation hit Chang that the jets had come out pecifically to intercept them and that meant they were in immediate, deep, serious, and possibly dangerous trouble.

What do we do?" he asked. What do we do?" he asked.
"We keep on flying straight and level," Sylvester answered. The lightness in his voice came over the intercom. "They've picked us up on radar, and sent the jets out. Try again to raise Miami. We've got to set up two-way communications."

Then they heard the call in their headsets, and this time they seew at once it was for them: "Amigo Airways Super Connie are four niner hotel, if you read this transmission turn to and hold a heading of three six zero de-

Amigo Airways was the name of

THE Australian Women's Weekly - March 22, 1967

#### RESCUE MISSION

the little airline. At once Dick Sylvester dropped the right wing fifteen degrees and slowly swung fifteen degrees and slowly swing the aircraft around. He kept his eyes fixed on the panel compass and rolled the hig plane out of the turn exactly on the heading of magnetic north as he had been directed. That much, at least, he knew he could do right. The jets, as though fastened in position by some invisible means, stayed in the exact relative positions they had first taken off the left wingtip.

"Now what do we do?" Ed

"Now what do we do?" Ed Chang realised he was repeating himself, but he couldn't help it. "Nothing. They'll tell us." Syl-vester's voice was flat, as though

he had been caught in some un-forgivable crime.

"Amigo zero four niner hotel, this is Miami radar. Observed your turn to three six zero de-grees. Maintain present heading and hold your transponder in operative. Remain this frequency. Stand by for Air Traffic Control clearance."

Chang had a sudden thought. He reached over to the very high frequency set and put it on the emergency frequency, 121.5. Then he picked up the microphone and spoke: "Air Force one zero two interceptor, this is Amigo Connie four niner hotel. Do you read me?"

The answer came almost at once, but not from the aircraft to which it was addressed. "Amigo zero four niner hotel, this is Miami Oceanic Control. Go ahead."

Control. Go ahead."

Dick Sylvester made a quick gesture that he wanted to talk. He took his own microphone from the clip and spoke into it. "Miami Control, this is Amigo four niner hotel. I wish to close a flight plan. Do you read me?"

"Amigo four niner hotel, read you four square. Proceed with your flight plan."

"Miami Control four niner

"Miami Control, four niner hotel. I wish to close a flight plan for Civil Air Patrol L six tail number six six seven. Aircraft made emergency landing at Tres Santos airport. Could not close flight plan sooner because no communications. Land line telephone

out. Aircraft slightly damaged on landing, crew uninjured and safe,"
The answer was crisp and immediate "Four niner hotel. Understand you are closing flight plan for CAP six six seven. Pilot made emergency landing at Tres Santos. Plane damaged but crew safe and uninjured. Please stand by."
The areal clock measured off the

uninjured. Please stand by."

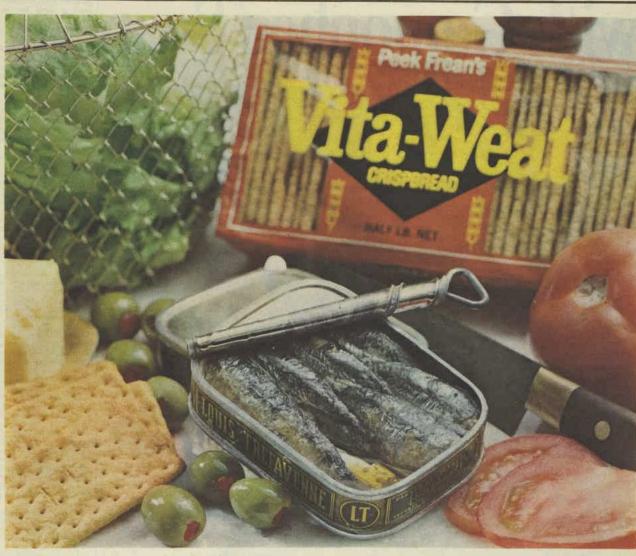
The panel clock measured off the seconds while other messages flooded the frequency. The Connie flew on steadily, the turbulence for the moment behind her.

"Amigo four niner hotel, CAP six six seven flight plan closed. All search aircraft monitoring this frequency, mission is cancelled, return to base. Four niner hotel stand by."

Dick Sylvester stole a look out.

Dick Sylvester stole a look out the side window—the jets were

To page 88



What happened when the sardines met a Vita-Weat Crispbread?



Crunch! It's a quick snack Vita-lunch!

Peek Frean Vita-Weat . . . Australia's most inventive crispbread.

VW8.6

## When there's sickness about; protect your family with Gamophen\* Soap



Gamophen is a special surgical soap used and recommended by doctors. Containing antiseptic Hexachlorophene, Gamophen fights surface bacteria - cleans deep down in the pores of the skin - helps stop infection from spreading. For your family's sake, get Gamophen, obtainable from Chemists everywhere.

Johnson Johnson

#### RESCUE MISSION

still there. He knew they meant big trouble and his muscles tensed.

"Amigo four niner hotel, this is Miami radar. Request point of departure, route of flight, pilot's name, persons on board, fuel remaining, and pilot's intentions."

pilot's intentions."

That was better; the strength of communications took them out of the limbo they had been in. Sylvester felt more confident now as he answered. "Miami radar, this is four niner hotel. Departed Tres Santos direct Victor Fextrot Romeo to Miami International. Estimate fuel remaining three five hundred gallons. Pilot's name ..." He took a deep breath. "... Sylvester."

A different voice cut in as

A different voice cut in as soon as he had finished. "Amigo four niner hotel, stand by for ATC clearance."

The first voice returned at once. "Amigo four niner hotel, advise persons on board."

CHANG picked up his mike and chopped his left hand horizontally through the air to indicate that he would speak. Sylvester looked at him, confusion on his face. "Miami radar from four niner hotel," Ed said clearly. "Persons on board, two crew, seventy-eight passengers."

It was out now. He glanced over at Sylvester, who was staring at him in stark disbelief.

"Four niner hotel, read you seventy-eight pax, how many crew?"

It got no further. Another

"Four nimer hotel, read you seventy-eight pax, how many crew?"

It got no further. Another voice came on and took over the frequency.

"Amigo Connie four nimer hotel, here is your ATC clearance. From present position, direct Nassau. Fifty-two Victor Biscayne. Direct Miami VORTAC, to descend to and maintain eight thousand. Cross Nassau at eight thousand, report Christie intersection and report established inbound on one zero seven radial of Nassau VOR."

The hands with which Captain Sylvester gripped the wheel of the Constellation were white from the rigid pressure of his fingers. His face was locked into a mask of shock and frightened despair. For a few seconds Chang thought that his partner had lost control of himself. Then Sylvester spoke, and the voice was not his own.

"How many passengers?"
"Seventy-eight." It was not a time to explain. "Did you understand the clearance?"

The shock would not lift; Sylvester spoke mechanically. "We have to descend to eight thousand and go to Nassau. We should be almost there now. The rest was completely over my head. Did you understand?"

"No, I can't fly instruments."

can't fly instru

Sylvester turned his head, the same expression still frozen on his features: "I can't go on," he said. "I can't believe it. I don't understand it. I don't know what to do."

He wrenched his hands from the control wheel and buried his face in them in a desperate attempt to shut out the world.

Ed Chang took a quick firm grip on the control yoke with his right hand and rested his left carefully on the trim tab wheel. His own mind tab wheel. His own mind tab wheel. His own mind tab wheel the sound help their being on board. He thoughts separated themselves out into rapid, sharp fiashes. The passengers he could not help their being on board. He had done right to withhold the fact from Dick; if Dick had known he might never have made the take-off.

The jets—they were the Law, but they were also a possible help if he could talk to them. He had called them on the standard emergency frequency, but they had not replied. Then he remembered reading somewhere that they operated on some different frequency, so that was that.

He corrected a small bump

ferent frequency, so that was that.

He corrected a small bump and turned the yoke to bring the wings back into level attitude. Sylvgster was still sitting motionless in the left-hand seat, apparently oblivious of what was going on in the cockpit.

At that moment Changes

ous of what was going on in the cockpit.

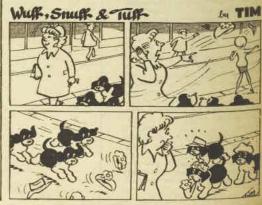
At that moment Chang grew completely calm and consciously braced his narrow shoulders. It was now up to him. He, Lieutenant Edmund Chang, would take over. He would fly the plane to Miami and he would put it on the runway there just as well as he had put down the little light planes in which he had learned to fly.

He was deeply, and in a way profoundly, grateful for the opportunity which fate had pushed into his hands. Ever since he had left Hawaii he had to fight the battle of his heritage, the fact that his features classed him with the Asiatic peoples. There were even some who were not quite willing to consider him an American. Now he had a chance to prove the worth not so much of himself as of the whole great group of Chinese-Americans to which he belonged.

Then he remembered the complex flight plan which

Then he remembered the complex flight plan which they had not acknowledged. With a quiet confidence which fitted his new role he picked up the microphoue, waited for a break on the frequency, and reported in Amigo four niner hotel. Negative on ATC cleafance, pilot qualified for Victor Foxtrot Romeo only. Will follow all instructions regarding heading and altitude, now descending to eight thousand

FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 22, 1967

at directed. Request Victor Foxtrot Romeo landing Miami International."

The headset came alive crisply.
"Four niner hotel stand by."
Chang rolled the horizontal
trim tab forward slightly and
watched the vertical speed indicaior. The needle sank to a position which showed a rate of
descent of two hundred feet per
minute. That was fine. He
watched the altimeter unwind
slowly and made it a point of
oride to attempt to roll the trim
tab back and level off at exactly
eight thousand feet. He missed by
fity feet and climbed up again.
Then he remembered he was
cleared to fly to Nassau and turned
the plane to the left. Like twin
spectres of disaster, the deltawinged jets went with him and
did not leave their relative positions for a moment.

He heard himself called in the

did not leave their relative positions for a moment.

He heard bimself called in the
headset. "Amigo four niner hotel,
this is Miami radar. Disregard all
previous transmissions. Expect
mierception by Air Rescue C-130
and escort to Homestead Air Force
Base. Report escort aircraft in

might.

The communication brought an unexpected blessing. In less than twenty seconds the jet interceptors pulled up their flaps and gear, poised for a second in the sky, and then spurted ahead and away out of sight . . .

BOB GALLOWAY and his crew were thankful when their flight from Tres Santos to Miami International was over. Mismi International was over.
With the normally heavy traffic
load doubled and trebled, the
light had been difficult and tiring.
They were only too ready to do
justice to the meal they were
just finishing at the terminal
building.

Galloway decided to indulge immell in another piece of chocolate cream pie. "How about you guys?" he asked the others. "Anybody join me?"

Scotty Zimmerman shook his head. "I'll just have another coffee."

sefore Herb Stallings could say anything the public address system stopped their conversation abruptly. "Your attention, please," it came on. "Will anyone from Amigo Airways now in the terminal please answer the paging phone. Will anyone from Amigo Airways."

"I'll take it," Scotty offered.
"They probably want us to move

"They probably want us to move lizzie."

Something in Galloway's inner consciousness told him this was not the case, but he let it ride. Scotty left the table and picked up the convenient phone near to the cashier's desk. He spoke only briefly, then he waved his arm in the air to indicate that the others were to come.

"We're needed at Air Traffic Control. Something's up," he said tensely.

Control. Something's up," he said tersely.
Galloway stopped long enough to pay the bill, then they went upsairs to the traffic section where the chief controller on duty was waiting for them just inside the doorway. As they gathered around him, he asked, "Who's Spivester?"

don't know any Sylvester," "way answered quickly. "First

or last name?"
"Last, I think. You should know

him — zero four niner hotel is your Connie, isn't it?"
"That's right," Stallings amwered "It's sitting at Tres Sanusered "It's sitting at Tres Sanusered "It's approaching Nassau ight now at eight thousand feet."
"That's impossible!" Toolie Sims burst our.

That's impossible!' Toolie Sims burst out.
The chief controller withered him with a look.
"When we first picked it up on the radar it wasn't squawking, but that could have been a transponder out without the crew's knowledge. When the aircraft didn't answer a sequence of radio calls we notified the Guard and they scrambled two jet fighters to go out and take a look. They reported that it was

A.L. characters in serials and abort stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fettilious and have no reference to any living person.

#### RESCUE MISSION

your Connie all right and verified the tail number."

Despite his dark skin, Toolie actually seemed to grow pale. Herb Stallings remained silent, waiting to hear the rest.

"As soon as we had two-way communication we asked all the usual questions. The pilot's name is Sylvester. He reported plenty of fuel, seventy-eight pax on board and, get this, a crew of only two."
"Seventy-eight pax," Stallings repeated. "Where from?"

"We don't know. We also don't know how a Connie ever took off with a crew of two, but that isn't the worst of it."
"Go on," Galloway said.

"Since the pilot gave Miami International as his destination, we sent him a clearance."

"I'm going to meet him," Galloway stated.

"Wait a minute; it isn't that simple. After we fed the pilot his clearance he came back and turned it down on the grounds that he wasn't qualified to fly instruments! Then he asked for a contact clearance in. That's when I sent for you. I remembered that one of your threes came in a little while

Of all the men present the big pilot Herb Stallings was the one who kept his head the most.

"I don't know Sylvester," he began, "and I can't imagine why he's got the Connie — not the faintest idea — but I think I can explain part of this. We left the Connie at Tres Santos because she was red-lined, complete failure of the hydraulic sleastor, boost the hydraulic elevator boost system. With boost out she's unsafe, and illegal, to fly. The pax is puzzling, though Can't figure that. Unless he's collected everyone in the neighborhood." He shook his head. "If Sylvester, whoever he is, took off and then found the elevator boost out, he might refuse an instrument clearance on those grounds."

"Then he would."

"Then he would have said so," the chief controller disagreed. "He specifically reported that he was not qualified to fly instruments. If he found boost out he could have

declared an emergency, and should

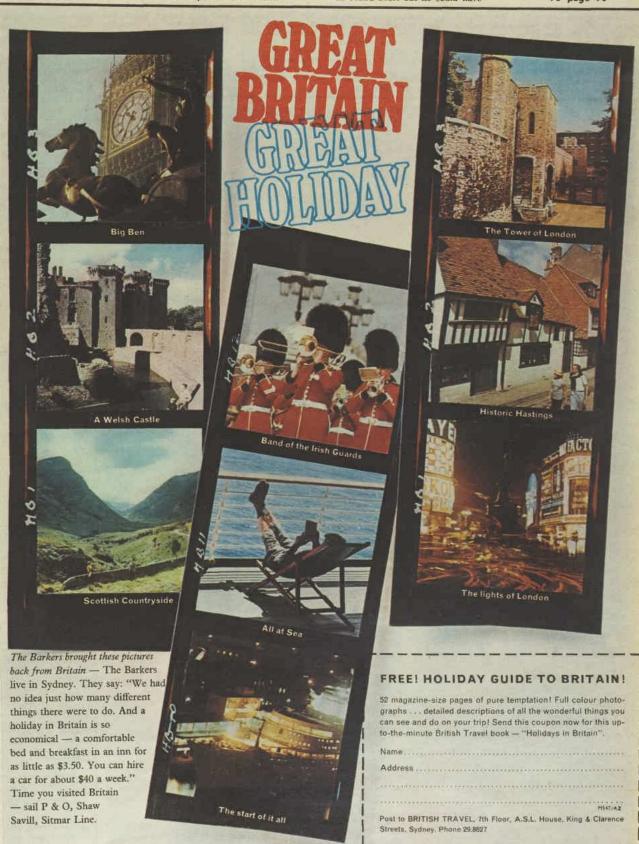
There was silence for a few seconds. Then Galloway spoke. "When is he due in?"

"He isn't. Taking him at his word we notified Air Rescue. They have a C-130 out to intercept him and lead him through the traffic to Homestead."

"I want to know who Sylvester is," Galloway said. "He had absolutely no authority to move that aircraft and the log book is clearly red-lined. I verified it my-

For answer the chief controller led the way inside. He stopped at the end of the long row of air traffic control stations and spoke to the man on duty. "Raise Connie

To page 90



Contact your Travel Agent or British Travel

four niner hotel and ask the pilot for his full identifica-tion."

The duty man nodded and spoke into his microphone. The seconds ticked away as he waited for and received

"Pilot is Captain Richard Sylvester, Civil Air Patrol co-pilot and engineer is Lieu-tenant Edmund Chang, also CAP."

CAP."

The chief controller's eyes suddenly hardened. He reached for a phone in the row of several and gave a quick order. "Get me the CAP group commander immediately."

There was thick silence while he waited for the con-

"CAP, Colonel Williams,"

"CAP, Colonel Williams," came over the line.
"Colonel, this is Miami Air Traffic Control. Who were the two pilots who were overdue on their flight plan this morning?"

"Captain Dick Sylvester, Lieutenant Edmund Chang, that's C-h-a-n-g."

The chief controller took a

quick breath. "Can you tell me without looking it up if either of them is qualified on a Super-Constellaton?"

"They're not, positively. They're both good in single-engine light aircraft, but that's all."

qualified, "Instrument either of them?"

"Negative."

"All right, Colonel, the facts are these: we have an inbound Super Connie with seventy - eight passengers aboard. Your boys are flying

"Alone?"

"Alone?"
"Apparently so. Furthermore, the plane was taken without permission and is redlined in an unsafe condition."
The CAP commander's voice seemed somewhat strained. "I can't explain it, but both men are normally reliable. To the best of my knowledge neither of them has any multi-engine experience whatever. What's the red line?"

line?"
"Elevator boost failure."
"You'd better get out the

RESCUE MISSION

crash equipment and the ambulance. How about Homestead?"
"Affirmative, they're being intercepted and led in there by an Air Rescue C-130."
"I'll a constitution of the constitution of the

"I'll go over there immedi-ely. If you need me I'll be rborne in about five ately. If your airborne minutes,"

"Right, Colonel, thank

"Right, Colonel, thank you."

The chief controller replaced the phone. "This is a mess. We've had to alert Homestead and prepare them for an emergency. We've also notified the State Police, the Customs Service, the Immigration Service, the Air Police, and the FBI. Add to that Air Rescue and the Air Guard who sent out the interceptors with orders to shoot your bird down if the pilot made one false move. You know why. Now the CAP is in on it, we are, and so are you."

"I want to go over there immediately," Galloway said.

"Can you get me permission to land there in a three?" "Get going, I'll call you in flight. I'm sure that under

the circumstances they'll let you in."

His face grim, Galloway hurriedly led the way out of

Brigadier - General Scott Ayms, Commander, Homestead Air Force Base, listened intently to the report he was receiving from his operations officer, Major Ben Griffin.

"That sums it up, sir," the major concluded. "For reasons not yet known these two young men took the Constellation and left Tres Santos with a considerable load of pax. CAP confirms that they have no multi-engine experience, have never flown anything but light aircraft, and are not instrument qualified."

"Then what we have, Ben," is a civilian C-121G full of warm bodies flown by two amateur pilots who have never handled or landed an aircraft of that size."

"And with a primary control system inoperative, yes,

"Well, it won't help them to have us sit here and talk about it. First, alert all emergency facilities including the base hospital. I want a medical officer and all necessary support on the spot when that Connie comes in."

"Yes, sir. That's already been done." The major told him quickly of all the other alerts that had been sent out.

"Good." The 'general nodded. Then he frowned. "This Air Rescue aircraft that's leading them in. Is the pilot qualified on a Constellation?"

"No, sir. They hadn't one

"No, sir. They hadn't one qualified."
"Then it's not enough."
The general's frown deepened.
"They'll need more than just leading. We must try to lay our hands on a pilot who knows the aircraft. He doesn't have to be converted. have to be current, just as long as he's familiar with the bird."

"I couldn't agree more,"
Ben said feelingly.
"Get the best man you can
locate in a hurry," the general went on. "Try at the
Officers' Club and quarters
if necessary. Meanwhile, put a
T-bird on the line ready for
immediate take-off. As soon as
you have your man, put him
in the back seat. You know
the rest."
"Yes, sir. They're to intercept the Connie and take over
from the Air Rescue aircraft.

the matter for a moment. "I don't think so, at least not right now. Those jets got to me, too. As I see it, the less attention we draw to ourselves on this flight, the better."

"I'm with you on that," Sylvester agreed. "If we get them all shook up down there it could complicate matter considerably."

"Why don't we do it this way," Chang suggested "When the C-130 gets here I'll try to talk to the pilot. Since it's a rescue aircraft, I'm positive we can communicate. I'll advise him we have a mechanical problem, but that so far we have it licked."

"Good, I'll buy that. Then

but that so far we have it licked."

"Good, Pil buy that. Then when we're about five minutes out or so call the tower at Homestead, tell them who we are, and ask permission to land. We could add to that that we have two people on board in urgent need of medical attention. At an air hase they'll have facilities available and probably a doctor on duty."

"If not they can get hold of one mighty fast. Also there'll be an ambulance on or near the line."

"Right, with the hot stuff they fly, that's probably routine."

"I think it's a lot smarter at way," Chang said.

DICK SYLVESTER felt materially better. "I think we're on top of this thing now, Ed. The more we think of it as routine, the better chance we have to make it just that."

"Your ki is flowing. You











Then our man will talk the pilot down." The operations officer left as abruptly as he could and almost leaped for the nearest telephone.

Dick Sylvester took a while Dick Sylvester took a while to master the numbing sense of shock that had suddenly overwhelmed him. He sat silent, trying to rationalise, gathering himself together. At length he reached up and took hold of the control yoke.

"Thanks, Ed," he said into the intercom. "It got me for a minute, but I'm all right

Chang looked over and grinned at him. "I don't blatne you," he came back. "Now let's get this bird to Nassau and pick up our escort. This is going to be a big day in the history of the CAP."

"I hope so. I heard we're supposed to land at Homestead."
"That's right. An Air Rescue C-130 is going to lead us in."

us in."

Sylvester thought a minute and then asked, "Ed, with the elevator boost out we've got a pretty fair problem on our hands. Do you think I should call in and declare an emergency?"

gency?"

Chang had a ready answer,
but he pretended to ponder

don't know what that means, but what it amounts to is that you are master of your-self. That's Buddha-head philosophy, but, believe me, it works."

it works."

Sylvester allowed the little smile which had been fighting for life to be born. His face relaxed and he turned toward his partner with real confidence in his eyes.

"OK then we play it

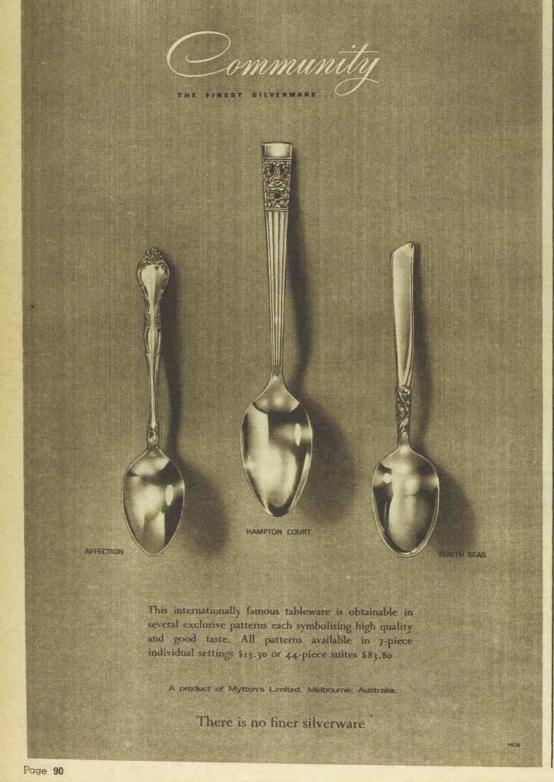
his partner with real confidence in his eyes.

"OK, then, we play it cool. We'll just fly over to Homestead, get into the pattern, and then tell them we're on the way. Five minute' notice is all they'll need. We might even be number one to land. If they're sticky about it, I'll tell them we have medical patients who must have attention and declare an emergency on that basis."

"Fine," Chang responded. "They may have to get a doctor down to the flight line, but we need him anyway pretty badly I should think, but we need him anyway pretty badly I should think you fly, I'll handle thengines, gear, flaps, and the communications."

Now the modest little unile broadened into one of strength and determination. "You know what, Ed? After we're on the ground and all this is behind us, let's report to Colonel Williams together.

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after all, we're in the lifesaving business, and won't we have some-hing to tell him!"

Major Ben Griffin moved with toed and efficiency when he left the general's office. He immediately ordered a Lockheed T-33 two-seat jet, familiarly known as "T-bird," to be put on the line, ready for immediate take-off. Then he set about locating a Connie-qualified pilot.

This was another matter. Ben also be a benefit of the set about locating a little desperate, he range the Officers' Glub, and waited impatently while the phone rang aumber of times. The steward answered at last.

Without wasting time on explanations, Ben asked that the

annuered at last.

Without wasting time on explanations, Ben asked that the paging system be used to put out at immediate call for anyone, meat anyone, familiar with and the foly the C-121G whether or set current in the aircraft.

He waited four agonising minutes plus a short part of a sith, then a voice answered the page from the bar. "What's the C-121 problem?" it asked.

This is Major Griffin, Operatous. How well do you know the bar!

"I have about three thousand bours in her as commander, but I laven't flown one for the past our months."

our months."

"We need you urgently," Griffin aid. "General Ayms asked me to tet hold of a Connie pilot as anckly as possible. Can you come down to the flight line immediately, please."

HE voice became

HE voice became businesslike. "Give me just a minute to excuse myself from my guests and I'm on my way."

"Fine. I'll get a staff car up here for you on the double. You can pick it up outside."

Nine minutes later Major Samuel Auchenbrenner of the United Machenbrenner of the United

in mind.

"You've got a beaut, there's no doubt about that. It would be a pretty good case with a normally functioning aircraft and no load. With a full haul of pax things are some complicated. With a major control system inoperative, it's a nal can of worms".

In the meantime, the intercepting aircraft sent by Air Rescue had come in sight of the crippled Contellation.

Dick Sylvester looked out through the windshield. "Ed.

Controllation.

Dick Sylvester looked out involves the windshield. "Ed, we've got company. I could be wrong but that looks like a C-130 out there about eleven o'clock. If m, it must be the Air Rescue scort we were told to expect." Chang leaned over the control volve and quickly picked up the sucoming aircraft. "A C-130 it is," he said. "Thank goodness for that."

No argument." Sylvester re-laned the VHF transceiver and facted up the microphone. "Air Rescue C-130, this is Connie four muct hotel."

The reply almost boomed into his headphones and he had to turn he volume down. "Connie four liner botel, this is rescue three uner four. Maintain present head and altitude until we join up. We will take a position slightly shead of you and to your left." "The good shepherd," Chang the boom of the big turbo-pron

The big turbo-prop altered course and swung out in a sweeplik half circle. Chang concentrated on flying as smoothly as he could while the rescue aircraft was manneuvring into position. He had not realised how fast a C-130 was until now.

until now.

The radio came on again. "Four liner hotel, understand you have

#### RESCUE MISSION

difficulties with your elevator con-

difficulties with your elevator control system."

"Affirmative," S y l v e s t e r answered. "Elevator is totally inoperative. We're flying strictly on the horizontal trim tab."

"Also understand you have two crew only, and not qualified on instruments."

That caused Schoots with the strength of the s

That caused Sylvester to tighten up once more. Apparently everybody knew all about them, and it was publicity he would have much preferred to avoid. He answered a little tersely. "Affirmative, pilot and co-pilot not instrument qualified." He decided to take the initiative. "We are also not qualified this aircraft although we are rated CAP pilots. Can you help us?"

There was a short pause. "Four niner hotel, will do the best we can, but no one here qualified in your aircraft. Stand by."

The headphones remained quiet until outside the left window the big Hercules appeared alarmingly close. It pulled ahead a hundred feet or so and took up position well to the left of the Connie wingtip.

"Four niner hotel, will you be able to maintain relative position with us?"

The muscles tightened in Dick Sylvester's jaw. "We can try," he answered. They would darn well find out if they could maintain position. He had told them that he and Ghang were rated pilots.

Furthermore, Ed was flying per-fectly at the moment; no pro could do any better.
"Four niner hotel, we will lead you into Homestead Air Force Rage."

Base."
"Thanks." He knew he should be grateful, but somehow, despite the distortions characteristic of most aircraft communications sets, he felt a stiffness on the part of whoever was doing the talking in the C-130, probably the commander.

the C-130, probably the commander.

"Dick, will you take over," Chang asked through the intercom. Sylvester was a little surprised by the request and also by the tone of the words. Ed definitely had something on his mind. In response Sylvester raised his hands and took hold of the yoke. Then he remembered and dropped his

To page 92



"You take the left side and grab everything in sight."



right hand down on to trim

Chang, with a peculiarly cool look on his face, picked up the microphone, "Rescue three niner four."

"Go ahead."

"Can you establish com-nunications with Homestead

"Affirmative, what is your

message?"

"Please advise Homestead to have a medical officer meet us if possible. Also an ambulance." He kept all emotion out of his voice, and his face was a firm mask.

The reply came swiftly, with concern evident in the voice. "Four niner hotel, are you ill? Please advise."

Ed Chang's narrow eyes

Ed Chang's narrow eyes were half closed; the corners

of his mouth were tight, "Negative, crew is OK. But we have two patients on board in urgent need of medical attention. This flight is being made under emergency conditions for that reason."

Sylvester looked sharply at him — they had agreed not to discuss that,

"Four niner hotel, stand

Sylvester contented himself Sylvester contented himself with flying; he could ask his questions later. He looked ahead and felt a sudden sharp emotion. There only a few miles ahead lay the first of the Bahama Islands, he could not tell which one.

They were still talking to Chang. "Four niner hotel, Homestead will supply doctor and ambulance. They request

#### RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

nature of illness on board and if contagious."

Chang answered very de-liberately and with particular articulation in his words.

"Negative on contagion.
Patient one is a young man, age about twenty-two, with severe abdominal pains believed to be appendicitis. His condition is getting worse. Abdomen is enlarged. Do you read?"

"Affirmative, continue."

"Patient two is a small girl, age about eight. She suffered severe burns this morning when her clothing caught fire. She was given one dose of

morphine; no more is avail-

The C-130 took time to re-lay the information and get an acknowledgement.

"Connie four niner hotel, understand yours is a mercy flight, is that correct?"

Knowing that a little more trouble could hardly hurt him now, Ed Chang deliberately violated the strict regulations of the Federal Communica-tions Commission. "You're damn right, it is!" he replied.

From behind his desk, Brigadier-General Scott Ayms looked at the assortment of visitors gathered in his office

at Homestead Air Force Base, and inwardly prayed that the thing which had brought them all together would not end in tragedy.

Colonel Williams of the Civil Air Patrol might be a civilian behind his uniform, he thought, but he certainly knew how to conduct himself as an officer, and a fairly high-ranking one at that. The two other CAP men who had come with him largely kept quiet. Under the circumstances that was definitely a mark in their favor.

The slim Chinese girl sat

The slim Chinese girl sat close by at the general's left. He had carefully arranged things to put the girl where she was so he could give her the moral support she was going to need, and possibly need badly.

He liked Galloway, the owner of the hi-jacked air-liner, and most of the people with him. He recognised Stallings as a professional and concerning Sims thought that the little airline was excep-tionally broad-minded to have tionally broad-minded to have a Negro crew member in a highly responsible job. The others were largely just faces, he would take a reading on them later if he felt it necesary to do so.

The phone rang. The general picked it up and said "Yes?" He listened with a face which revealed no che as to what he was hearing or whether it was good ness or bad.

"Keep me informed," he directed and replaced the instrument again with no visible emotion.

He looked at his guests
"There's been a small devel
opment," he announced
glanced at the girl and added
"On the plus side, I would
say."

DORIS WONG leaned forward and looked at him, prepared to hear the news. Colonel Williams did not react visibly. Robert Galloway lifted his eyebrows in interrogation. The feeling of tension hung in the air like a thick fog.

"They're almost at Nasau and apparently so far, in good," the general reported. "The Rescue Service C-130 has joined up with them and has set up two-way communication. They seem to be flying the aeroplane all right." "I'm glad to hear that," Galloway said. "My first thought is for them and the passengers, of course. After that, I'm a little concerned for my aircraft."

"Naturally," Ayms said, still in an even, quiet voice.

"The only thing that really baffles me is why they did it," Herb Stallings said "From what I've heard of them in the last few minutes it's certainly not a prank or anything as far-fetched as that."

"No, it isn't," the general answered slowly. "I have some news on that. About five minutes ago they asked that a doctor and an ambulance meet them at the flight line."

Doris Wong visibly tightened in her chair.

ened in her chair.

"They report two patients on board in urgent need of medical attention," Ayms continued a little more quicky. "They have a young man with acute appendicitis who apparently needs surgery very promptly and a little gri who was badly burned in a fire."

He turned in his chair and ced Colonel Williams. "Apparently, Colonel, yam-boys can show some reason for their actions. That may be of considerable import-ance when they get here."

Ed Chang spoke through e intercom.

Ed Chang spoke through the intercom.

"I think it's about time we stopped kidding ourselved, Dick," he said more calmly than he felt. "We've reported to Miami Control that we're flying this bird without instrument tickets. They've actiout jets to look us over. Now we have Air Rescue leading us in. They know how many passengers we have. We've been diverted to a different destination. Add it up—we're not going to sneak quietly interpreted to the different destination. They're waiting for us See you in jail."

Sylvester looked out at the

Sylvester looked out at the four-engined rescue craft. "I know all that, Ed, and I've been thinking about it. Probably Colonel Williams knows, too. But if I had to make the decision again, I'd call it

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

ment." The C-130 came in on the senders. "Four niner hotel, on have another escort com"E with the control with the control with the court of the control."

The control with the court of the you require any assistance

descue three niner four, nega-ies, but thanks for all the mouble in meeting us and miding us this far."

"Four niner hotel, you're more than welcome. We'll not around in case and if on need us, just holler. You asy not see us, but we will with you just the same. The C.130 more of the contract o

The C-130 moved forward apidly, rose higher, and then brited behind them.

"Here comes our new epherd," Sylvester said and onted. "At least a jet is aded our way. I wonder by the change?"

This one buttonholes. darns. triple stitches. overlocks. overcasts, zig-zags, fancy stitches all automatically





#### What can I do about my Varicose Veins?

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enoruton tablets Varicose veins

"Maybe Homestead wanted one of their own planes to guide us," Chang suggested, "We seem to be generating most of the traffic around here. Three jets and a Her-cules."

The oncoming T - bird peeled off to the left, swung around and almost as if it had been rehearsed took up the same position that the C-130 had vacated only a short time before

Ed turned the radio to the emergency frequency. "Air Force T-bird, this is Connie four niner hotel," he said. It was a bad call, but he could not read the tail number of the Lockheed jet.

Apparently he was not heard, for in a moment the jet came in with its own call. "Hello, Connie four niner hotel, this is the T-33 along-side. Do you read me?"

"T-33 from four niner hotel, read you five by five."

"Good switch to one two

"Good, switch to one two two decimal five. If no con-tact return to this frequency."

Ed retuned the set. "T-33, this is four niner hotel, how's this?"

"Just fine. Now let's drop the formalities, you don't have to give your number each time, OK?"

"Fine with us," Chang answered.

"Then let's get acquainted. Who is the aircraft com-mander?"

nder?"
"Captain Richard Sylvester,
"Captain Patrol." Dick Civil Air Patrol." Dick Civil Air Patrol." Dick answered for himself. He put a little bite into his words without knowing why he did so. As soon as he had, he regretted it.

"What do your friends call you, Captain?" "Dick."

"Fine, let's use that. Who the other crew member?"

Sylvester R nodded that Chang should answer that question. "I'm Ed Chang, lieutenant, CAP."

"Fine, Ed, glad to meet you. Gentlemen, I'm Sam Aschenbrenner, major, United States Air Force. That last name is a rough one, so just call me Sam."

"Fine, Sam," Chang said. "Now, Dick, I'm also a Connie aircraft commander."

"Thank heaven for that!" Sylvester said. "Will you answer some questions for us?"

"That's why I've come." So that explained t

"That's why I've come."
So that explained the change. Sylvester heaved a great sigh of relief.
"Now let me check on some things," the major went on. "First, just the two of you make up the crew for this flight, is that right?"
"Yes, sir," Sylvester said. His throat was a little dry, but at least he had not forgotten how to address a superior officer. He thought that Ed Chang's quick use of the major's first name was a little too free, despite the major's invitation to do so.
"Secondly, I get the word that your elevator boost mechanism is out, is that correct?"
"Affirmative."
"Does the control yoke flop back and forth free in the control of the major's for the control of the page of the control yoke flop back and forth free in the control of the c

"Does the control yoke flop back and forth freely for a few degrees and then stop dead?"

"Yes, sir, exactly."
"Thank you. Now we're over Nassau and will have to change heading. Follow us."
The little jet, wheels and flaps down, swung to the left.

naps down, swing to the left. It was an easy turn and Dick Sylvester had no trouble banking the Connie and lining it up again with the guide plane when he rolled it out. He felt particularly cool and professional as he did so. Having a Connie pilot available to

consult had made a great change in his outlook.

"Good turn, who's flying?" e T-bird came through. the T-bird came through.
"I am, Sylvester," Dick

"All right. Now somebody must have been at the flight engineer's station when you took off. Who was it?"

"I did that, Ed Chang," the licutenant answered. "Are you both pilots?" "Affirmative," C h a n g

"Affirmative," Ch a n g answered.

"Ed, I'd like you to return to the flight engineer's station now and fasten your seat belt. Dick, you'll have to do the flying alone. Is that OK?"

"Whatever you say."

"One more thing, before we firm this up, which of you has the most multi-engine experience?"

"Neither of us has any," sylvester replied. "Before today, that is."

If Aschenbrenner had any reaction to that statement, he did not reveal it. "Then which of you has the most air time, and how much?" he asked.

"I've got a little over six hundred."

"I've got a little over six hundred hours," Sylvester replied. Ed has about half that, I believe."

"Are you both rated CAP pilots?"

"Yes air ""

pilots?"
"Yes, sir, affirmative."
"That's a big help. As long as you follow me exactly, and keep your wits about you, I see no real problem."
"I hope not, sir," Sylvester said

"I hope not, sir," Sylvester said.

"Now, if you don't mind, Dick, I'm going to usurp some of your authority as aircraft commander and take over the direction of your flight from out here. I know the Connie pretty well. With a major control system out you have an emergency situation and there isn't too much margin for error."

"You take over," Sylvester said, relieved. "We'll follow your instructions."

"Good. Now if at any time you lose communication with me, call immediately on one two one decimal five, the international emergency frequency. Somebody will hear you."

"We know about that."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, is Ed at the flight engineer's station, and if so can he hear me?"

"The here and you're com-

is Ed at the flight engineer's station, and if so can he hear me?"

"Tm here and you're coming in just fine," Chang reported.

"Then we're all set up. Now, do you have the procedures handbook aboard?"

The lieutenant answered "Yes. We've been studying it, believe me."

"Just the thing you should have done. Next, do you have a separate checklist on cards? Look on the backs of the crew seats."

"We have a checklist; it's in a little roller box at the co-pilot's station."

"In that case, forget it. Open the manual to the approach checklist. You shouldn't have any trouble finding it."

"Tve got it here," Chang responded after a pause. "By now I knew where to look."

"All right, Ed, now listen carefully: I want you to read each item to me beginning at the top and don't skip a thing, no matter what. After each one I'll advise you what to do."

"Yes, sir, I'm ready."

"Yes, sir, I'm ready."
"Stand by Before we begin the checklist, Dick, I want you to follow us. We will be turning to a heading of one eight zero degrees."
"That's straight south," Sylvester said.
"I'm ware of that I need."

Sylvester said.
"I'm aware of that. I need time to complete the checklist with Ed and you. Also I'm going to give you two or three

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## \*\*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\*

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 15

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 7.

Gambling colors, black green,
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

\* 15th and 18th are mainly beneficial, especially for letter-writing, air travel, and contracts Married folk enjoy pleasant times. 18th in delaying, 22nd could involve you mancially with friends. \* If you have been contemplating job-hunting, then 15th-18th is a very good time to start, all to do with house and family combeneath smiling stars. However, 18th and 22nd are adverse. **TAURUS** 

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21

\* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULE 22

\* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, rose, navy-Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

LEO

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEFF. 23

\* Lucky number this week, 9,
Cambling colors, green, blue.
Lucky days, Priday, Saturday.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
\* Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, tricolors,
Lucky days, Wed. Thursday.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 ky number this week, 6, ing colors, lilac, grey, days, Wed., Thuyaday.

SAGITTARIUS

CAPRICORN AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19

\* Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, brown, blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

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or cut out ready

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rose, or smo terylene-viscose.

to make.

\* Excellent for launching that novel project — and what Gemin-lan doesn't like the new? Get going close to the 15th and 16th. Sidestep the 18th—and be careful what you write or say, 22nd.

wast you write or say, 22nd.

\* 15th-16th is a wonderful time
to expand your personal life.
Many will move to brillar horizons. 18th could prove depressing
—use care on or near water. The
22nd could apell romance.

\* Some long-cherished dream could come marvellously true, 15th-17th-and powerful friends come to your aid. It is fine for important documents and con-tracts. The 18th is adverse.

\* You've got every chance of escalating to success, 15th-18th. Zodiac helps you achieve your aims, improves your career and status, and brings nice news. 18th is a drag, 22nd accident-prone.

\* You've got more than usual gambling and lottery luck, 15th-17th-and it's also good to start a clean sheet and to get out of the rut. But the 18th is unlucky, and don't lend money on 22nd.

\* Romance blooms and burgeoms luxuriantly, 16th-17th—and apart from perhaps a tiff or two, brings real glamor into your life. However, the shine is taken off, 18th and the 22nd could see tension.

\* You could realise one of you many hopes—beyond you. wilden imaginings, 18th-17th, and ever the toughest matrimonial problem tackied. The 18th is adverse fo marriage—22nd unlucky.

\* You should get a big assist up the escalator of achievement 15th-17th. It also brings good news on the job, which can't be said of the 18th, 22nd adverse romance-wise.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological adiary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

Morna

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urique formula soften a disolver

Page 93

practice approaches here at altitude to give you the feel of the air-craft."

"How long will we be flying south, away from Miami?" Syl-vester asked.

vester asked.

"I can't say. Suppose you leave that to me. Are you low on fuel?"

"No fuel problem, but we have some medical patients on board who urgently need attention. If you will tell us when to put the gear and flaps down, sir, and how much, I think we can get this thing down all right."

There was a short pause before there was an answer.

"No, Dick, you can't," Aschenbrenner said. "I think I'd better give it to both of you straight. Are you reading me?"

"Yes, sir."

"All gives we'll true first. Fel.

"Yes, sir."
"All right, we'll turn first. Fol-low us."

The T-33 rocked its wings for a moment and then turned south-ward over the Gulf Stream, away ward over the Gulf Stream, away from the westerly heading toward Miami and Homestead. Reluctantly, Dick lowered the left wing of the airliner and let the big plane swing around. He was anxious now to have the thing over with; the thought kept pressing him that the longer he and Ed were in flight in this big aircraft, the more the complications would pile up on them.

on them.

His concern was augmented by the appearance of the western sky. The sun hung very low and if they flew around too much longer he would be stuck with a night landing. In the light plane business one didn't fly at night, not in single-engined aircraft at least. As a consequence he had had no night experience whatever. It seemed to

#### RESCUE MISSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

him wise to mention this to the

He picked up the microphone, "I'm not checked out in night landings."

landings."

"I can't help that," Aschenbrenner came back. "Now get this, and understand me clearly. I don't believe that either of you realises the spot that you're in. I'll give you full credit for getting the bird off the ground and for flying it up this far. But it's been by the grace of God. I'm not belittling your abilities, or your brains, but you've had an angel under each wing and St. Peter holding up the tail."

"I didn't think it was that had."

"I didn't think it was that bad,"

Sylvester said, holding down the mounting anger in his voice.

Aschenbrenner ignored him. "Just because the professionals do it every day and make it look easy, don't get the idea that a Connie is easy to fly. Not without proper training, that is But that's only a small part of it. You've got to land it. Take-offs are easy, you should know that.

"You've been exceptionally lucky that you didn't hit any bad weather, particularly with a full-blown hurricane on the rampage in the area," the major went on. "But all this is academic against the job you have to do to set that thing down."

longer. "I've landed planes a good many times, sir," he said.
"Of course you have I assumed that. But landing a light aircraft and putting a Connic on the runway are two wholly different things."

"I planned on coming in a lot faster," Sylvester added, "using the trim tab. I've been thinking it out carefully."

the trim tab. I've been thinking it out carefully."

"Dick, I don't think you get the point," Aschenbrenner said patiently. "Landing a Connie is mothing like putting down a light plane. If you tried to put that plane you're flying now on the ground just as you said, using the technique you have learned, you'd kill yourself and every soul on board with you. A Connie can't glide for one thing the way the planes you have been flying do It's a totally different thing you don't even begin to understand. Am I being too rough?"

"No, go ahead."

"All right. Now I am hoping that I can rehearse out here well enough that there will be a fighting chance to get you, all of your passengers, and your bird on the ground in something approaching a safe condition. If you keep your heads about you perhaps we can do it together."

HE waited, but there was no answer from the Super-Gonstellation.

Constellation.

"You see, Dick," he concluded, "with a major control system out, even the best Connie pilot in the world would declare an immediatemergency and use every bit of his experience and skill to land safely. As yet you don't have that skill. I don't want to frighten you, but you need to understand clearly that if you make the least mistake when you get into the landing phase, disaster can overtake you so fast you'll never know what happened."

"It really is that bad?"

pened."

"It really is that bad?"
Sylvester asked. He was hanging
on to the control yoke harder now
and his knuckles felt the strain of
his mounting tension.

"Yes, it is. If you had tried
to go straight in on your own the
chances are better than even you
would have had about fifteen
minutes left to live."

To be concluded

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





· 如日子。 年 ·





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



#### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE takes the place of an astro-pirate and boards the pirate craft. He removes the time-bomb, telling the other astro-pirate that it slipped off. NOW READ ON . . .



















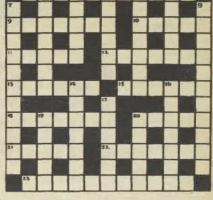
#### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1. Such existence is insecure (4, 2, 5).
- 9. Give free rein to (7).
- 10. An edict of a European governmen (5).
- 11. Ravine worn by water is just more than ugly (5).
- 12. Exhaust (7).
- 13. Put in (6).
- 15. Bicycle for a couple (6).
- 18. Hard, boiled sweets, usually peppermint, are frauds (7).
- Architect of the Russian revolution in 1917 and later Communist leader (5).
- 21. Transfer with a mitre (5).
- 22. Take in marriage with spoiled soups in ease (7).
- 23. Pat fruits for brush kangaroos (11).



Solution of last week's crossword,



Solution will be published next week

DOW

- 2. Magistrates in ancient Rome (7).
- 3. Lose time by idleness (5).
- 4. Capital of this N.W. State of the U.S.A. is Salem (6).
- 5. The prickly pear genus of the cactus family (7).
- 6. A way of livelihood (5).
- Halcyon-days were supposed to be their nesting time (11).
- 8. Merry gander (anagr., 11).
- 14. Stirred up Ted or us (7).
- Byron put him in verse and Mozart into music (3, 4).
- 17. Set a high value on (6).
- 19. Large, deadly African snake (5).
- 20. Part of coat-breast folded back (5).



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKEY - MINICH 22.